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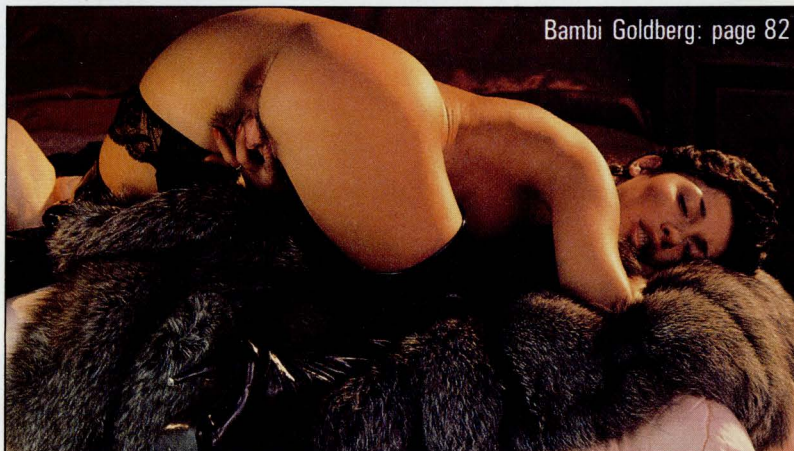
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### On the Cover...

It's a simple case of puppy love for covergirl Diane and her fuzzy friend Rolf, who were photographed by James Baes. Getting the cigarette in the dog's mouth wasn't too hard, but all those weeks at Smokers were murder!

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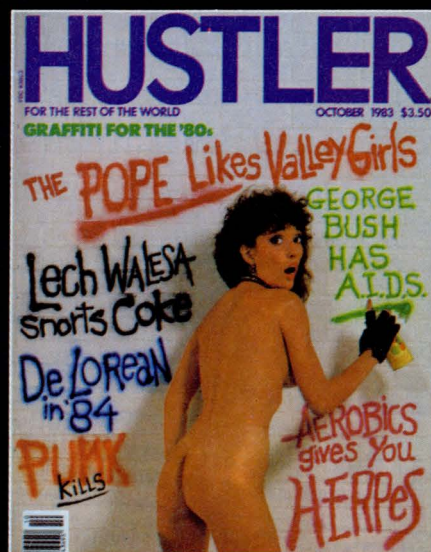
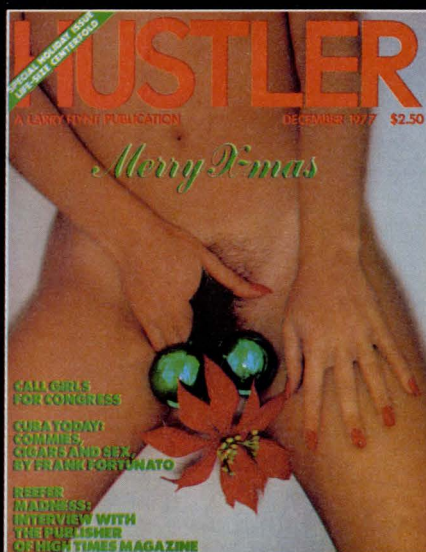
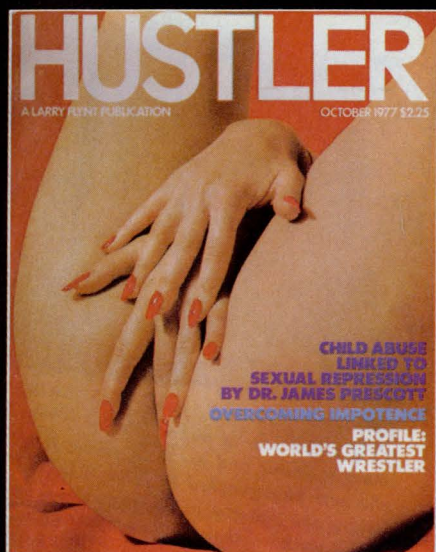
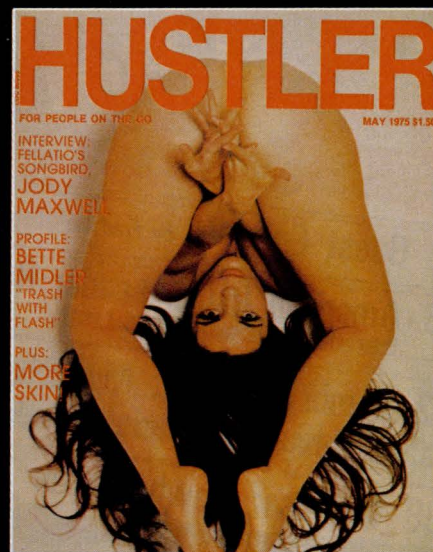
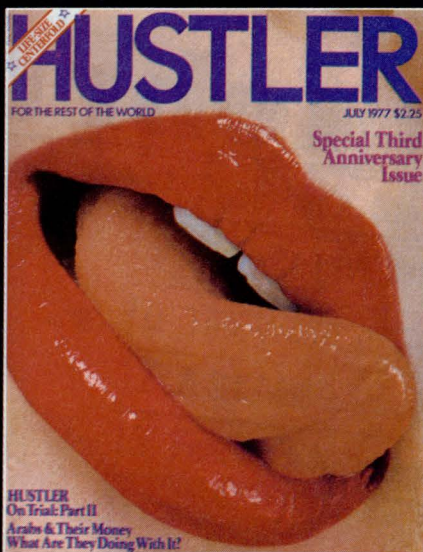
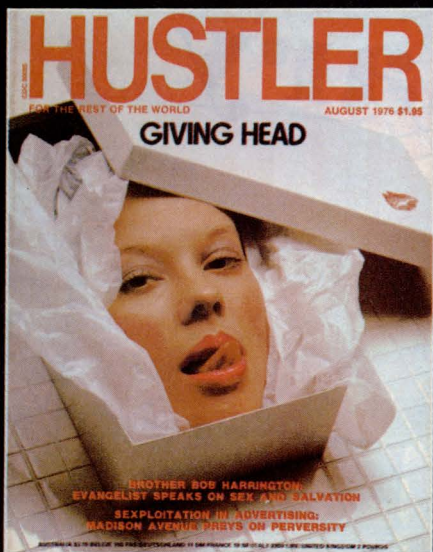


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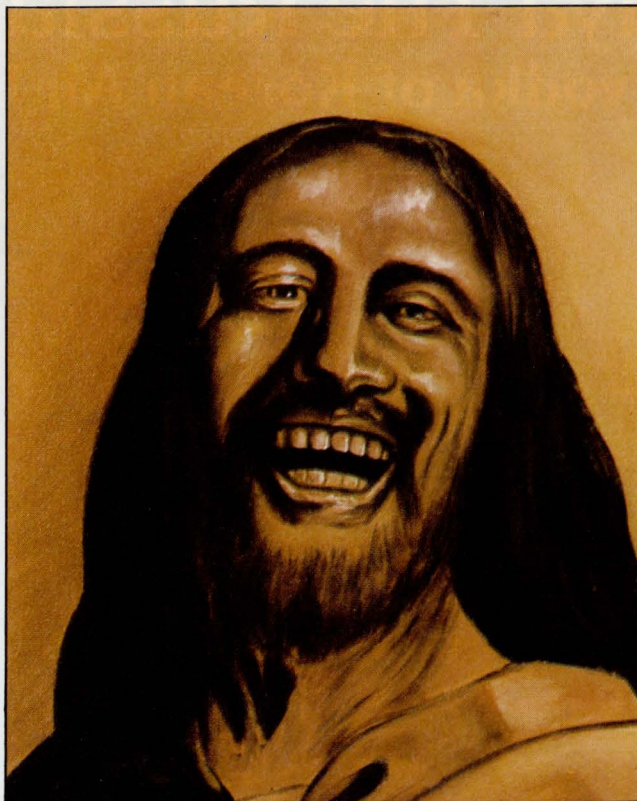
**S**ince the beginning of time neither Dad, the Holy Ghost nor I has ever endorsed a candidate for political office. Heaven knows, politics and I mix like ... like wine and water. From Herod's mockery to Pilate's decision to crucify Me, heavy politicians have used Me only as a whipping boy. The Jews thought I was a threat to their power base, and the Romans thought the same, fearing that My influence would cause a rebellion among their conquered subjects. Give Me a break, guys. Do you think I did the "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's" bit for My health? And didn't I say to the Jews, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not" (Luke 13:34)? I *like* Jews. I was raised by a couple of them. In that speech I even talked about "the killing of profits" (it was spelled wrong by Luke). What could *be* more Jewish?

The real irony in this is that even today the same sort of self-serving political hypocrites invoke My name in *support* of their ridiculous crusades. Do you honestly believe that I would burn rock 'n' roll records, endorse overpopulation and starvation by denying women the reproduction education and birth-control information necessary to avoid unwanted pregnancies—or back an asshole like Jesse Helms?

Remember who you're talking about, My children—I'm the man who made hanging out with prostitutes *the* thing to do in Jerusalem. Before Me, they were stoning those chicks. Speaking of the company I keep, I'd like to take this space to dispel rumors that I'm gay. Washing other men's feet was to show how humble I am, not to put My head at cock level. My motto is "Eat the hole, not the pole," and although I still have a place in My heart for homosexuals, I don't think it's a healthy habit. I encourage *turning* the cheeks, not *spreading* them.

All of this editorializing is My way of saying that the time has come for Me to endorse a candidate for the most powerful position on Earth. I'm supporting Larry Flynt for President of the United States.

"Why did Jesus H. Christ, Esq. wait until *now* to choose a favorite son?" you're probably asking yourselves. Oh, there were Lincolns, Roosevelts and Kennedys—and they were men for their times, to be sure. But all the political leaders have been bullshit artists. Lincoln didn't really want to free the slaves; he *had* to. Roosevelt let a lot of good men die unnecessarily at Pearl Harbor. The Kennedys ... well, let's just say the Kennedys had *lots* of problems. Maybe if Ted had tried to swim across the Bay of Pigs. ... At any rate, Moses freed the Jews, Lincoln freed the slaves, and Larry Flynt—through HUSTLER Magazine—will free the neurotics in this world. Larry believes, as I do, that



## LARRY'S MY BOY!

you should do unto others what you would have them do unto you ... but do it first. Why wait for a kindness to deliver one?

Flynt is an honest man. And in a dishonest world where the "godless" and the "God-blessed" are equally intent on blowing the entire planet to hell (and you can consider that a promise, not a threat), it's either Flynt or destruction.

Many will be uncomfortable with a candidate who publishes pictures of naked men and women. Why? Do you think We put Adam and Eve into the Garden of *Jordache*? We didn't make clothes ... *you* did. And *We* never determined obscenity ... *you* did. "Thou shalt not fuck" is not one of the commandments handed down to Moses on Mount Sinai. Neither is "Thou shalt not show pink" or "Thou shalt not ravage the established institutions with satire." If anything, "THOU shalt not honor any graven images before Me" *demands* that any man-made institution, including government and religion, *not* be held holy or undefilable. That's one of the things I like about Larry—he has held every race, creed, color, religion and sex up to the purifying light of ridicule. Even himself. And, as you well know, I'm big on humility.

Of course, like all politicians, Larry had to make some backroom promises to Me before I agreed to endorse him. For example, he has promised to convert all churches into day-care centers, free clinics and health-food stores. He knows that when I said, "Upon this rock will I build My church" (Matthew 16:18), I was talking about My *philosophy*, not the building of tax-exempt housing for priests, nuns and other such leeches. But since they're already built, we might as well make them into something useful.

Now, I don't want the other candidates banging on My cross if Flynt should happen to miss out on the Republican nomination at that party's national convention in Dallas. Flynt's the only man I'm behind, and if any of the other Republicans try to put me on their bandwagons, they're in for trouble. They should know I can't be bought. I'm sure the Democrats won't call on Me, because their support comes from down below. Besides, Flynt doesn't need the endorsement of the Republican Party or any other group or individual—he's got Me.

Vote or burn in hell.

*Jesus H. Christ Esq.*

Jesus H. Christ, Esq.

P.S.—Don't be put off by Larry's "P.T. Barnum" media image. After all, it's hard to be humble when you're so fucking talented. It's the "arrogance of excellence" that makes Flynt so goddamn good at what he does.



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The official vodka of Korean Air Lines pilots.



\*AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.



## SHOW & TELL

America's media are buckling under to subtle censorship as they react to pressures exerted by the political powers in our country. **HUSTLER** Magazine may well be the last bastion of free press in the United States, because **LARRY FLYNT** and **HUSTLER** aren't out to win popularity contests with either our readers or the federal government. Our policy is and always has been to express opinions on topics affecting life in the United States and in the world—regardless of the pressures from the powers-that-be.

Larry knew it wasn't going to make him any better loved when he took out full-page ads in several of the country's top newspapers, alerting the American public to the possibility of a U.S.-inspired conspiracy behind the downing of the Korean Air Lines flight carrying Congressman Larry McDonald after it drifted into Soviet airspace. For this month's **HUSTLER**, Larry has delved even deeper into the mystery surrounding the 007 incident, and through exhaustive research he has come up with a mind-boggling article titled **WHO KILLED CONGRESSMAN LARRY McDONALD?** The disturbing facts that Flynt reveals will have some of America's top political powerhouses changing their shorts.


One of Larry's major causes in his fight for freedom and justice in this country is the plight of the "real Americans"—the Indians—which is why he chose Indian-rights activist **RUSSELL MEANS** as his Vice Presidential running mate. Like Flynt, Means isn't afraid to speak out on highly controversial subjects even though it has literally brought him under fire. (He once exchanged shots with FBI agents.) In **AMERICAN INDIAN LEADER RUSSELL MEANS** he talks at length about such sensitive issues as how American officials have aided large corporations in the rape of Native Americans' reservation territories and explains how our nation is "going fascist democratically" as our government, motivated purely by greed, exploits the land and its people. **HUSTLER** Articles Editor **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**, a longtime journalist whose many writing credits include the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life* and the *New York Times*, conducted this probing interview.

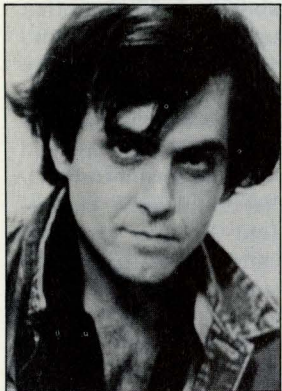
But the American Indian isn't the only national institution in grave danger. The Great American Dream of one day owning a home is rapidly becoming the Impossible Dream. For his report **ADDRESS: NOWHERE—THE GROWING TRAGEDY OF OUR HOMELESS MILLIONS**, investigative journalist **ROBERT MCGARVEY** did some expert sleuthing. He came up with tragic stories of families that, through unexpected loss of jobs and eventual inability to pay their rent or mortgage installments, found themselves without shelter. McGarvey drives home the point that when pursuing the Great American Dream, you may be in for a rude awakening.

And while the American Dream dies, another American tragedy thrives. A man is found in a New Jersey swamp—his throat slit down to the collarbone, his tongue pulled through the opening to resemble a necktie. A 17-year-old girl is found frozen solid after having been raped, sexually mutilated and finally stabbed to death. Another killer on the loose? That's all too accurate, and the killer's name is cocaine. In an enlightening but terrifying article, **THE COCAINE BATTLEGROUND**, **ROD THORP** explores violence and addiction in the world of cocaine abuse. Thorp, who has authored a dozen books, is currently at work on a new crime novel. Artist **TOM TOMITA**—a newcomer to **HUSTLER**—provided the chilling artwork.

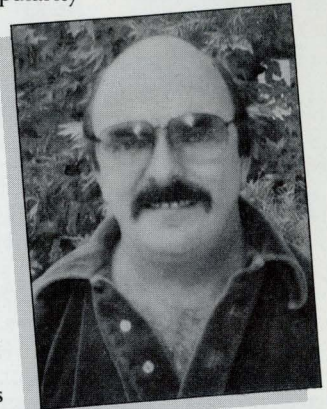
And for the "straight dope" on America's home-grown tradition—country music—don't miss our February profile, **JOHN ANDERSON: THE COUNTRY SINGER COMES OUT "SWINGIN."** Author **MICHAEL BANE** takes you behind the scenes with the man whose hit tune "Swingin'" was the only country single to sell over 1 million copies in 1983. **REN WICKS**, whose artwork accompanied our November '83 fiction, *Final Orbit*, contributed the illustration.

The photo-features that have made **HUSTLER** world-famous take a bold step forward with this month's issue. In **KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL**, Ozzie and Harriet's elder son, **DAVID NELSON**, brings to **HUSTLER** something it's never had before—*sexual innocence*. And words simply can't describe the unveiling of our most unbelievable photo-set yet—**BAMBI GOLDBERG: MENACHEM BEGIN'S GODDAUGHTER NUDE**. See for yourself!

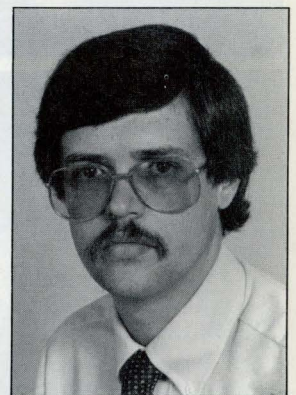
Since you're just about to turn the page, we don't have to tell you that America's greatest magazine has just gotten better with a new look that will empty the newsstands as the competition simply shrivels up and dies. It's a small step for man—but a giant leap for mankind. 



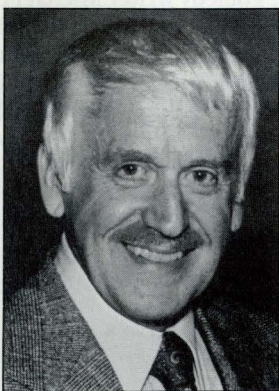
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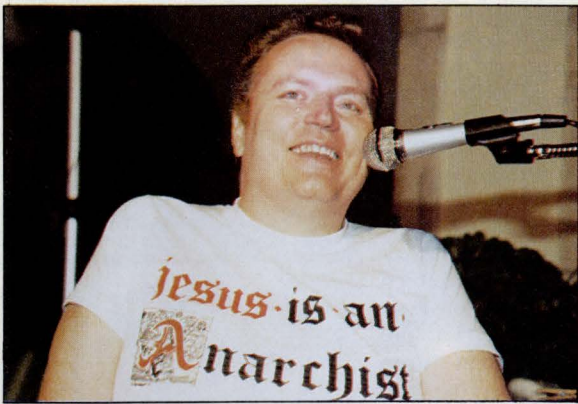
Michael Bane



Ren Wicks



# THE WORLD OF HUSTLER



Sporting the newest in Anarchist fashion, Larry Flynt addresses partygoers at his Bel-Air mansion. Writer Michael O'Donoghue of 'Saturday Night Live' fame and friend listen attentively.

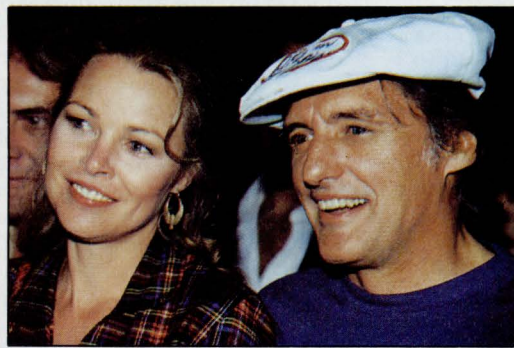


Now that Larry Flynt has decided to throw his hat into the 1984 Presidential ring, HUSTLER fans are coming out of the woodwork. It seems that this country's best minds and most futuristic thinkers are now acting upon what they have always known—that HUSTLER is the one and only true forum for complete and free expression. A heavy group of

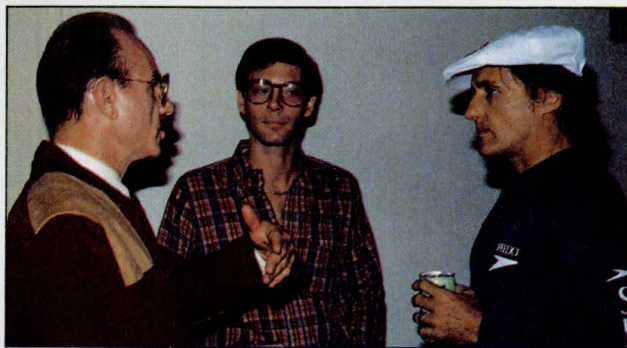
movers and shakers turned up recently at a party thrown by Larry for his friend and confidante, Madalyn Murray O'Hair. The occasion was the 20th anniversary of the founding of the American Atheist Center in Austin, Texas. In one room of Flynt's Bel-Air mansion actors Jack Nicholson, Dennis Hopper and Marjoe Gortner huddled with author Terry Southern and acid-philosopher Timothy Leary. Elsewhere, former Nixon plumber G. Gordon Liddy waited his turn to exchange thoughts with Larry, who was lending an ear to his Vice Presidential running mate, American Indian Movement leader Russell Means. Also spotted consuming expensive champagne and French delectables while eschewing world issues were rock luminary Mark Mothersbaugh of DEVO (with friend and former *Saturday Night Live* star Laraine Newman), songwriter Harry Nilsson, comedy writer Michael O'Donoghue and a host of others.

Party guests covered the entire spectrum of American journalism, including CBS-affiliate/KNXT newscaster John Pauly (the man to whom Larry Flynt turned over the notorious FBI/DeLorean videotapes) and the excretious Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* magazine.

Even though the lavish affair was held in honor of the Atheists, by the end of the evening several partygoers were praying for Alka-Seltzer. Nevertheless, the converging ideologies and flamboyant personalities combined for one memorable eve—and a lot of surprises in the upcoming issues of HUSTLER.



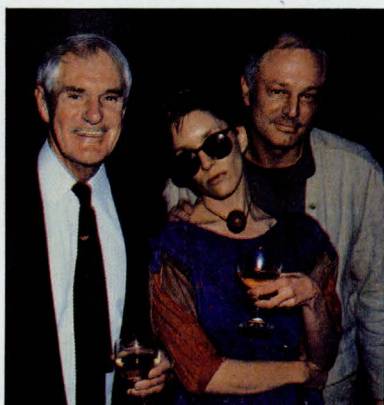
Marjoe Gortner (far l.) chats with HUSTLER's Bill Nirenberg. Guests Dennis Hopper and Michelle Phillips (right).



Ms. O'Hair speaks on the fear of Gaud. G. Gordon Liddy (left), HUSTLER Attorney Neil Adelman and Hopper in hot debate.



Althea Flynt (far l.), Mark Mothersbaugh and Laraine Newman enjoy themselves. Tim and Barb Leary, and friend.





When Larry Flynt can't make it to one of the glittering Las Vegas gambling palaces for a serious card game, he brings the excitement of Vegas to his Bel-Air home. Such was the case at a recent high-stakes poker game hosted by Larry the Hustler. Sparing no expense, he flew in several of America's highest-rolling card-sharps. Included in the elite group at the green-felt table in Flynt's den were Stuart Ungar, Pug Pearson, Chip Reese, Rod Pardee and Eric Drache.

Much to all the high-flying players' chagrin, however, Lucky Larry proved that even smut-peddlers can pull an ace out of the hole on occasion.

Flynt pocketed \$143,000 for the night. Guess that covers the expense of the plane tickets, huh?

Ever hear of Elmer Valentine? He's a slimy, little turd-swallower who owns two of Hollywood's most famous and popular rock nightspots, the Rainbow Bar & Grill and the Roxy Theater. Valentine also owns a number of billboards on Sunset Boulevard, the same street on which the clubs are located. Well,



Larry rakes in the chips at a private poker game with some of the boys from Vegas.

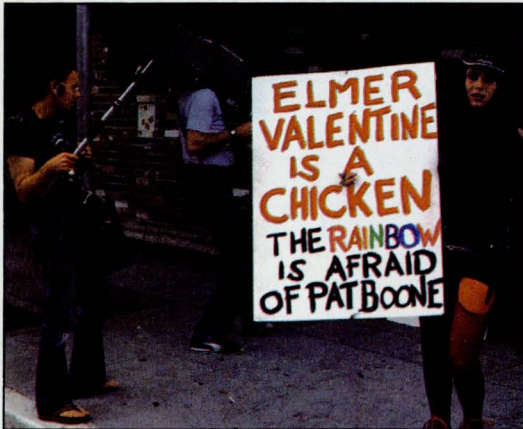


Larry Flynt wanted to advertise on one of Valentine's billboards the nude photo of Pat Boone that appeared in the January issue of HUSTLER. And the rock entrepreneur agreed . . . at first. But after considerable bucks were spent in preparing the art for the billboard, Valentine got cold feet and told Larry no. The Prince of Porn immediately retaliated by soliciting a horde of eager picketers to walk the block in front of this wishy-washy asshole's establishments. The real kicker, though, is that this

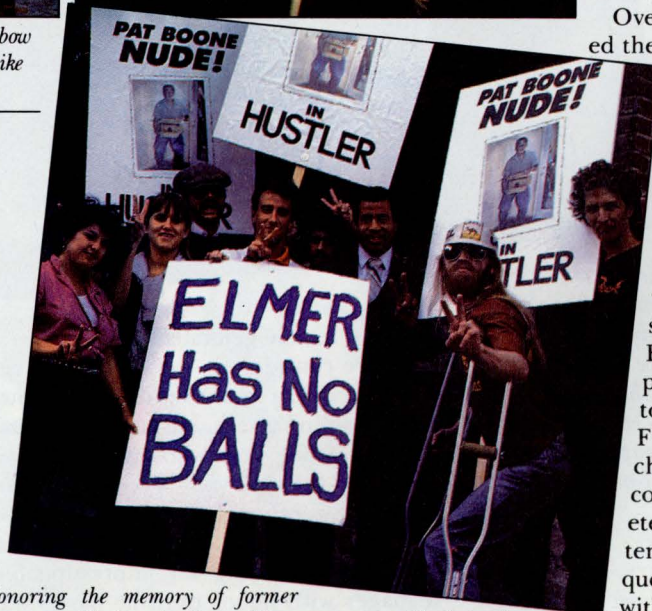
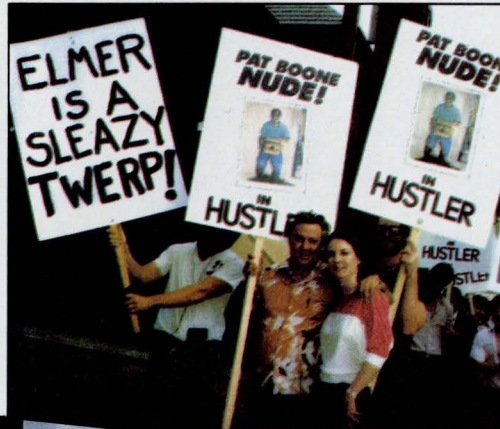
Valentine is not only a wimpy scumbag who goes back on his word, but he's also a two-faced hypocrite! *Women Behind Bars* is a graphic, black-humor play that's currently running at the Roxy. It's an outrageous and "dirty" comedy about lesbian life in prison, complete with a totally nude male character. Yet Valentine wouldn't let the world see Pat Boone's pud! Does Elmer own stock in Hoffy hotdogs? We used to have a lot of respect for this guy.

Over the years, he's boosted the careers of many musicians by giving them a prestigious venue to exhibit their talents. In fact, many musicians owe their success to Senor Valentine.

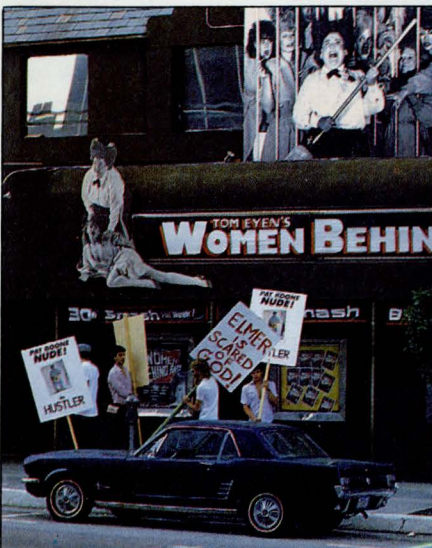
But to hell with that now! Is he afraid of the wrath of that ol' gospel singer and porn-hater Boone? If he is, he picked the wrong person to cross. The wrath of Flynt on those who change their minds is considerably worse than eternal damnation. Better check out the consequences before you mess with Mr. Sleaze. Listen, Valentine—pick-et where the sun don't shine!



Angry picketers march the street in front of the Rainbow Bar & Grill and Roxy Theater. Hell hath no fury like a Flynt scorned.



Honoring the memory of former Secretary of the Interior James Watt—a woman, a black, two Jews and a cripple, pickets in hand, join the protest.





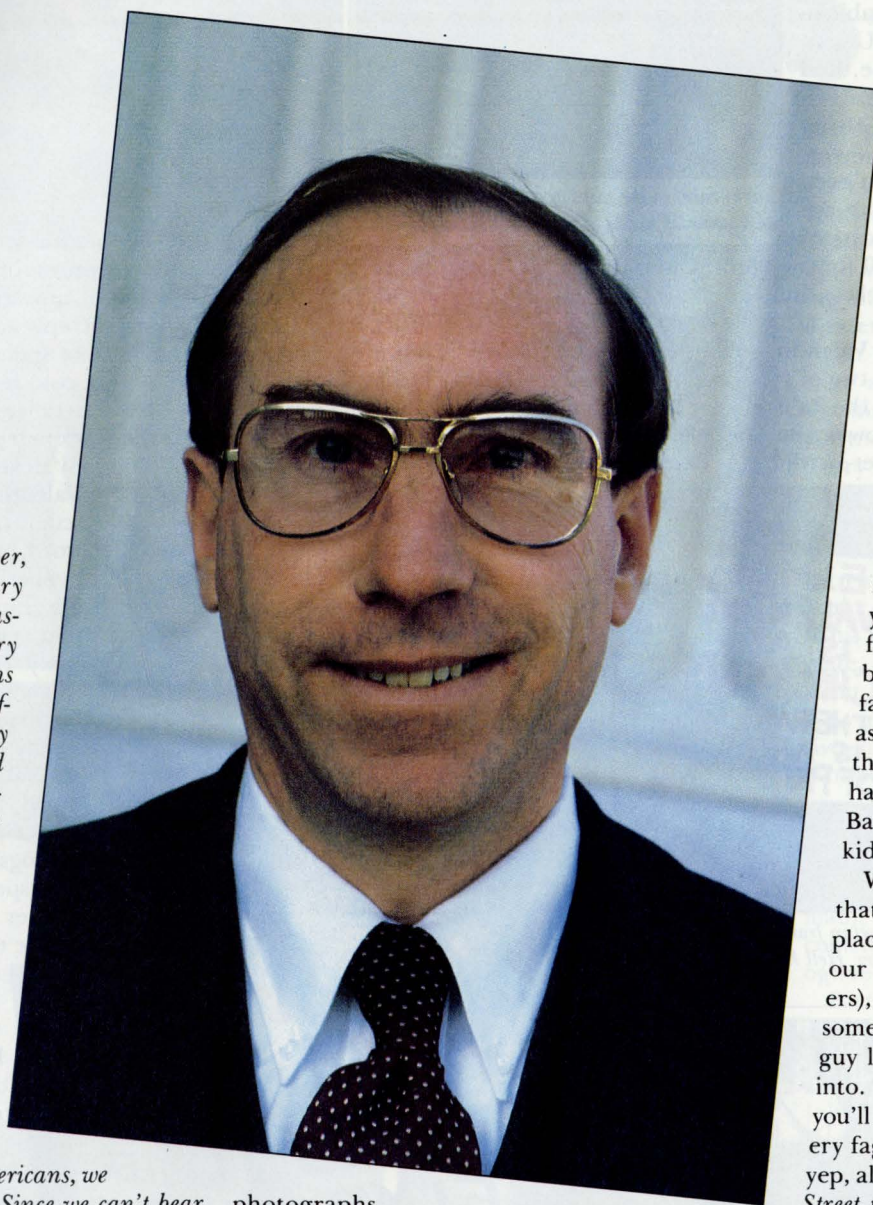
# A \$17,500 Apology to Congressman Gerry Studds

**L**ast September, Editor Larry Flynt generously sent complimentary HUSTLER subscriptions to a number of public officials—including every member of the United States House of Representatives. One member of that esteemed body, Gerry Studds (D-Massachusetts), complained to postal authorities that he found HUSTLER offensive, and he demanded that we remove his name from our mailing list. In our constant struggle to make HUSTLER the magazine for all Americans, we may have gone too far. Since we can't bear to think we've done something to offend anyone, particularly a sensitive individual such as Congressman Studds, the following is a public apology, paid for by HUSTLER Magazine. And this ain't no cheap apology either. The going rate for a full-page ad here is \$17,500.

\* \* \*

Gee, Gerry. We're sorry.

We can only imagine how it must have repulsed you to open that first copy of HUSTLER Magazine and see lifelike color



photographs of adult, female genitalia. If we'd been a bit more considerate, we might have remembered that you'd rather spend your time ramming your aging cock up the assholes of young boys whose parents have entrusted them to your safekeeping. We should have remembered that instead of reading about soft, wet, pink pussies, you'd prefer plying an impressionable teenager with liquor until he passes out and then slowly unzipping his pants and reaching in to find firm, young pork.

We forgot why the citizens of Massachusetts sent you to D.C.—they must have figured Washington was the best place for an admitted faggot page-molester such as yourself. We commend their judgment. No sense in having you back home in the Bay State sucking off *their* kids.

Well, Gerry, just to show you that *our* hearts are in the right place (rather than in the seat of our pants like certain lawmakers), we're signing you up for some entertainment that a swell guy like yourself can really get into. Starting in a few weeks you'll be receiving copies of every fag-rag we could think of . . . yep, all of them from *Christopher Street* to *Blueboy*, including such favorites as *Numbers*, *Playguy*,

*Honcho*, *Just Men*, *Torso*, *Stud Slix*, the *Advocate*, *Stars* and *Drummer*. We'll even throw in *Playgirl*. Who says you can't have your pork quiche and eat it too?

With any luck, those stiff dicks and golden-tanned buns should keep you pumping your own cock like an offshore oil rig, and maybe you won't have the time or inclination to fuck with anyone else's kids while living at the taxpayers' expense.

Give it a stroke for us, Gerry.



# Feedback



*In preparation for his retrial in Cincinnati, Ohio, on obscenity charges, Larry Flynt contacted certain noted free-thinkers about the possibility of their support—in the capacity of expert witnesses or simply as concerned observers—and received this kind reply:*

## DEAR MR. FLYNT:

I hadn't realized that you were so agreeably radical politically and to me, sympathetic. As you can see, I'm here and you're there amongst the God-fearing. There is no way for me to testify thanks to work and geography, but I hope you win. HUSTLER is far less dangerous to the fabric of the republic than that truly radical reactionary publication, the *Reader's Digest*. Good luck.

—Gore Vidal  
Salerno, Italy

## BLACK RAP:

Thanks to you, HUSTLER, and white liberals like you, guys like me feel on top of the world. I read your December 1983 issue's *Feedback* letter from that white bitch (Eudora M. from Brookhaven, Mississippi) who craves a big black dick like mine. No wonder all those honkie bitches like our black dicks so much, with white chumps like you actually convincing them to do it! Thanks, baby, keep it up! Since you honkies ain't got the balls to print this, I thought I'd let you know, black studs like me be more than willing to come on to your women, like Eudora M., who want our dicks. We *have* overcome!

—L. G.  
Chicago, Illinois

Whoever wrote "HUSTLER Interview: The Biggest, Blackest Cock Ever!" in the November 1983 issue should get the Asshole of the Century award. You must know that when a nigger gets him a white woman, he's on top of the world. It makes me puke to think about some low-piece-of-trash nigger with a white woman! And I'm sure many people feel the same! There might be some well-hung niggers, but

there are some well-hung honkies too, bro'. Including myself. If a nigger talked that way around here, he'd get strung up! And I bet y'all are too chickenshit to print this! But in a way I don't blame the niggers for wanting white, 'cause I won't fuck no nigger pussy either!

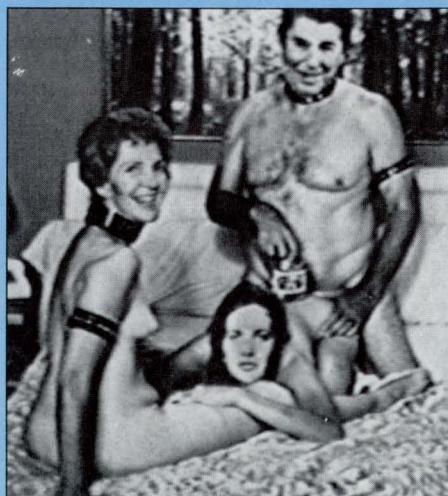
—Stonewall  
Jacksonville, Florida

*That's not what your daddy said.*

## WON'T FIGHT FOR FLYNT:

*The Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes*, in the December 1983 issue, were really low—especially for someone like Larry Flynt. Your magazine constantly flouts the Bill of Rights and your right to free speech. Wake up, motherfuckers! That's not free speech, just vicious BS aimed at the Reagans.

I'm not a person who says over a few beers at the office that he'd give his life for his country—I'm in the Army and faced with the reality of my unit going to Honduras or Grenada and seeing action. And the thought of fighting for free speech and democracy so that sordid little punks like you can print their bullshit makes me sick inside. Edit what you like, you mother-



*Sticky Sex Tapes?*

fuckin' shitheads, but I'll bet you haven't got the pair of balls to print this letter—whole or in part!

—C. S.  
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

P.S.—I was going to order HUSTLER by subscription instead of paying for it at the newsstand—I think it would make good ass-wipe on the plane going overseas.

*But as you can see in the next letter, we really piss some people off. . .*

## DOGGONE MAD:

Regarding the picture of Linda Lovelace getting boned doggy-style (*Bits & Pieces*, October 1983): What the fuck is wrong with that? She looks quite consenting and the mutt even more so.

What really pissed me off was the way you came down on that "dog lover" who sent you a December '83 *Feedback* letter, requesting that you not print it. And then you did anyway—asshole! Of all people, Mr. Sleazerag Flynt, to accuse this guy of being some kind of sex perv—now I've heard everything. You can print this letter or stick it up your ass. —Spencer Berman  
Carpinteria, California

*We decided to print it. Now you can stick this answer up your ass—if your dog's tongue isn't in the way.*

## SEX AND VIOLENCE:

As a psychiatrist who advocates law and order, including the use of capital punish-



ment for certain violent crimes, I found that Al Goldstein's *Guest Editorial* (December 1983) addressed itself to an important aspect of American life—that violence is acceptable and sex is not. However, his script appeared too limited in taking potshots at Home Box Office. Television *reflects* that which is appealing to its viewing audience within the guidelines of permissible programming.

Our society glorifies violence on the front page of every newspaper in the country. Our law-enforcement officers are often kept busy closing down massage parlors and adult-movie houses and arresting and re-arresting prostitutes while muggings, rapes and murders continue as common occurrences. We make heroes of our victimizers and have developed Bonnie-and-Clyde mentalities.

We make sure our criminals have their rights protected without concerning ourselves with the needs of their victims. We release our violent criminals before their victims (if they survive) are discharged from the hospital—or even before the arresting policemen have finished filing their reports.

We must demand meaningful results from our criminal-justice system in responding to the perpetrators of violent crime, or eventually none of us will be safe—or even physically able to respond to editorials.

Violent behavior is certainly more obscene than sexual behavior between consenting adults, but unfortunately, the latter is censored as undesirable, and the former is permitted to be seen and experienced by people of all ages.

—Lewis H. Richmond, M.D.  
San Antonio, Texas

*We couldn't have said it better ourselves, Doc! Thanks!*

#### BABY TALK:

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for several years, but your December '83 issue is by far the best ever. Your article *Big Babies: The Fetish of Infantilism* was long overdue. I especially enjoyed the photo of the big baby boy crying as he is being diapered by his "Mommy." It left me wanting more. I think you should do a whole pictorial based just on that single photo. You showed real guts by publishing an extensive article on a subject no other magazine would dare touch.

—John Franciosa  
Ozone Park, New York

*Don't wet your pants!*

#### CONFUSED:

Larry, now being of sound mind and especially body, I assure you what I am about to say is true. First of all, just between us

I prefer HUSTLER over *Playboy* for its open opinion. Then I picked up an August '83 edition only to find an up-to-date version of Jesus parked between Jack and Jill with a Lucky Strike in His mouth (*Bits & Pieces*).

You must get your information from a reliable source, because it's true. I know I shouldn't be so obvious, but what better way to feel at home than bringing Christ into the bedroom. Jesus, it's not easy being Lord when people confess what they really want. I forgive them as much as they want, and they just keep coming. Isn't that thrilling? And yes, the second coming's as good as the first. I have to admit I was surprised! Heaven can wait. I'm having fun just being important.

—Jesus Christ  
(More Commonly Known as  
Darryl Maracle)  
Little Valley, New York

*You're having fun because you're nuts. If you're pretending to be Christ just to get laid, you're as bad as the Pope. Find another job; this one's taken.*

—The Publisher

#### FROM THE HEART:

I had the very special opportunity of hearing you speak at the Lifestyles '83 Award Luncheon on September 3. Mr. Flynt, you are incredible, amazing, outrageous, brilliant and possibly one of the most sensitive men I have ever had the privilege of meeting.

We played the tape of your acceptance speech for our whole office staff; they cried, cheered and left the session with a new feeling for the work we do here.

I have been in the business of writing adult material for many years. I have always enjoyed it, and I think of it as the last frontier. However, after hearing your perspective on porn, I now have a whole new feeling of pride and accomplishment.

Thank you for sharing such intimate details of your life with me. My fantasy is that you and I are snowbound somewhere for about a week, and that I can sit at your feet and just listen to you expound endlessly.

Please take care of yourself, and be very careful: The world cannot afford to ever lose you again.

—Kathy Kennedy,  
Assistant Editor  
Connection magazine  
South Euclid, Ohio

*Thank you for your kind letter.*

Love, Larry

#### RIGHT ON:

I feel that the November 1983 issue of HUSTLER was the finest ever. The Cam-pari and Pope ad-parodies, *Guest Opinion* by Madalyn Murray O'Hair, *Publisher's Statement* and Tinsley-cartoon review were all gems. Also, the rebuttal to those

FEBRUARY HUSTLER



"Would you like to hear a woman coming while you hold?"







idiots complaining about the "Gang Rape" postcard satire was right on target.

Larry Flynt's combination of courage, honesty and intelligence is awesome. He is a champion of free thought and human rights, and may be the best friend the framers of our Constitution ever had. He, Althea Flynt and the entire publishing staff of HUSTLER deserve more praise and thanks than they'll ever receive.

So keep up the good work, especially the hard-hitting commentaries and best-ever humor. And never, repeat *never*, stop sticking it good to scumbags like Falwell, the Pope, Reagan, Watt, Buckley and Begin.

—Al Medwin  
Farmingdale, New Jersey

#### PEARLS BEFORE SWINE:

I read in our local paper (the *Charlotte Observer*) of your generous offer to provide every member of Congress with a subscription to your fine magazine. Several days later I read that many of our elected representatives, including mine, had refused to accept delivery, stating that your magazine had no place in their offices.

I have been reading HUSTLER for some time now, buying it off the rack, since high tuition bills do not permit the luxury of a subscription. I have even encountered your magazine in college communications courses. I have always found its content to be of the highest quality and its editorial

stance uncompromising. There is nothing like *Asshole of the Month* in any other magazine! I was also impressed by an April 1980 report on nuclear accidents—the best article I have yet read on this subject.

My point is that HUSTLER definitely has a place in my humble abode, and it always will. If Strom Thurmond, Robin Talton, et al., are not interested in a free subscription, I certainly am. You can forward the remainder of Strom's subscription to someone who will appreciate it!

—Vernon Wingo  
Rock Hill, South Carolina

*Write to Strom. Tell him what you think about HUSTLER and what you think of his taste. He'll probably give you his subscription. If he doesn't, send us a copy of his response. Then we'll send you a subscription.*

#### SHOOTING THE SHIRT:

Recently, during a Cable News Network broadcast on the John DeLorean drug issue, Larry Flynt was shown in a very humorous T-shirt that said, "Give Hinckley a Second Chance." Being one of the many people who dislike the President strongly, I would like to know where Larry got the shirt and if I can get one.

—F. T.  
Madison, Wisconsin

*You can order the Hinckley shirt or one of many others that Larry's been wearing dur-*

*ing public appearances. Check out the ad on pages 146-147.*

#### LIMP PICS:

As an avid reader of HUSTLER over the years, I have come to appreciate the high quality of your male/female pictorials. But your December 1983 effort titled *Stroke Me Tender* was so gawdawful that it has inspired me to sit down and express my sincere disappointment and dismay over what I am afraid will become a trend toward shoddy craftsmanship.

In particular, I found the wimp you chose to portray the masseur to be a photogenic waste. In the future, if the man chosen for the job can't FILL the requirements, you should let him go home without pay. We readers are plunking down hard-earned money for the visual fantasies within your pages.

If our money is hard, the least we can expect from your models is that they are too.

—A. Reinhardt  
Hackensack, New Jersey

*Hang in there. HUSTLER is getting "harder" to read all the time. Tell us what Fruit of the Gawks does for you in this issue (pages 112-123).*

#### TOYOTA AD PARODY:

I've been reading HUSTLER for more than five years, and I know you make fun of all ethnic groups without discrimination. I also know you get mail all the time putting down your blunt and honest humor. Still, I'm uneasy about your "Toyota" ad parody in the October and November 1983 issues. Maybe you're not aware of the Vincent Chin murder case. Chin was beaten to death in 1982 by two whites from Detroit who blamed Japan for Motor City's high unemployment. The case drew a lot of attention because the guys, who thought Chin was Japanese, got off with probation and a \$3,000 fine.

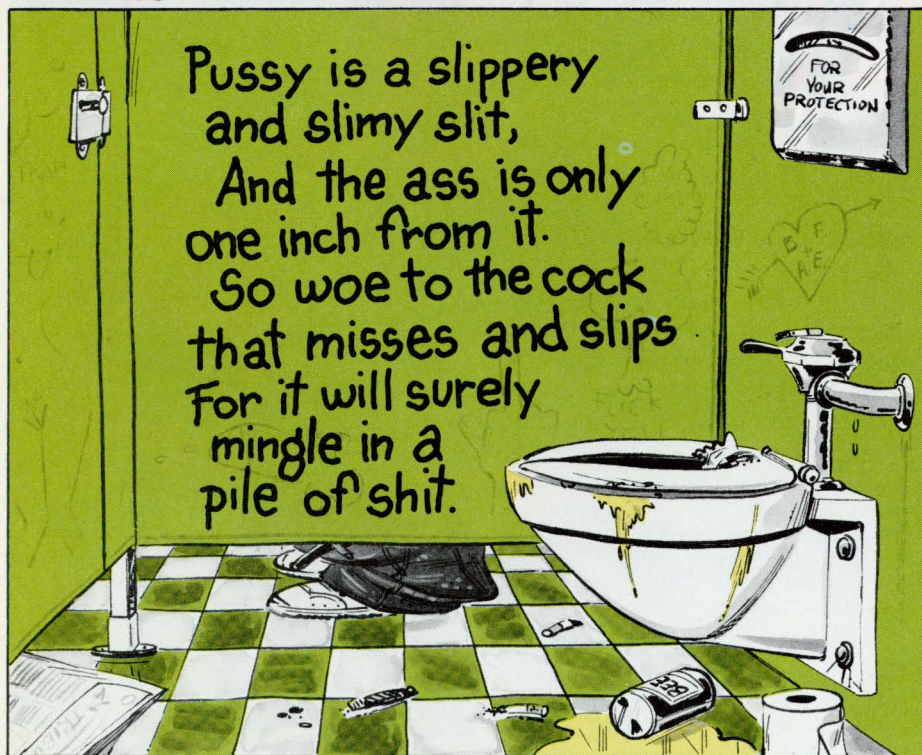
Anyway, linking Toyota and imports to a violent event like Pearl Harbor makes me very uneasy. I can't put my finger on it, but you've stepped beyond watermelons, Jewish noses and Jesus singing on the cross. Maybe the connection to Pearl Harbor makes minor one-on-one violence seem justified. Though HUSTLER's satire came out after Chin was killed, it's pretty volatile ground.

Some blame for unemployment should go to the management of American companies who have kept workers from having a voice in what was produced and have ignored the trend toward smaller cars.

—Gilbert Lee  
San Francisco, California

*Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.*

# GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to G.M., Bronx, N.Y.



# WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN



## Washington Laundry

### Nancy's Sweaty Sheets, the Wrong Stuff and More by Larry Flynt



Only the inner circle of the White House knew just how severely distressed Nancy Reagan was early last fall. The First Lady canceled public appearances and was not seen in her office for nearly a week in October. The press was told that she was suffering from a bad cold.

In fact, Nancy was deeply depressed following the assassination of an opposition leader

in the Philippines, a country her husband was scheduled to visit as part of his swing through the Far East. With memories of the assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan still fresh in her mind, Nancy could not sleep and was—according to an intimate White House source—hysterical at the prospect of her husband visiting President Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines. At one point it took medication administered by a syringe to calm the First Lady. And that—despite White House claims of a mere scheduling problem—was enough to convince the President to cancel his Manila stop.

\* \* \*

If you thought astronaut John Glenn was portrayed as a hero in the film version of *The Right Stuff*, you should have seen one of the scenes that wound up on the cutting-room floor. In Tom Wolfe's book about the Project Mercury astronauts Glenn was originally depicted unsympathetically as something of a wimpy goody-two-shoes. In the movie, however, he emerges as a sure, stalwart

man—the kind of guy a good many Americans might want to have as their President.

But there was one scene that, if it had been left in the final print, might have made a November election unnecessary; he would be elected by acclamation. It shows Glenn (portrayed by actor Ed Harris) addressing an emotional joint session of Congress. He ends his speech like this: "When I see our flag go by, I get a certain, hard-to-define feeling, and I

guess most of you, all of you, do. . . . And I'd like to introduce the real rock in our family—my wife, Annie. I'm real proud of her."

Another scene that wound up *in* the movie, showing the astronauts going into cubicles to masturbate because a NASA doctor needed sperm samples, alarmed Glenn's advisers at first. While colleague Scott Carpenter is shown having difficulty getting aroused enough to come through, Glenn—always the Boy Scout—is seen disappearing into a stall and handily giving his seed to science while whistling "The Marine's Hymn." When it turned out that the scene was handled discreetly, everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

The real Ann and John Glenn stayed away from the October gala premiere of *The Right Stuff* in Washington, and the senator from Ohio—HUSTLER's Orbiting Asshole of the Century (January)—has neatly avoided commenting on how he is portrayed onscreen by not seeing the picture. That also saves him the trouble of answering questions he's been asked hundreds of times before, such as whether he really drinks Tang and how astronauts go to the bathroom.

There are at least two touches in the film that are pure showbiz. Glenn says he never received a telephone call from NASA, prior to his liftoff, warning him of the dangers of the Atlas booster that would launch him into space. And he says he wasn't whistling "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as his flaming space capsule reentered the atmosphere. Both were touches of Hollywood hype.

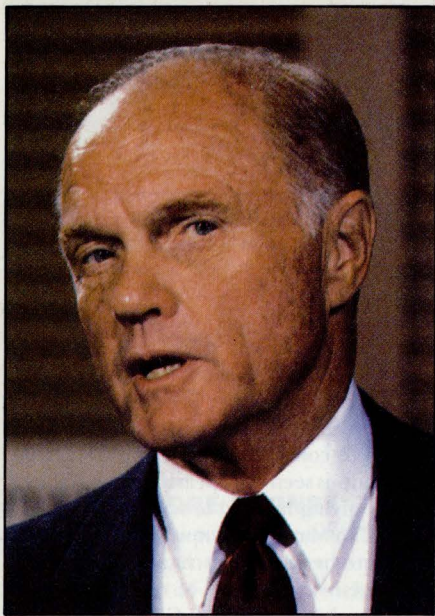
\* \* \*

The drug-overdose death of comedian



Ronald Reagan canceled his Philippines trip when foe of President Marcos was gunned down.





*Ex-astronaut and Presidential aspirant John Glenn ducked the premiere of 'The Right Stuff.'*

John Belushi in Los Angeles is about to become front-page news again with the publication of a new book by *Washington Post* reporter Bob Woodward—half of the investigative team that brought us Watergate. Woodward has spent the past year researching a book for Simon & Schuster that sources say will link some big-name Hollywood types to big-time drug abuse.

He became interested in Belushi's bizarre death after the comedian's widow talked with him about it in 1982. Though they didn't know each other, Belushi and Woodward both grew up in Wheaton, Illinois. The Belushi book is sure to be a best-seller, but more than a few movie-industry personalities will be reaching for a Valium before reading the results of Woodward's investigations.

\* \* \*

From the folks who tell us how to live our lives—the United States Senate—comes word that in the hiring department, Capitol Hill looks like the last plantation. A survey by Cox Newspapers found that of the more than 870 employees earning over \$30,000 a year on personal Senate staffs, only 27 are black. And if you're a senator's press secretary, it pays to be a man: Male press secretaries earn an average annual salary of \$40,500 while women pocket only \$33,150.

Sound like a case of discrimination? Tough. There's not much anyone can do about it. Congress was careful to exempt itself from equal-opportunity-employment legislation.

\* \* \*

Not every Washington pol is a slick Romeo. A congressman from the Southwest, for instance, took his girlfriend to a Caribbean island, where the duo signed up for diving lessons. Unbeknownst to the legislator, his girlfriend took a liking to the diving instructor, and one afternoon all the class swam ashore except for the instructor and the congressman's mistress. Turns out their oxygen lasted

longer because the instructor had led the young lady to an underwater cave with an air bubble—where they screwed for 15 minutes. When the lovebirds finally surfaced, the lawmaker congratulated his girlfriend on her excellent lung capacity.

\* \* \*

One of the great fringe benefits of working for Congress is access to the Congressional Research Service (CRS) at the Library of Congress. If a legislator has a question—any question—a call to the CRS will send a taxpayer-paid employee busting his or her ass to find the answer.

The most frequently asked question on Capitol Hill is not how much money we've spent to overthrow governments in Central America. It is: What's the name of the His Master's Voice dog that used to be part of RCA's record labels? And you can imagine the official urgency of such questions as how to remove chocolate stains from corduroy or where to find the best trout fishing in the Washington area. Then there was the Congressional office that called to ask how much an ounce of marijuana weighed. Even the most dense of our elected officials should have been able to figure that one out.

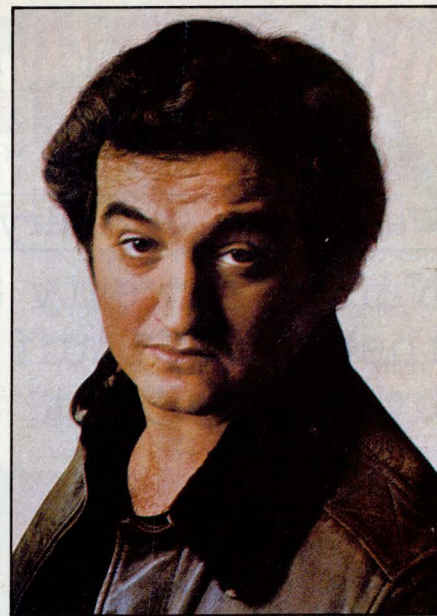
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The living is fat in the land of Reagan as the President's wealthy buddies continue their lives of luxury—even though these days it's the taxpayers who are footing the tab. A total of 190 government officials rate chauffeur service to and from work each day. Abuse of that perk is frequent. During a 20-month period, for example, the Treasury Department sent a car and driver for Secretary Donald Regan's wife 75 times, delivering her to posh restaurants, hotels and sightseeing spots.

Former Energy Secretary James Edwards took 19 trips to his hometown of Charleston, South Carolina, claiming he had to meet



*Former NBC News anchorman Roger Mudd is drawing a hefty salary while waiting in the wings.*



*Book about John Belushi by Watergate investigator Bob Woodward has Hollywood fidgety.*

frequently with forestry officials. Assistant Agriculture Secretary John Crowell has taken eight weekend business trips in 18 months to his home in Portland, Oregon, reported the *Washington Post* in a survey of travel by government bosses.

#### WASHINGTON SHORTS:

September 30 was the end of the government's fiscal year, and all over Washington nervous bureaucrats rushed to use whatever unspent money they had remaining, rather than have someone cut their budgets next time around. One of the more outrageous buys: 57,600 softballs purchased by the Navy, enough to let every officer and enlisted man play softball simultaneously, with a spare ball left over for each game. Maybe sailors are hitting too many home runs off aircraft-carrier decks?

If he's not back on your television screens by now, you'll know Roger Mudd and NBC are locked in a marriage that can't be saved. Mudd, of course, was bounced as an evening-news anchor in favor of Tom Brokaw's carrying the show solo. That was a violation of Mudd's contract; so he still collects on his six-figure annual paycheck while the network tries to develop a suitable role for him. Mudd is considered one of television's most savvy political reporters, and NBC is desperate to get him back on the air for the elections.

And finally, 75% of Americans declined to check the box on their income-tax returns that directs \$1 of their tax money to be used in financing Presidential campaigns. One citizen who didn't check that box was Ronald Reagan—who received 35 million of those dollars to help finance his 1980 campaign.

*(For future Washington Daisy Chain columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)*



# DEAR GRANNY

**G**ot a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm 21 years old and still a virgin. Of course, being a hot-blooded male, I'm going nuts to get my first piece of ass. But I'm afraid most women will be reluctant to make love with a guy who doesn't know what he's doing in the sack. Furthermore, during some heavy petting sessions in the past, I got so excited that I shot my load in my pants. Granny, I'm really worried. How can I go about losing my virginity without telling my lover that it's my very first time?

—Rookie

Reading, Pennsylvania

## DEAR ROOKIE:

Try taping your mouth shut and hope you don't come on the way to her house. Honey, I'm certain there are a lot of women out there like me who just love the taste of cherry. There's something about the deflowering of an innocent young man that sets my pacemaker on "high." Besides, honesty is the best policy in this case. If you want that first time to be special, let your partner know about your inexperience. She's bound to take you by the cock and lead you through.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a slow starter, and at 18 I'm just beginning to be sexually active. I've always been a pretty regular guy, but lately I've been wondering about something. Granny, I really like other men's bodies. I like the way their cocks hang down between their legs. Nothing turns me on more than the idea of two men lying together nude, one on top of the other, kissing and caressing each other. I would know just where to lick and how to suck on another guy's cock because I know exactly how I like to be licked and sucked.

So my question is this, Granny: Even though I've never made love to a man, does this mean I'm gay?

—Perplexed

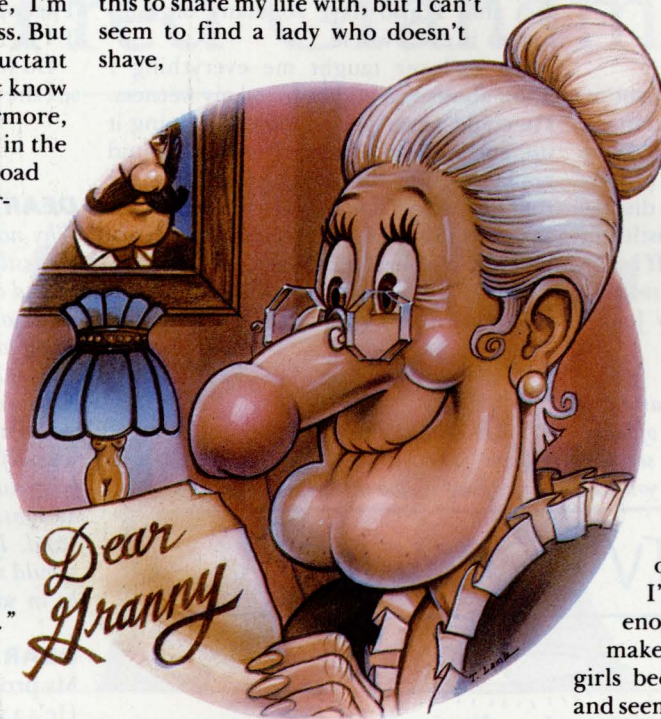
## DEAR PERPLEXED:

Does Richard Simmons know how to bend over? But before you tack that "for rent" sign over your asshole and take a chance on con-

tracting AIDS, give both sexes a try. It's perfectly normal for a young boy to fantasize about all the sexual possibilities, from screwing Mom to stirring the mailman's fudge. Thinking about sucking on a flesh popsicle isn't the same as doing it. However, if the confusion becomes too much for you to handle, you should seek professional counseling.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I love hairy women. I love it when women have mustaches, when they don't shave their armpits or legs, and especially when they've got thick, dark hair between their breasts. I've been looking for a woman like this to share my life with, but I can't seem to find a lady who doesn't shave,



wax or have electrolysis done. Tell me, please, Granny, is there some place or some way I can find myself a real hairy woman to fulfill all of my dreams?

—Hair Today  
APO, New York

## DEAR HAIR:

You could always try the monkey house at your local zoo. They tell me big, hairy females hang out there all the time. If you insist on the human variety, though, I suggest you find a lady with dark hair and features. Once you've developed a relationship, you can probably get her to quit shaving for you—and then you can see what grows out of it.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 34-year-old woman who's always looking for some new beauty aid to improve her appearance. I've heard of some pretty bizarre ways to make yourself more attractive, but I think a friend of mine has come up with the strangest one yet. She insists that semen keeps her skin looking

beautiful, and she likes to apply it to her face, let it dry and then wash it off. She says this eliminates wrinkles and keeps her face glowing and youthful. She believes in cum facials so much, in fact, that she has her husband jerk off into a big jar, and she stores the cum in her refrigerator so it'll stay fresh. Personally, Granny, I think my friend's a little nuts, but if she's right about cum facials, I'll go ahead and ask my husband to start beating off into a jar too. So is she right, Granny? Is semen actually beneficial to the skin?

—Beautiful Creamer  
Tucson, Arizona

## DEAR BEAUTIFUL:

Whether it works or not, honey, it sure does sound like more fun than Oil of Olay. There are certain nutrients in cum that can improve your skin, but only if they're ingested. In other words, you've got to swallow your way to beauty—which isn't such a bad idea at that. Sure, jism will tighten your face and temporarily eliminate a few lines and wrinkles if you let it dry, but then, so will egg whites. And you don't have to wait 15 minutes for your next application.

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 19-year-old male who loves older women. For two years now I've been dating ladies who are old enough to be my mother. I think they make far better lovers than younger girls because they're more experienced and seem to appreciate sex more. Anyway, my latest girlfriend is 48, and she is currently going through menopause. She's still a pretty horny woman despite the occasional hot flash, but I was wondering if it's safe to fuck her and eat her out while she's going through this mid-life crisis.

—Younger Man  
Hartford, Connecticut

## DEAR YOUNGER:

Honey, the poor woman's suffering from menopause, not rigor mortis! Keep eating her and fucking her to both your hearts' content. Believe me, she'll appreciate it now more than ever.

## DEAR GRANNY:

Before my recent marriage I'd had only one sexual relationship, which lasted four years. My husband and I have been making love with only each other for the past three years. Do I need a regular checkup from a gynecologist? I'm very healthy and have never had any major or minor health problems. Given the fact that I only sleep with one man and am perfectly healthy,



do you think it's still necessary to see a doctor about my female parts?

I've discussed this with a few of my friends, but they all disagree on this subject.

-In the Pink  
Jacksonville, Florida

#### DEAR IN THE PINK:

Honey, you'd take a car in to have it checked under the hood every 5,000 miles, wouldn't you? So what makes you think you don't need the same treatment for your own body? Doctors agree that all women should have a gynecologist (or their family doctor) take a Pap smear to check for cervical cancer at least once a year. And I'll let them have the last word on that.

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I have always wanted to visit a legal brothel in Nevada and would like to plan a trip out west very soon. But before I do, I'd like to ask you a few questions. What are my chances of catching a venereal disease from one of those licensed prostitutes there? And could I get ripped off?

-John-to-Be  
Summit, New Jersey

#### DEAR JOHN-TO-BE:

Like all businesses, there are honest and dishonest whorehouses. One advantage of houses over street girls is that, usually, services and prices are listed up-front, and you can

decide what you want and what you're willing to pay ahead of time.

Also, your chances of getting the clap or any other form of VD in one of these establishments should be far less than on the street because in order to become licensed, Nevada requires its brothels to have the women inspected regularly for any venereal diseases. So go west, young man.

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I am, as far as I know, a healthy, normal young woman. I enjoy sex a lot and have multiple orgasms every time I make love. But I have one problem: I tend to produce too much vaginal fluid during sex. The fact that I also have so many orgasms makes it even worse.

An ex-lover taught me everything I know about sex, and he loved my wetness. He could never get enough of lapping it up, and he even referred to it as "liquid applause." But my current lover told me that he's never been with anyone who gets as wet as I do and that my condition is abnormal. He finds all that juice a turn-off and wants me to do something about it. Granny, I'm so embarrassed! What should I do?

-Drowning  
San Diego, California

#### DEAR DROWNING:

Sweetie, let me tell you something. There's no such thing as too much joy juice. You're let-

ting yourself feel guilty about something that women who get dry-fuck burns would give their clits for! So just lie back and let that lubricant flow. As for your present lover, his ideas about sex are a real washout. Tell him to dry up.

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I'm 23 years old and have been married for a couple of years. Lots of my friends have told me how great sex is and how having an orgasm is the most wonderful experience in the world. Well, to put it bluntly, I wouldn't know. It seems as if my husband and I have tried every imaginable sexual position, but I just can't get off. This problem is so frustrating, I wonder if I'm normal.

Do you think I will ever be able to enjoy sex the way my friends do? And if so, how?

-Missing Out  
Washington, D.C.

#### DEAR MISSING OUT:

Why not try having sex with your friends? Honestly, honey, it sounds to me as if you need to find out what turns you on before you can show your husband what to do—and that's going to require a lot of thought... as well as plenty of masturbation. Remember, most women only get off on direct clitoral stimulation. Pay attention to exactly where you touch yourself and the ways in which you successfully stimulate yourself. Then see if you can't demonstrate these techniques for your husband. If that doesn't work, the two of you should see a sex therapist. Your problem could be in your mind rather than your crotch.

#### DEAR GRANNY:

My problem is my boyfriend's dog, Frazer. He's a well-behaved, sweet-tempered German shepherd, and when Steve is around, there's no problem. But a few times when I've been alone in the house with Frazer, I've been horrified to see his doggy penis emerging from its hairy sheath. He'll come into my bedroom, stare at me and start to pant. Though he's never done anything, it scares me.

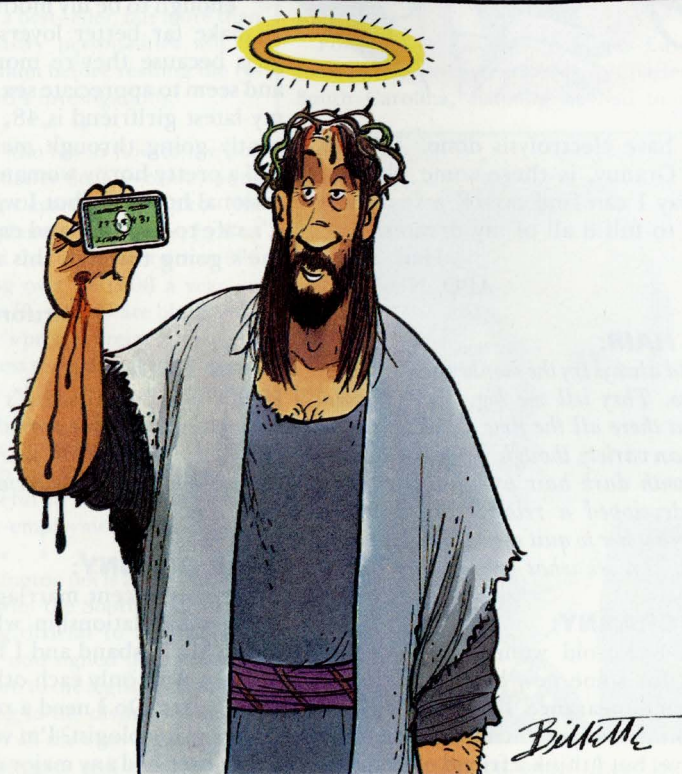
Next month, Steve is going away for a week, and I don't like the idea of being alone in the house with Frazer. I'm afraid of what the dog might do to me. Have you got any suggestions, Granny? What should I do?

-Cindy G.  
Calabasas, California

#### DEAR CINDY:

I once had a German tavernkeeper and even a German architect, but a German shepherd—never. As for your boyfriend's dog, a firm voice and a rolled-up newspaper applied to his nose should keep him in line. If you're really worried, put him in a kennel and tell Steve it's too much responsibility for you to look after the dog. Obviously, Frazer is not as well behaved as our coverboy.

## RUSSIAN TV COMMERCIAL



"You probably don't know me. That's why I carry the American Express Card."



# FARTS and PEECES

## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Anyone can spot obvious assholes. They're those wrinkled rectums who, from the moment they're forced out of their mothers' sorry snatches until they exhale their final farty breaths, contaminate anything and everything with which they come in contact. Sniffing out secret sphincters is a much tougher job because they hide their rotting-feces aroma with the perfume of respectability. A perfect example of this type of shit-dispenser is CBS correspondent Fred Graham.

At first glance it might seem Graham's one of the best things to have come along since the blow-job. He's bright (a Rhodes Scholar), he's a hard-working journalist (three Emmys and a Peabody Award for his coverage of some of the heaviest stories of the '70s—including Watergate), and he claims to be a champion of the First Amendment. His work on the book *Press Freedoms Under Pressure* is considered a milestone in asserting the rights of a free press. With those credentials he's almost qualified to be a HUSTLER associate editor.

So how could we find anything wrong with the man who wrote "the public has the biggest stake of all in seeing to it that the nation's press is protected against governmental intrusion or pressure"? Easy. All we had to do was follow the "Flynt Rule"... scratch a liberal—find a fascist.

And we didn't have to scratch very deep. All we had to do was send this flapping fecal factory a complimentary subscription to HUSTLER. Did "Mr. Freedom of

## Fred Graham



the Press" Graham accept the gift graciously? Nope. He wrote back, asking that the subscription be canceled immediately because he found HUSTLER "offensive." This is the *objective* CBS correspondent whose beat includes reporting and deciphering the decisions of the Supreme Court for the American viewing public? No wonder those nine assholes' decisions seem so fucking reasonable—look who's grinding up their shit for them!

His response sent us back to *Press Freedoms Under Pressure*, the book so near to his heart. A closer look confirmed that "Give

Me Another Money Enema" Graham is actually a tight-fisted fascist in liberal's clothing.

Consider this *recommendation* concerning the right of journalists to maintain the privacy of their sources—"if newsmen possess information about particularly violent crimes such as murder and kidnapping, *they may be compelled to testify.*" According to this reeking rectal logic, the government of El Salvador could force Salvadoran newsmen to squeal on the sources who provide information about civilian massacres—most of which are *committed by the government of El Salvador itself!*

as obvious—Screw's circulation, like Al's stomach, could use a lift. Next month, we'll be making this pathetic excuse for a sphincter muscle Asshole of the Month. Don't miss it.

**REVEREND JOHN BERNs**—Not content with the recent firebombing of adult-book stores in Toledo, Ohio, the Reverend John Berns led a march from there to Lima, Ohio, to protest pornography. During the six-day, 80-mile

Would Graham like to see Polish reporters turning in members of Solidarity who implicate the murderous Polish military regime in heinous crimes against dissidents? Or closer to home, does Gaping Graham really expect us to be able to gather details about possible U.S. government involvement in the death of Congressman Larry McDonald if we can't guarantee our sources complete confidentiality? Providers of information on these most serious crimes need the *most* protection—not the gestapo tactics of overpaid, boob-tube shit-squeezers like Graham.

Furthermore, Graham is a liar. When Larry Flynt turned over the DeLorean tapes to CBS, he stipulated that the tapes were to be shown in a certain chronological sequence that would make it clear to viewers exactly what took place. Graham, along with other members of CBS, agreed. Yet when the tapes hit the air, they were edited out of sequence for maximum sensationalism. Obviously, Fred has picked up a few habits from his black-robed friends on the bench. And he finds HUSTLER Magazine offensive?

We're calling on you readers to help remove this hemorrhoid. Write to CBS News. Tell the people in charge that you don't want an inept, fascist turd-chute like Fred Graham stinking up your living rooms with his spew of journalistic diarrhea. In order to safeguard your freedom, you have to exercise it. And we can't think of a better exercise than wiping this asshole off our TV screens.

## FARTS IN THE WIND

*The smell emitted by these farts is as offensive as any big-time Assholes... it's just that guys like Fred Graham have the right stuff to be number one...*

**AL GOLDSTEIN**—How did this New York smut publisher and born-again fat man get HUSTLER's Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes? If you buy the bullshit this gutter-mouth publishes in his rag,

Screw, you'd think HUSTLER had lifted them from him! But Larry Flynt says that one evening he left the HUSTLER offices thinking the tapes were locked in his desk, and the next morning they were gone! Why suspect Al? Well, the cum-smear bagel crumbs on Larry's desk were a dead giveaway. And the obese pornographer's motive was just

trek, Berns and members of his congregation carried a six-foot cross.

**NATIONAL FEDERATION FOR DECENCY**—More than 400 business, religious and professional "leaders" calling themselves the National Federation for Decency asked President Reagan to crack down hard on obscenity laws. The antisex group gave Reagan a petition calling pornography a "cancer to the human spirit."

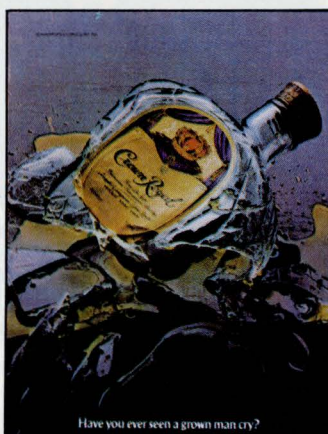


## Not All Spills Are Alike

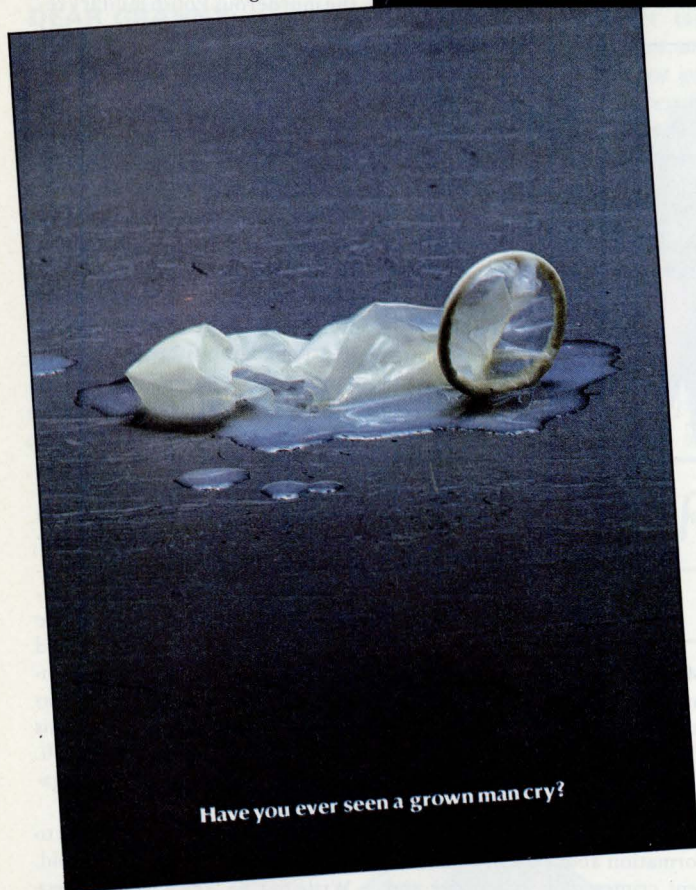
**G**ive us a break, Crown Royal! Do you really expect a grown man to break down and bawl like a baby over a broken bottle of liquor? Maybe sniffle a little, perhaps even whine a bit... but cry?

Now if a rubber manufacturer did a Madison Avenue version of this world-famous Crown Royal ad—that would be enough to make a grown man cry.

A broken bottle of booze can save you from a rough “morning after.” But a broken rubber can make it a whole lot tougher.



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?



## Getting His Act Together

**F**orget Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Forget Wayland Flowers and Madam. Forget Ronald Reagan and George Bush. This is the ventriloquist-dummy team of the '80s—Dick and Dolly!

Shown here during his act, Dick is about to perform one of the most complicated tricks of ventriloquism ever attempted, a feat requiring both skill and stamina... drinking a glass of water while he throws his sperm.

## Bumper Stickers

**I BRAKE FOR**



**We'd Like to See**



## Put Safety Up Front!

**W**hat's the purpose of a child-safety seat? To keep the kid from hurtling through the windshield of your car during a serious accident . . . right?

So what do most people do as a precaution? Put the damn thing on either the front or rear seat—*inside* the car! How stupid can you get?

If you don't want the youngster going *through* the glass, put the precious little thing *in front* of it. On the bumper somewhere, just above the license plate, would do nicely.

When it comes to safety, like in all other important things, your child *should always come first*.



"Is this the Saudi sheikh who sought the 7,000 sensitive sonar-sensing systems? Secretary Shultz is sending the systems Sunday. Shalom. Greetings, Gemayel! I got grunts going to Grenada; so I'm giving you the gunboats. Gotta go. Goodbye."



**FEDERAL EXCESS—When you absolutely have to arm your allies overnight.**



## A Rebel With a Cause

**T**HE REBEL, the newest and possibly most revolutionary magazine from Larry Flynt Publications, is a self-described "newsweekly with a cause." The cause is exposing the lies that are the tools of Big Business and Big Government so that the people of America can take their country back from the dark forces that control our lives. As the first-ever nationally distributed weekly alternative news source, THE REBEL promises the Establishment weeklies a real run for their money. Now that there's a forum for the facts behind the smokescreen, perhaps a new facet of journalism will evolve—honesty. Look for THE REBEL wherever truth is being sold, or send \$2.95 (and \$1 for handling) to Flynt Subscription Company Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



## Christ, What a Trick!

**M**ore fun than a temple of Elders! *Guaranteed* to knock the scales from their eyes and leave them yelling hosannah for more! Let the Big Trickster teach YOU how to be the Way, the Truth and the Life of any party with such biggies as *Turning Water Into Wine*, *Rolling Back the Stone* and *Walking on Water*! In-

cludes a 100-page booklet of tips on raising the dead, making lepers whole and confounding the Pharisees! *Anyone* can be the hit of gatherings on the Mount or informal Last Suppers. From the folks who brought you the Mohammed Speaks Ouija Board and the Oral Roberts Disappearing Cash-Offering Trick.



**THE JESUS CHRIST**  
"MIRACLE"  
MAGIC SET

**TRICKS INCLUDE:**

- Walk-On-Water Stilts
- Rising from the Cave! (6-foot inflatable stone)
- Water-Into-Wine Dye

*Amaze Your Friends!*

## The First Amendment Tape

**L**arry Flynt's first Cincinnati obscenity conviction was overturned on appeal, but the case is still open. He'll have to face those charges again soon. To lay his case out for potential expert witnesses, Larry created a video documentary tracing the chain of events leading to the at-



tempt on his life in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

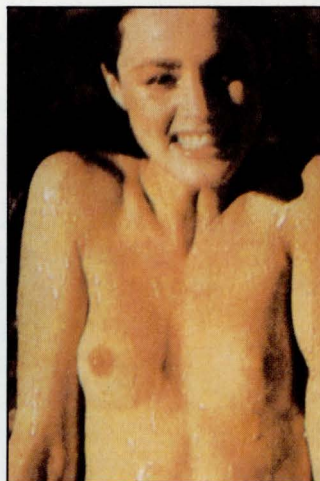
But *every* thinking American should have an opportunity to view this riveting exposé; so Larry will be making the testament of his unrelenting commitment to the First Amendment available to the public soon. Watch for further details.

# SEX IN MEDIA

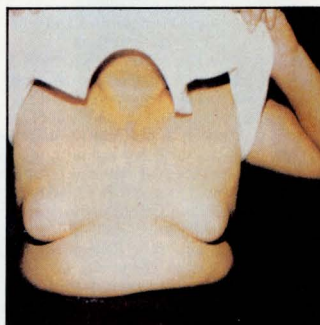


**SUCK ON A CHRISTIAN WIE-NER**—Crazy, white-buck fun guy Pat Boone is sure getting exposure. First, *HUSTLER* put his dick into millions of hands. Then *Variety* caught him with his pants down in connection with a sexual-harassment claim filed against KDOC-TV, of which Boone is chairman. Employee Leslie McRay's complaint alleges that her job application was altered to state that she would "give [the station's] general manager good head." General manager Mike Volpe is also alleged to have arranged for Ms. McRay to spend the night with him, and when she wouldn't come across, he refused to give her a letter of employment, in effect firing her. Apparently, when gospel tycoon Pat Boone and his associates tell people to get on their knees, it's not always for prayer.

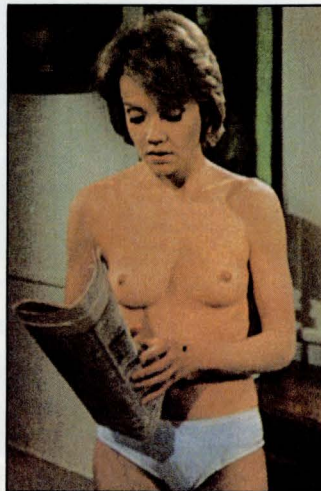
heretofore unseen in America, like those of English actress Hayley Mills (shown here in a film clip from *Deadly Strangers*). Is this some kind of anti-U.S. snobbery? Do we have to invade Europe, like we invaded Grenada, just to get a glimpse of Pollyanna's knockers? Besides hiding Hayley, *Club Celebrity Special 3* also features other notables, such as Tatum O'Neal and Mrs. John DeLorean (below). Cut it out, *Club*, or we won't let you see Bambi Goldberg.



**CHICKEN HAWKING**—*MS.* magazine, founded by Gloria Steinem, is the last publication in which we would expect to find a shot of a sexually precocious four-year-old's breasts. This photo was used to il-



lustrate a story about the consequences of using sex hormones in chicken feed, but we think it was a *MStake* on their part to exploit this poor young girl. She was so embarrassed, she had to pull her shirt over her face. *HUSTLER* stands by the right of any publication to publish *anything*, no matter how tasteless. But to think that Steinem's baby has grown up to attract kiddy-porn freaks...



**HOLY HAYLEY!**—Why isn't the *Club International Celebrity Special* series sold in the U.S.? It contains shots of celebrity breasts



# HUSTLER INTERVIEW: SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR'S ASSHOLE\*

*A candid interview with the opening on the Supreme Court bench that's been filled more than once. . . .*

**HUSTLER:** What's Justice O'Connor's position on anal sex?

**ASSHOLE:** *Bent over!* No, I'm just kidding. Actually, Sandy likes it up the ass. Especially when Justice Thurgood Marshall is doing the driving.

**HUSTLER:** Marshall, huh? So the first woman Supreme Court justice believes in equality for blacks.

**ASSHOLE:** Equality? You won't find a white man who can equal that ebony stud *anywhere!* When you've got that big black gavel in you, you know you've been *reamed*.

**HUSTLER:** It must have been pretty exciting for you when Sandra first sat on the bench.

**ASSHOLE:** Boy, was it ever. As a joke, Justice Rehnquist tacked a ten-inch butt plug to her seat. That thing stopped me up tighter than the lines in a Pittsburgh welfare office. Just to be a good sport, Sandra spent the whole day on it with nary a peep.

**HUSTLER:** That must have hurt.

**ASSHOLE:** Like the song says, "Don't it make my browneye blue?"

**HUSTLER:** What was your best sexual experience?

**ASSHOLE:** I think it was the last time I got a rimjob from CBS's Fred Graham. For a

news correspondent, he sure has a quick tongue. And like any fudge fiend, he loves to lick the bowl.

**HUSTLER:** So *that's* why he's so full of shit.

**ASSHOLE:** Don't be too hard on Fred. He has to do it for *all* the justices. How would you like to have *your* tongue slipping back and forth between the hemorrhoids on Chief Justice Burger's rectum?

**HUSTLER:** Let's change the subject. What goes on in the chambers when the doors are closed?

**ASSHOLE:** Lots of things. A few months ago we were discussing the legality of cavity searches. Justice Brennan wanted to demonstrate to everyone how much cocaine could be hidden in an asshole; so he had Sandy lift up her robes—she never wears panties—and bend over. Then he took out a handful of balloons he had brought for the demonstration and filled them with some Twenty Mule Team Borax that Ronnie Reagan had given him for his birthday. He stopped packing the balloons in after about five pounds.

**HUSTLER:** That's quite a load!

**ASSHOLE:** Burger said he hadn't seen anything that deep since he visited the Black Hole of Calcutta.

**HUSTLER:** You must go through a lot of toilet paper.

**ASSHOLE:** As long as Larry Flynt keeps filing petitions, I'll *never* run out of something to wipe with.

**HUSTLER:** What if he runs out of legal battles?

**ASSHOLE:** I'll go back to using what I used before—the Constitution.

**HUSTLER:** I thought you were sworn to defend the Constitution?

**ASSHOLE:** Sure. I protect it from the *rear!* Get it? Listen, if we had to uphold all the crap in the Constitution, you'd have everyone saying and writing whatever they felt like.

**HUSTLER:** What's wrong with that?

**ASSHOLE:** It would be an infringement of the Supreme Court's rights.

**HUSTLER:** Your rights?

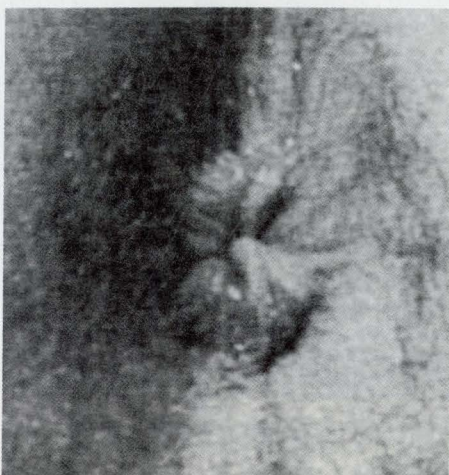
**ASSHOLE:** Yes. We have the right to squeeze the balls off of anyone who doesn't agree with us.

**HUSTLER:** So, as the first female Supreme Court justice, is Sandra really any different from her eight colleagues?

**ASSHOLE:** I can only speak for myself . . . and one asshole on the bench is no different than another.



*"Sandy likes it up the ass. Especially when Justice Thurgood Marshall is doing the driving."*



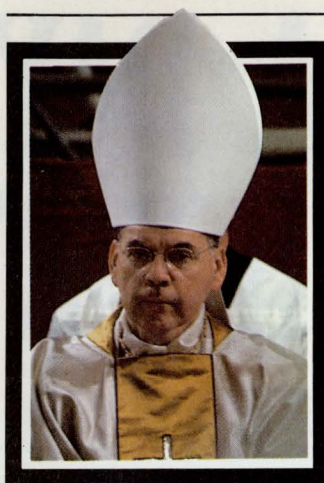
*"My best sexual experience was the last time I got a rimjob from CBS's Fred Graham."*



*"As long as Larry Flynt keeps filing petitions, I'll never run out of something to wipe with."*

\*PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.





# Cooke Croaks—Gets Gideon

or his terminally ill flock to spend their last dollars on the desperate pilgrims.

Knowing that Cardinal Terence Cooke of New York is dying of leukemia and that his doctors don't give him long to live, I choose 04.15 as the day he croaks.

Name TERENCE "CARDINAL" COOKE

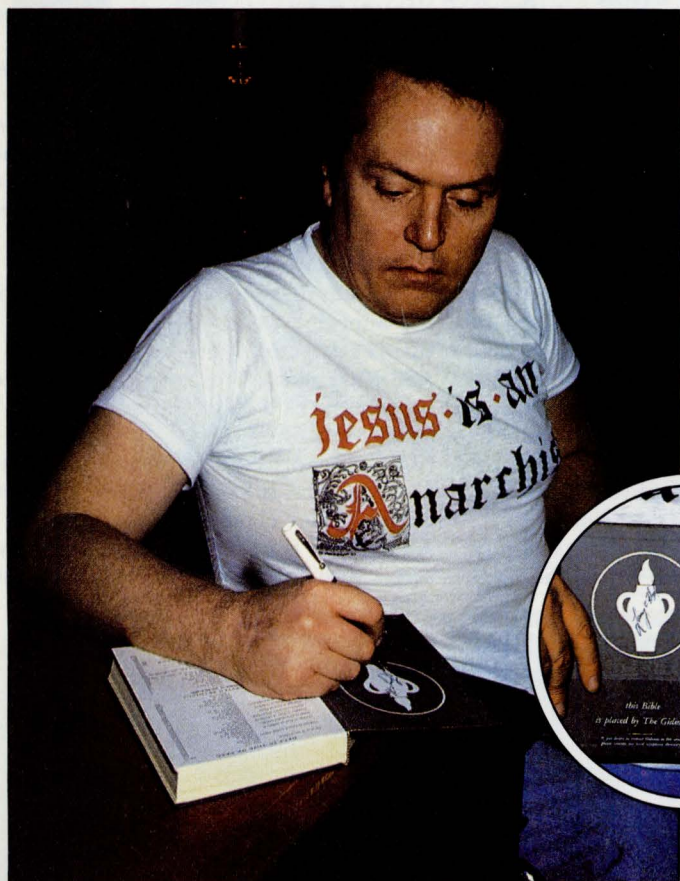
Address 452 MADISON AVENUE State N.Y. Zip 10022

City NEW YORK

Send this coupon or a facsimile to Larry Flynt c/o HUSTLER Magazine. No magazine purchase required.

*FUCK YOU, LARRY I'M GONNA WIN!* *HA! HA! HA! HOW WILL YOU DELIVER ON THIS ONE?*

**W**e have a winner in the Cardinal Cooke Leukemia Lottery! As you may remember, we advertised this contest in the December '83 HUSTLER. In order to win, all you had to do was guess which day Cardinal Terence Cooke of New York would bite the big one. The grand prizes were a copy of the Gideon Bible stolen and personally autographed by Larry Flynt during a rendezvous with a Catholic hooker in



HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt re-autographs his purloined Gideon Bible for the cameras. Just one more time for his dead pal, Cardinal Terence Cooke, isn't too much to ask.

a Hilton hotel, and a round-trip bus ticket to New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Believe it or not, the winner is none other than Cardinal Cooke himself! The story of this apparent miracle is as follows:

In the spirit of true ecumenism and brotherhood, Larry Flynt—our Cardinal of Cooze—tried to call Cooke to offer him a nutritional substance (appropriately called "Manna") and consolation. Even though a certain Bishop O'Keefe, one of the cardinal's henchmen, wouldn't put

the call through (thereby sealing Cooke's doom), the Big Red C must have learned of the contest, because he very accurately predicted the correct date of his own demise on an entry blank mailed to our offices just one day before he cashed in his ecclesiastical chips.

We received the entry and the bad news at about the same time (see inset).

Ain't it just like a prominent religious leader to go off and leave us poor unconsecrated slobbs stuck with an unsolvable problem? How the hell were we supposed to give Cooke his prize? There are laws about these contests, and you know HUSTLER. We sure don't want to run afoul of the government.

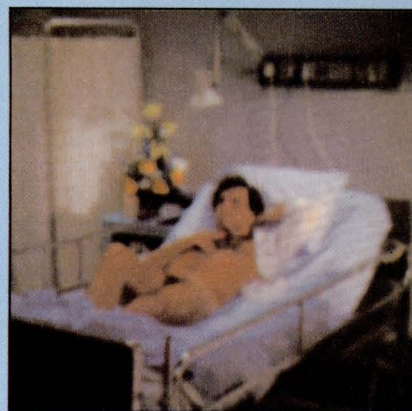
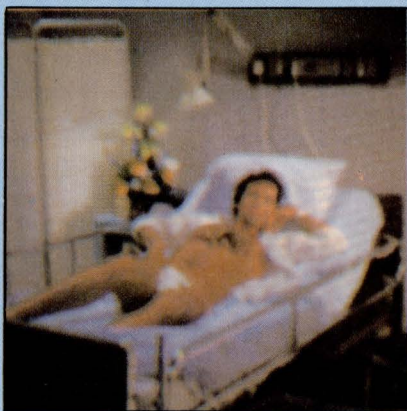
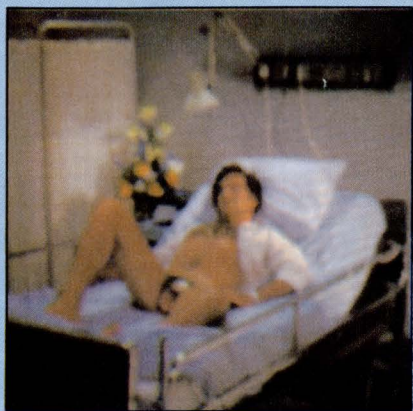
Just when we were about to give up, who should call but the First Lady of Atheism, Madalyn Murray O'Hair. After we had explained our dilemma, Madalyn told us to give *her* the Bible, and *she'd* make sure that it got to Cooke.

Apparently, Madalyn knew just where to find the croaked cardinal, because she lost no time in handing him his prize (see photo at right). And some people say that Atheists don't give a damn!

*Madalyn Murray O'Hair delivers the goods. This is where you end up when you commit a Cardinal sin.*







## Change in Format?

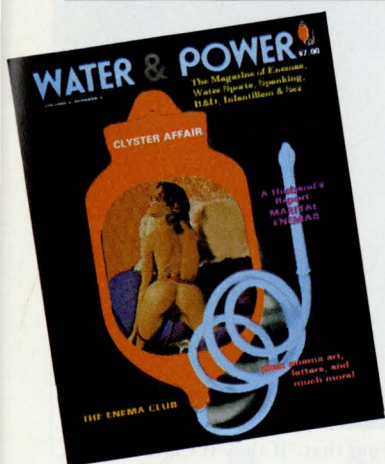
Are these pictures the mischievous creations of the HUSTLER imagination or are they photos of *Penthouse's* Bob Guccione during a recent hospital stay? Although it's hard to tell what's depicted

in the photos because they're as fuzzy and poorly shot as a *Penthouse* feature pictorial, it appears that the person in these pictures has had a radical sex-change operation.

Does Bob "Macho" Guccione have such a fondness for women that he decided to become one—albeit an ugly one? Does this

mean we'll have to stop referring to him as a "prick" and start calling him a "cunt"? Does this make his girlfriend and co-worker, Kathy Keeton, a lesbian?

Actually, if it is him, it probably won't change a thing. We've always said that Bob's got no balls.



## Hold This a Minute, Would You?

When we reviewed *Water & Power* years ago, we expected a quick flush. But the watersports magazine is still around stirring up shit for the colonics crowd. It's even diversified to include "spanking, B&D, infantilism & sex(?)." Still, the issue we read was full to the rim with enema tales, from "Enema Terror" to "A Husband's Report: Marital Enemas." While we prefer to keep our toilet habits out of the bedroom, this is the publication for those who like an occasional golden shower. *Water & Power* is \$7 an issue from Platinum Press (4521-A Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 215M, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403) and is available at adult-book stores everywhere.



## Like Father, Like Son

It happens in every ethnic group and every nationality—little boys all over the world want to grow up and be "just

like Daddy." That's why there's nothing unusual about the situation in the photo above. This little rabbinical rug-rat just got a head start, that's all.

But looking at this happy family

scene does make you wonder about one thing—if the Jews are God's chosen people, why didn't He choose a better wardrobe for them? Those black suits and hats are depressing. Maybe it was the best He could get wholesale.



## Sexual Ignorance Award

**T**his month *Bits & Pieces* adds a new regular feature that will expose people or organizations responsible for fostering sexual ignorance. The trophy says it all: You make mistakes when you don't know what you're

doing. Our first Sexual Ignorance Award goes to the Texas State Legislature. Texas lawmakers recently repealed the regulation requiring blood tests before a couple can be married, eliminating one of the primary means of preventing the spread of syphilis and gonorrhea from mothers to their newborn babies. Justifying the legal change, the legislature passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to have sex with a Texan if you know you have VD. That would be a good law except for the fact that it is almost unenforceable. Texans may like to brag that they have the fastest horses, the prettiest women, the most virile oil wells and the richest cowboys, but now they have a good shot at the largest number of blind, brain-damaged kids as well.



## Porn from the Past



**I**s this a picture of Linda Lovelace's grandma? Great Danes must not have been popular back in those days. On the other hand, even though it's small, that pup still looks capable of playing "bury the bone."

If you have any antique erotica lying around the house or gathering dust up in the attic, don't let sleeping dorks lie—send it to *Bits & Pieces*. We'll pay \$150 for each photo we print.

## Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

## SMOKING CAN EAT YOUR LUNGS ALIVE!



This is a normal lung, with its characteristically healthy pink coloring.



This is a cancerous lung. The white growth at the top of the lung is the cancer.

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION, IF YOU SMOKE YOUR CHANCES OF DYING FROM LUNG CANCER ARE 700 TIMES THOSE OF NON-SMOKERS. IF YOU SMOKE, THIS COULD BE YOUR LUNG. THINK ABOUT IT THE NEXT TIME YOU LIGHT A CIGARETTE...IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME.

If you want to quit smoking, contact the National Clearinghouse For Smoking and Health, 1600 Clifton Rd. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30333.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

**T**his public-service ad was originally run on our back cover. The reaction was immediate: The cigarette companies pulled their advertising, and there were rumors that the very powerful tobacco lobby had Larry Flynt in its sights.

HUSTLER, however, refused to endanger its readers by pandering to an industry built on death. Not-

ing that "if they try and fuck us, they won't be getting a cherry," Larry continued to run this ad. HUSTLER is vehemently anti-smoking, but as Larry says, "I feel it is every individual's right to decide—whenever possible—how he wants to die. If you want to smoke yourself to death, that's your business. Personally, I'd prefer to have you fuck yourself to death."



## Sex News Bits

## FINAL

■ **ATLANTIC CITY, NJ**—Some of the out-call prostitutes working this gambling oasis are slipping Mickey Finns to customers and robbing them after they've passed out. The hookers are using scopolamine, a fast-acting drug that causes dizziness, unconsciousness and, occasionally, psychotic episodes. In one case a visitor to the Sands Hotel and Casino was robbed of \$9,000 after inviting a woman he met in the hotel bar back to his room for drinks.

■ **BRATTLEBORO, VT**—A gang of ten children ran their own prostitution ring here for nearly a year without any adult involvement. "There're

no adults in charge of this ring," Lieutenant Richard Guthrie of the Brattleboro Police Department said after the parents of the participants were informed. "There's no male pimp. The kids were seeking their own clientele." There was no mention of the types of sexual practices that the children—boys and girls under 13—took part in, or the prices charged.

■ **KALAMAZOO, MI**—The number of vasectomies performed here has increased radically, apparently due to the high unemployment in the area. The Kalamazoo Planned Parenthood Clinic has reported a near doubling in the number of

these operations. According to the clinic's director, "Men who are out of work think twice about having a baby." Other family-planning clinics throughout the country are reporting similar dramatic jumps during the economic recession.

■ **SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA**—The flexible working hours of prostitutes make them better mothers than most other working women. Roberta Perkins from the Collective of Australian Prostitutes told a government inquiry that a hooker's career allows her to spend much more time with her children than any other job would. Almost half of Australia's prostitutes are single mothers.



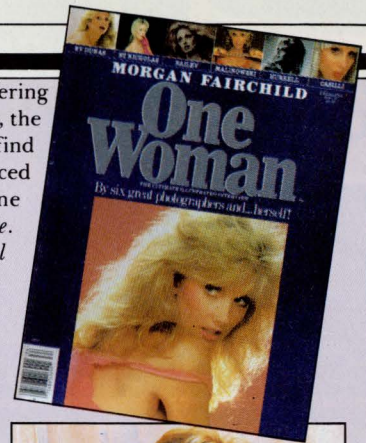
## Is That All?

**O**ne Woman is an experiment in photojournalism with a simple concept. Each issue is devoted to only one woman—in this premier issue, that woman is Morgan Fairchild. This magazine consists of nothing but

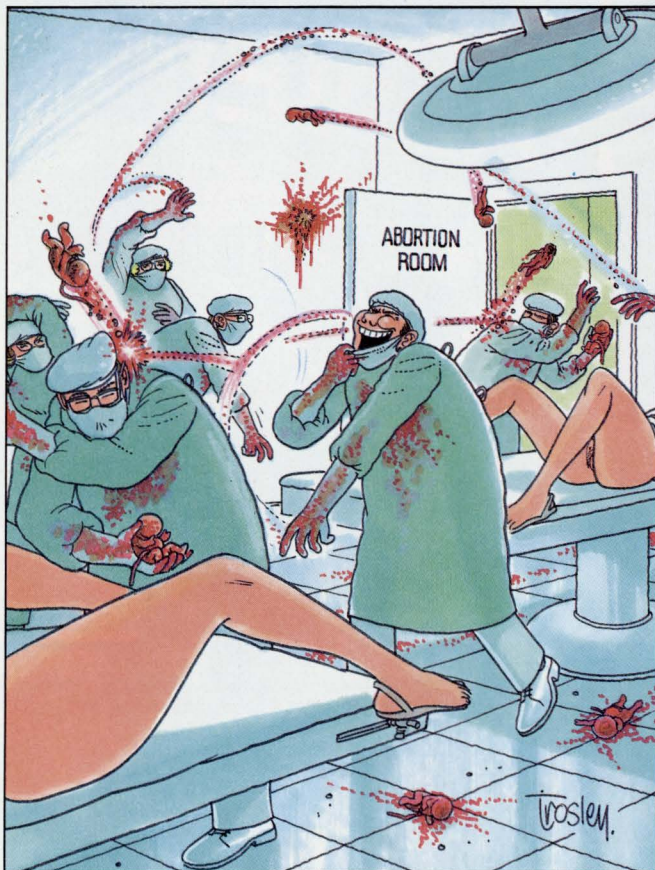
articles about, interviews with and photos of the bitchy star of TV's *Flamingo Road*.

Although the publication is very slick and professionally executed, it does pose some questions. For example, why didn't it pick an important woman, like Bella Abzug or Mother Teresa?

Furthermore, after suffering through 100 pages of tease, the only excitement we could find was the one-tit shot reproduced here. Maybe the magazine should be called *One Nipple*. Or maybe it needs a *real* woman—someone like Bam-bi Goldberg.



## Most Tasteless Cartoon



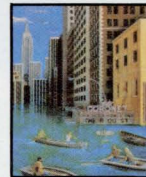
"Fetus fight!!"

## HUSTLER Update

### THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT

January '83

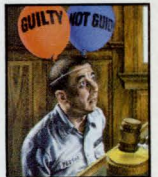
The Environmental Protection Agency has finally acknowledged that the warming of Earth, known as the "greenhouse effect," is a real threat that must be dealt with *now*. HUSTLER urged action over a year ago, warning that excessive quantities of carbon dioxide from burning fossil fuels will result in dramatic climate changes, disrupt food production and put coastal cities under water. Ironically, the EPA is the same agency that reduced its enforcement of the Clean Air Act and lobbied for lower clean-air standards. Fortunately the EPA now agrees with HUSTLER that there can be no delay in confronting this threat.



### COURTROOM HORRORS

October '83

In a searing article detailing travesties of justice, HUSTLER cited the case of Isidore Zimmerman, who spent 24 years behind bars for a crime he did not commit. Falsely charged with murder, Zimmerman became the victim of a prosecutor who knowingly used perjured testimony and suppressed favorable evidence in order to get a conviction. First sentenced to the electric chair, then to life imprisonment, Zimmerman was proved innocent in 1961. In 1983 he was awarded \$1 million in damages against the State of New York, but it came too late: Zimmerman died at 66, three months after receiving the money intended to compensate for his lost years.



## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits & Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For February, \$150 goes to R. Bove, John Heckel and Ray Tillman. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.





VOLUME  
ONE



# HUSTLER COMES ALIVE!



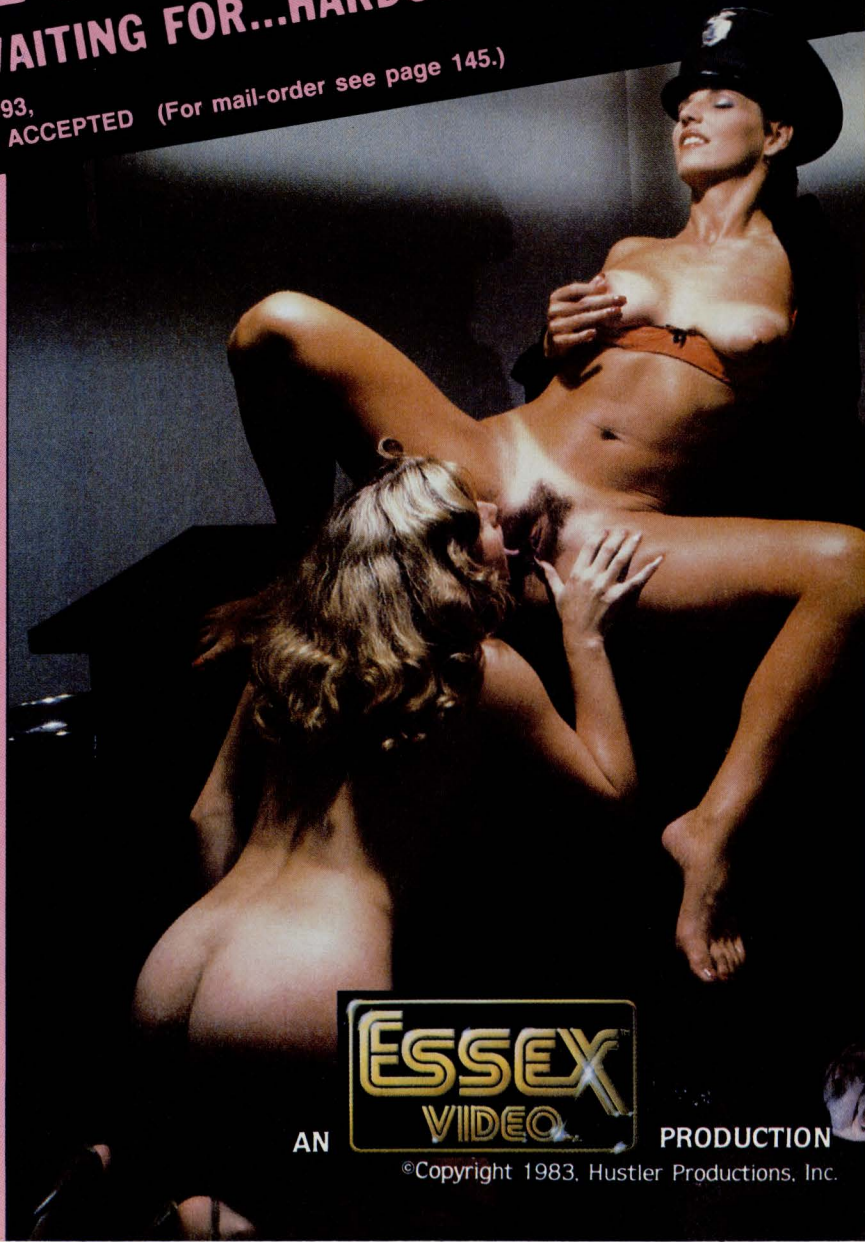




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**ESSEX**  
VIDEO

AN

PRODUCTION

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*We're proud to be part of the  
1984 U.S. Olympic Team.\**



Going for the gold in 1984.

To our Olympic athletes it means going for one inch more . . . one second less. Calling up the strength and skill they've spent years training for. To do it, they're going to need some help.

And they'll be getting that help from steroids.

Because, as an unofficial participant in the 1984 Olympic Games, we'll be helping our team by giving them more stamina and endurance to put more gold on their chests.

But the real competition comes later. That's when our team has to

struggle through those blood and urine tests. Don't worry though. If the Soviet-bloc athletes can figure out a way to mask their drugs, so can we.

Athletes and drugs. That's the kind of team effort we'll need if we want to win.

Steroids. Proud participants in the 1984 Olympic Games.



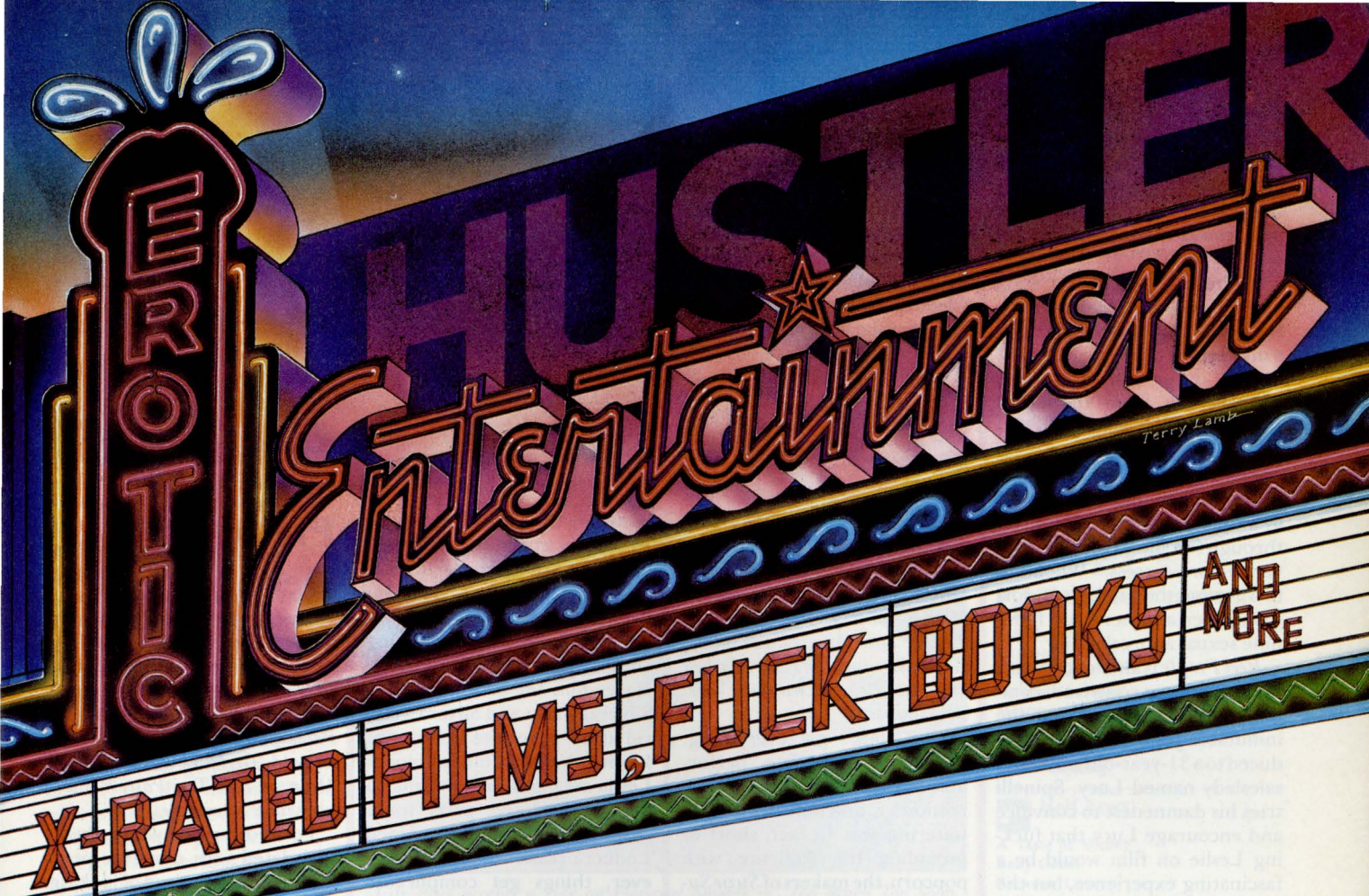
STERIODS



AMERICAN ATHLETES' ONLY HOPE.

\*AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY





## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### Reel People

*Fully Erect.* Produced by Richard Frazzini; written and directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring John Leslie, Paul Thomas, Juliet Anderson, Richard Pacheco, Gayle Sterling and Pricella Sheilds. Running time: 83 minutes.

*Reel People* deserves our highest rating for being something that 99% of adult films aren't



In 'People,' Gayle Sterling and Pricella Sheilds initiate "real-guy" Chuck.

today: *different*. And boy, is this production different! There's no plot, no character development, no scripted dialogue and only a handful of professional porn performers. What *Reel People* does have is *real* people who've been given the rare opportunity to live out a fantasy and fuck on the silver screen.

The picture is filmed like a documentary, complete with host (director Spinelli) and narration. A series of vignettes shows everyday individuals placed in sexual situations with either another everyday person or a major X-rated-film star. The "amateurs" in each scene answer questions thrown to them from behind the camera by Spinelli before they break into the *real* sex.

Among the best sequences in *Reel People* are a threesome between Chuck—a divorced 33-year-old from Portland, Oregon—and porn starlets Gayle Sterling and Pricella Sheilds; and a breast-to-breast romp in which Juliet Anderson fulfills the lesbian fantasy of a 32-year-old San Francisco State University student named Kay.

In the first episode Sterling and Sheilds fondle each other while an anxious Chuck tells the



camera about wanting to make it with two girls at the same time. You can see the sincere sexual anticipation on this guy's face, and when he finally jumps into the action, old Chuck gives a performance that John Holmes would envy.

In the lesbian scene we start out seeing Juliet Anderson on the telephone talking dirty to a mysterious masturbating gent on the other end. Kay looks on carefully from the other room. Spinelli's watchful camera catches some incredible facial expressions as Kay seems to flush with genuine sexual fever, awaiting her longed-for stroll through the sheets with her "favorite porn actress." When the two get together, there's one orgasm after another—true feminine sexual appreciation.

*Reel People* is also loaded with humor, but not contrived, composed humor. In one scene the inimitable John Leslie is introduced to a 31-year-old cosmetics saleslady named Lucy. Spinelli tries his damndest to convince and encourage Lucy that fucking Leslie on film would be a fascinating experience, but the obviously intimidated redhead refuses to yield. Even Leslie's overpowering wit and charm can't get this girl into the sack.

*Reel People* is not a perfect film. Production values are low,

and many of the "real" people are not all that attractive. But therein lies the *real* charm and significance of this release. With all the pomp and phoniness coarsing through the veins of today's adult-film industry, it's refreshing to see a picture flowing with honest sexual frankness.

Cheers, Anthony Spinelli, for daring to be different! —L. M. F.

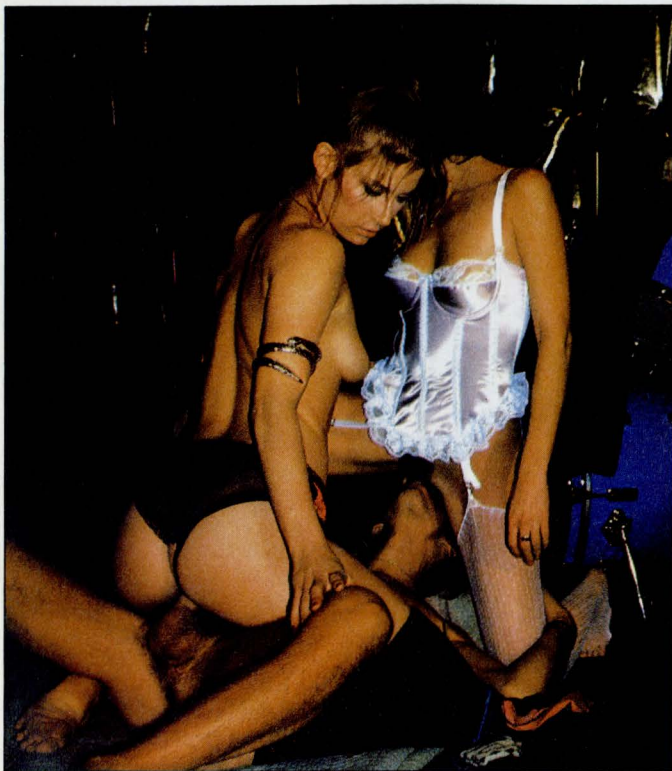


## Suzie Superstar

*Fully Erect. Produced by Sam Norvell; written by Tom Van Vlisigen; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Shana Grant, John Leslie, Laura Lazzare, Joey Silvera, Jon Martin, Ron Jeremy, Stephanie Taylor, Tara Aire, Laurie Smith, Gayle Sterling, Sharon Mitchell and Ross Roberts. Running time: 91 minutes.*

This flick's got everything: gorgeous girls, fine performances, humor, impeccable direction . . . and miles of mouth-watering sex. In fact, short of providing the audience with popcorn, the makers of *Suzie Superstar* have created a complete package.

The story surrounds Suzie Mitchell (Shana Grant), a highly successful, sexy rock singer. Her shrewd manager (John Leslie),



Gayle Sterling and Laurie Smith pile on Jon Martin in 'Suzie Superstar.'



Paul Meyerson and Elsa McDonald frolic in an empty pool in 'Deep.'

however, has locked Suzie into an airtight contract that makes her not only his financial property but also his sexual possession. Eventually, the blond rocker gets tired of Leslie's brow-beating and condescending attitude and leaves him for bandmate Joey Silvera. Grant and Silvera's torrid affair pisses the hell out of Leslie, who's now out for blood. Leslie arranges for the band to play an exclusive party for a shadowy syndicate boss named Loducca (Ross Roberts). However, things get complicated when Loducca's daughter (Laura Lazzare) starts fucking around with Leslie. Suzie then comes up with the brilliant idea that she can get her and her group out of the miserable contract if Loducca finds his daughter in the sack with Leslie. And guess what? That's what happens, and our heroine is happy at last.

*Suzie Superstar* may be porn's first musical. There's a whole slew of good rock 'n' roll numbers throughout the picture, underscoring some scorching sex scenes. One of the film's highlights is a knee-knocking threesome between Suzie's bandpartner Jon Martin and groupies Gayle Sterling and Laurie Smith. Somebody ought to wake up those nearsighted individuals in charge of casting adult movies these days and introduce them to Laurie Smith. Sure, she's been in a lot of loops and has had bit parts in a couple of features, but fuck that! This little lady is *hot, hot, hot*.

Beyond its slick and fast production and bountiful amount of steamy sex, *Suzie Superstar* is fun and entertaining. And that's something you don't get much of in blue films these days. —L. M. F.



## Pleasure So Deep

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Michael Clemens; written and directed by Miller Dirksen; starring Lauren St. Germain, Jean Paul, Kathleen Kinski, Brigitte De Palma, Steven Sheldon, Elsa McDonald, Greta Lindstrom, Paul Meyerson and Teri Patrick. Running time: 80 minutes.*

For those of you who've been inundated with domestic porn and are just a bit tired of looking at Jamie Gillis's and Sharon Mitchell's faces and crotches, prepare for an international breath of fresh air. *Pleasure So Deep* is a hot little offering from the fuck-film fanatics of Europe, and there is no shortage of never-before-seen foxes who'll make your hammer hard from here to the Mediterranean.

The innocuous story surrounds the Angeloni family—a clan of counterfeiters who hide their operation behind the guise of a funeral parlor, which is run by a well-hung stud named Mario (Jean Paul). Mario, however, answers to a Godfather-like boss known as Pappa—that is, when the young stallion's not boffing Pappa's nymphomaniac wife, Lydia (Brigitte De Palma). Pappa also has a daughter, Angela (Lauren St. Germain), who's run away to another country, where Mario tracks her down and drags her back to her loving father and stepmother, Lydia. After a couple of incidental sideline escapades, Mario and Angela fall in love, fuck themselves silly on a motorboat and live happily ever after.

As you may have guessed, the strength of *Pleasure So Deep* does not lie in its script. At best the story is just an excuse to



throw a bunch of horny men and women together so they can bone each other's brains out. (Those Europeans are so wonderfully unpretentious, aren't they?) But this film is loaded with absolutely gorgeous girls. And not the madeup, Hollywood-poser, "Look, I'm a pornactress, wouldn't you give your left nut to suck my tit?" type of gorgeous. Young, brunet Lauren St. Germain is a natural beauty built to sheer perfection, as are the three blond femmes of the film, Brigitte De Palma, Kathleen Kinski and Elsa McDonald.

And if you think these transcontinental darlings sacrifice any hard-core sexual energy just to get by on their incredible good looks, think again. These girls fuck, suck, squeal and squirm with the best of the American X-rated starlets. In one scene De Palma—while making a "deal" with two men interested in procuring some phony greenbacks—gets passionately fucked in the armpit. Now when's the last time you saw John Leslie armpit-pop a chick?

If you can overlook the sappy dubbed dialogue and camp performances and concentrate on the voluptuous bodies and torrid sexual antics, *Pleasure So Deep* may just be the overseas adult fare you've been craving. —L. M. F.



In 'Pleasure,' Greta Lindstrom takes a hand to Lauren St. Germain.

## A Bit Too Much Too Soon

*Totally Limp.* Produced by Michael Joseph; written by David A. Wesson; directed by Vinnie Rossi; starring Becky Savage, Paul Thomas



Misty Blue accepts a ride on Herschel Savage in 'Too Much Too Soon.'

as, Misty Blue, Michael Morrison, China Wong, Joel Summers, Shaun Michelle, Bill Margold, Drea, Gina Gianetti, Ron Jeremy, Linda Shaw, Herschel Savage and Mark Edwards. Running time: 77 minutes.

*A Bit Too Much Too Soon* may be the funniest X-rated motion picture of all time. The only problem is, the film's supposed to be a tender drama about a young girl's coming of age. Whoops, filmmakers . . . you're really fucked up this one!

As the "sensitive" story unfolds, protagonist Becky Savage is cruising down California's Pacific Coast Highway. She's reflecting upon her first time, second time, third time . . . etc. Anyway, Savage—undermined by an obnoxious, schmaltzy narration—ultimately turns into a sex maniac. She and her friend Julie (Misty Blue) start fucking everyone in sight. But Savage falls in love with Mark (Paul Thomas), and now she's got a problem. Should she continue her sleazy ways or devote herself to the man of her heart?

You guessed it. Savage keeps fucking, and while taking on a high-school football team, Mark walks in as she's wiping the quarterback's cum off her mouth.

The two lose touch—until the end, when Mark finds Savage in the wedded arms of another man. (But that's not all, folks!) Savage leaves her fat, slimy husband and heads back to the highway, where the film thankfully ends to the tone of her bad-poetry voice-over.

This picture is not just stupid

. . . it's insultingly stupid. The actors prance around spouting dumb dialogue to each other with the fervent hopes that no one will burst out laughing. In one scene near the end it appears that Paul Thomas is fighting back the giggles, perhaps saying to himself, "How the fuck did I get into this?" And poor Becky Savage. Someone should give this lovely lady an award for having to regurgitate such ridiculous phrases as, "Fuck that 'good girls don't' ethic. I'm now a red-hot cum junkie."

As for the sex in *Too Much Too Soon*, you'll get a bigger hard-on from back issues of *Esquire*. Every time there appears to be a hot encounter coming up, the realization is limp beyond words. Case in point: Savage and Misty Blue—who are best friends and constantly talk about making it with one another—have a flesh-to-flesh meeting that's so disappointing, it's frustrating. A minute or two of kiss-and-lick, and that's it. What a cheese!

Considering the sorry direction, syrupy dialogue, limp sex and frantic editing, this film is just *A Bit Too Much* . . . period.

—L. M. F.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Debbie Does Dallas II  
Golden Girls  
In Love  
Irresistible  
Naughty Girls Need Love Too  
Night Hunger  
Scoundrels  
Sexcapades  
That's Outrageous  
The Devil in Miss Jones II  
The Young Like It Hot

### Three-Quarters Erect

Bubblegum  
Expose Me Now  
Hot Dreams  
Intimate Lessons  
Mascara  
Midnight Heat  
Touch of Blue  
Up 'n' Coming

### Half Erect

A Taste of Money  
Baby Cakes  
Between Lovers  
California Valley Girls  
Eat at the Blue Fox  
Liquid Assets  
Little Girls Lost  
Nightlife  
Oui, Girls  
Puss 'n' Boots  
Smoker  
Sorority Sweethearts  
That's My Daughter  
Treasure Box  
White Heat

### One-Quarter Erect






Body Talk  
Daddy's Little Girls  
Fox Holes  
Let's Talk Sex  
Peep Holes  
Sweet Young Foxes  
The Starmaker

### Totally Limp

All About Annette  
Starlet Nights

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT  
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT  
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT  
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT  
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP  
A waste of time and money.



# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Young and Restless

(Vista Video) No, this is not a hard-core takeoff on the popular CBS daytime soap opera of the same name. It is, however, a mediocre shot-on-video feature starring one of porn's hottest

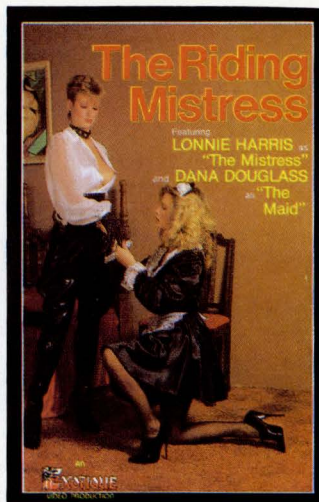


newcomers, Kimberly Carson. Carson plays a newlywed who's introduced by a friend to a mansion that caters to female sex fantasies. Upon arrival, she is met by the sight of Paul Thomas sensually massaging Crystal Lovin. Carson becomes aroused as she observes the uninhibited houseguests pouncing on one another throughout the deca-

dent abode. One of the hottest scenes takes place between Jennifer Wong (an Oriental girl with unusually big tits) and Danica Rhae when they hungrily tackle a willing pool cleaner. It's a shame that the story winds down to an ending that's too stupid to relate. Nevertheless, the exquisitely built Carson is sensually arousing that her carnal antics alone make this one worth watching. —Kent Smith

## The Riding Mistress

(Bizarre Video Productions) Here we have the tender tale of Mistress Diane (Lonn Harris) and her loving slave-maid (played by Dana Douglass). The romance begins when Mistress Di wants to be undressed and given a bubblebath; so she commands her maid to remove her leather garb and turn on the spigot. After a short episode of aqua-erotic fondling, Diane decides it's time to stop being Mistress Nice Guy and commands her slavette to the dungeon. Down there the powerless servant is shackled to the ceiling and supposedly butt-fucked with a riding crop. (We never get to see it.) And if that's not humiliating enough, the twisted mistress takes her lady friend for an all-fours ponyride



around the dungeon floor. (This had to be tougher on the maid's knees than waxing the kitchen linoleum!)

Unless you're a die-hard bondage freak, this one is a yawner. Save for the brief interlude of mildly stimulating kissing and touching—and the fact that both Harris and Douglass are sumptuously attractive young foxes—*The Riding Mistress* is yet another unexciting exercise in soft-core bondage fare. —L. M. F.



## Cover Girl Volume 3

(Video Cassette Recordings) A series of old loops tossed together—with an inept voice-over narration by Rhonda Jo Petty—makes up this lame attempt at erotic storytelling. We are steered to believe that Petty is the leader of a band of mean motorcycle girls who, for some odd reason, we never see. What we do see is a chunky Petty in a threeway with luscious Lauri

Smith and an unnamed middle-aged dude. The rest of the loops are framed by Petty's self-centered narrative with cuts to live-action as she and Smith lunch on each other's pussies atop Petty's motorcycle. Fortunately, there is a lot of hard-core raunch and shock value on this tape. For instance, one scene starts off with two gay fellows sucking each other off as a young bimbo looks on.

When she sees her chance, the anxious lady jumps in and gets fucked while the guy who's plugging her is getting it in the rear from his boyfriend. Though this *Cover Girl* title is cheap and sloppily photographed, it has enough graphic and varied sex to appeal to the "raincoater" in you. —K. S.



## The Secret of Stage Five

(Producer's Concepts) Volume 3 in the fine *Hollywood Confidential* hard-core video series, *Stage Five* is the story of a young actress (Karen Summer) who lands a part in a movie being shot on a mysterious sound stage somewhere in Hollywood. After being told that there is no script and forced to ad-lib her way through a love scene, Summer begins to get suspicious. Her fears ignite when she discovers that she's in the middle of a—you guessed it—porn shoot! Summer's sleazy agent tells her that unless she does the hard-core, he won't get her any "straight" work. When she still refuses, a dim-witted fuck-bunny (Cara Lott) is hired. But after Summer catches Lott in ac-



Sexy Danica Rhae succumbs to Jack Mason in 'Young and Restless.'





'Expose Me's' delectable Danielle.

## TOP FIVE

Just to give you an indication of what American porn lovers are spending their bucks on, here's a list of the top five best-selling and most-often-rented adult videocassettes according to a recent survey of nationwide retailers:

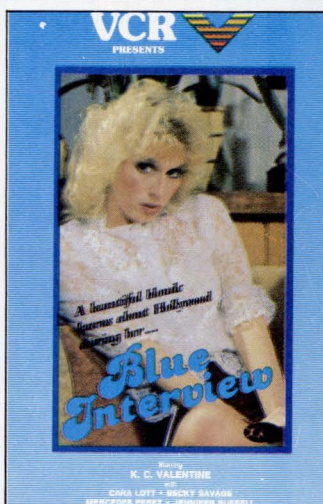
**BUT REMEMBER—X-RATED HOME VIDEO IS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MARKET. WHAT'S SELLING IS NOT NECESSARILY WHAT'S BEST UP 'N' COMING MASCARA INSATIABLE DEVIATIONS EXPOSE ME NOW**

tion, she changes her mind, jumps in and calls for "makeup." From there on it's everyone in the fuck pool, and all's happy. The sex in *Stage Five* is wild and intense. Lott—a spry blonde with a mouth like a vacuum cleaner—sucks actor Alan Royce into oblivion. And though her acting leaves much to be desired, the relatively unknown Karen Summer displays an arousing erotic nature worthy of mention.

—K. S.

## Blue Interview

(Video Cassette Recordings) Here's one case in which a superfluous storyline actually provides an excellent setting for some siz-



zling sexcapades. K. C. Valentine—porn's answer to Debbie Harry—and Steve Douglas play a pair of horny casting agents who



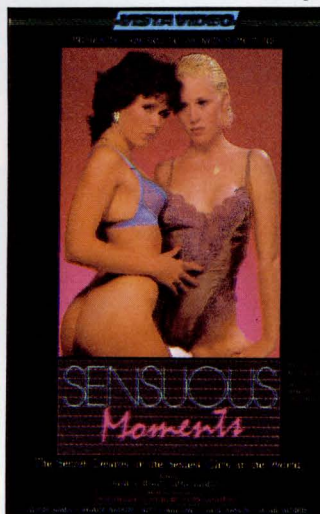
Jennifer Russell, K. C. Valentine and Marie Sharp play on in 'Blue Interview.'

do nothing but seduce prospective thespians. First to arrive is Marie Sharp, an exotic brunette whose talents as a cocksucker run long and deep. When she's whisked away by Valentine for some pussylicking, Douglas welcomes a couple (Kevin James and Jennifer Russell). Douglas gets rid of James and barrels into Russell, but James doesn't hold a grudge because he finds and fucks both Sharp and Valentine into a frenzy. And that's not all! There's a bunch more hot-and-heavy casting-couch pounding going on in this shot-on-video goodie.

—K. S.

## Sensuous Moments

(Vista Video) This admirable production from the newly formed Vista Video combines steamy sex action with sharp camerawork and excellent tape

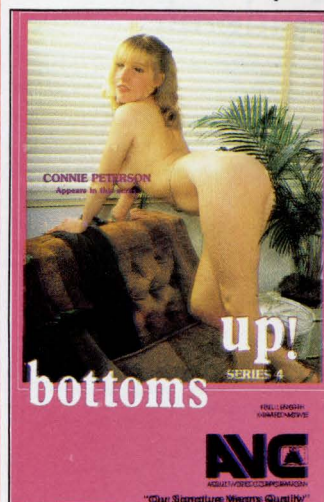


quality. The simple story surrounds the wheelings and dealings of two outcall-escort girls (Danica Rhae and Gina Martell). While neither of these darlings would be considered "beauties," they do know how to make the absolute most of their erogenous faculties. The girls' various "jobs" include: sending a horny bellhop to satisfy a sex-starved older woman, providing a stud for a couple of rich bitches partaking in a lesbian sauna bath and, finally, interviewing a couple of gigolos for their booming business. Except for one or two excruciatingly long fuck sequences that could drive even the most ardent porn lover to his VCR's fast-forward switch, this 90-minute video feature is a pleaser.

—K. S.

## Bottoms Up! Series 4

(Adult Video Corporation) Apparently, there aren't many actresses willing to sacrifice their assholes for the love of porn,



which explains the lack of attractive young ladies in tapes featuring Greek-style lovemaking. And this fourth edition of the *Bottoms Up!* series boasts a whole swarm of dog-faced doggy-stylists. But it's not only the homely chicks that give the tape its rotten appearance. The bland photography and stark settings help to achieve that effect as well. Even the anally adroit Connie Peterson creates only minimal excitement as she's penetrated by King Dong, John Holmes. It would take an avid aficionado of up-close, cheek-jiggling rear-ramming to find any use for this lackluster offering.

—K. S.



Kitty Malone is just one of the many hot bodies in 'Sensuous Moments.'



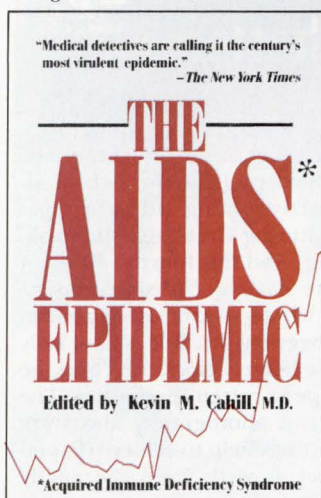
# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## The AIDS Epidemic

Edited by Kevin M. Cahill, M.D.;  
St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, NY 10010; \$7.95.

My first thought on reading this book had nothing to do with AIDS or epidemics. It was a talk I had years ago with an airframe designer for the Army who told me that the B-29 bomber was "a design-century" ahead of anything in the air before World



War II. What he was talking about was the uncanny ability the U.S. has to mobilize in an emergency. Thousands of these aircraft flew off the drawing boards in a matter of months when the need was great enough.

There was also a need to produce this book, essentially in *one day*. *The AIDS Epidemic* is a collection of scholarly, medically scientific papers read during a meeting at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital about a year ago. A dozen or so top experts in the field were called in to attack the terrible, mysterious and threatening disease called AIDS—acquired immune deficiency syndrome. These brilliant physicians struck at the disease in a variety of ways, depending upon their individual specialties.

But the big message that came out of the conference was this: Mobilizing these experts to pool their knowledge isn't enough. Mobilizing doctors and researchers to find cause and cure—as was done for Legionnaire's disease a while back—isn't enough. What's



'Future Pop': The Belle Stars' Sarah-Jane Owen and Miranda Joyce.

really needed is the kind of grandiose mobilization that produced the B-29 bomber 40 years ago: a national dedication to defeat a world-threatening enemy. And that's no exaggeration. Up to 80% of AIDS victims will die, and the disease is spreading rapidly. Not to mention the fact that it no longer strikes *only* gays and Haitians. *Everyone* is susceptible.

*The AIDS Epidemic* is loaded with important scientific information, and for that reason everyone should read it. However, I do have one beef. At the very beginning of the text there is an "Invocation" by Cardinal Terence Cooke, wherein he prays to God for help in ridding the world of this disease. Naturally, it is any individual's right to worship or believe what he or she wishes. *But* why confuse the issue?

In a medical volume composed by scientists, is there a place or purpose for the Gospel? Was Cardinal Cooke, who recently died of cancer himself, trying to imply that AIDS is a divine revenge on homosexuals? Goodness knows, the Church has severely hampered any attempts to educate the masses about human sexuality, leaving its followers vulnerable to the ravages of sexually transmitted diseases. Those fighting AIDS need research dollars—not prayer. I wonder if the Church could spare a couple of million. . . ?

## Future Pop

By Peter L. Nobel; Delilah Communications Ltd., 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$10.95.

*Future Pop* has no story, no theme and no earthshaking message. It does, however, give you a definitive glossary of who's making modern rock these days. And

for that reason alone the book deserves a good look.

For the first 136 pages *Future Pop* is a collection of portrait photographs of rock luminaries—some posed, some candid, some tricked up with double exposures and blurred focuses—with a quote from the artist underneath. The book gets down to solid meat when you get past the vanity shots. Here you'll find a complete discography of every artist mentioned. This well-researched and careful listing covers the accomplishments and failures of these musicians who are changing the face of rock 'n' roll.

As far as the coverage of the artists themselves, *Future Pop* is strikingly thorough. There are more than 100 solo performers and groups covered here, most of them up-and-comers like French New Wavers Telephone and Taxi Girl. But there are some real heavies too, like Peter Gabriel, Sting and Billy Idol.

*Future Pop* is up-to-date and alphabetically arranged so you can go straight to the information you want. It's a solid job well worth the 11 bucks for those interested in the present and *future* state of rock music.

## The Rich

By William Davis; Franklin Watts, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016; \$16.95.

Author William Davis has spent a great deal of time with the rich. He has a sharp eye, a sense of humor and a great mind for fine details. And since he heads his own successful publishing company, it's fair to say this is a case where it takes a rich person to know one and then write about it. Davis's book, subtitled *A Study of the Species*, is a tough one to put down.

Who are the rich anyway? Are they a special breed, or can *anybody* make it? What are the chances, these days, of starting from nothing—with nothing—and becoming wealthy? These are some of the questions Davis attempts to answer by going back into history and looking at our changing times and possibilities for the future.

*The Rich* goes into fortunes gained through family wealth, royalty and titles, creativity in art, science or industry, downright piracy, incredible luck, undaunted persistence and just plain good old-fashioned back-breaking hard work.

The book is overflowing with fascinating facts and stories. The House of Saud, for example, runs Saudi Arabia as sort of a "family business," and nobody knows just how much money the family really has: \$200 billion is a fair guess. According to the *London Economist*, the Saudis and their OPEC buddies are raking in so much cash that they could buy all the companies on the world's major stock exchanges in 15 years and eight months!

*The Rich* is the wildest how-to book on the market! Check it out. . . .



Funkster Rick James and lady friend share a touching moment in 'Pop.'





"Don't play with the humans, children. They'll give you warts!"



# MURDER INCORPORATED

## WESTERN GOALS

Alexandria, Virginia; Roy Cohn; Dr. Eugene Wigner; Admiral T. Moorer; Dr. Edward Teller; General George Patton III; John Rees, Editor; Linda Guell.

## GERMAN CONNECTION

Western Goals, Munich, West Germany; Dr. Eugene Wigner; J. Peter Grace; Otto Ambros; I. G. Farben; Roger Milliken.

## JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY AND YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM

William F. Buckley (YAF); Douglas Caddy (YAF); General Sam Walker (Birch); Nelson Bunker Hunt (Birch); Reverend Oliver (Birch); JFK "Wanted For Treason" Ad, 1963; Robert Morris (YAF and Birch).

General Augusto Pinochet, CIA, ITT, Colonia Dignidad, DINA, Nazi Connections, Fuad Habash.

## CHILE CONNECTION

Louise Rees, Roy Cohn, Frank Seusenbrenner, Walter Harnischfeger, Malmady Massacre Senate Hearings (1946-1949), Top Nazis Released.

## SENATOR JOE MCCARTHY


Robert Byron Watson Affidavit (JFK, MLK, RFK Assassinations); Rep. L. McDonald; George Habash, Lebanon; Georgia Connection.

## MIDDLE EAST CONNECTION

## POLICE DISORDER INTELLIGENCE DIVISION

Los Angeles Police Department; 54 Defendants; ACLU Lawsuit; Illegal Documents Sent to Western Goals Alexandria, Computer; Squad 19 (LAPD).





# WHO KILLED CONGRESSMAN LARRY McDONALD?

*Plenty of people wanted to blow this right-wing fanatic out of the sky... but RONALD REAGAN may be holding the smoking gun.*

**I**n the aftermath of the Korean Air Lines disaster that shocked the world last September 1, the editors of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* dealt with a series of nagging questions and their answers. Prominent among them was the following:

**QUESTION:** "Is there any reason to believe that an admittedly ultraright U.S. congressman traveling 007, Rep. Lawrence McDonald of Georgia, may have been deliberately assassinated aboard the flight?"

**ANSWER:** "While the [U.S.] government has made no such charge, McDonald's widow claims that her husband, the national chairman of the John Birch Society, was 'murdered.' She holds that it was no accident that 'the leading anti-Communist in the American government' had been on a plane that was 'forced into Soviet territory' and shot down."

Another question that begs to be addressed is: Why

## Exposé by Larry Flynt

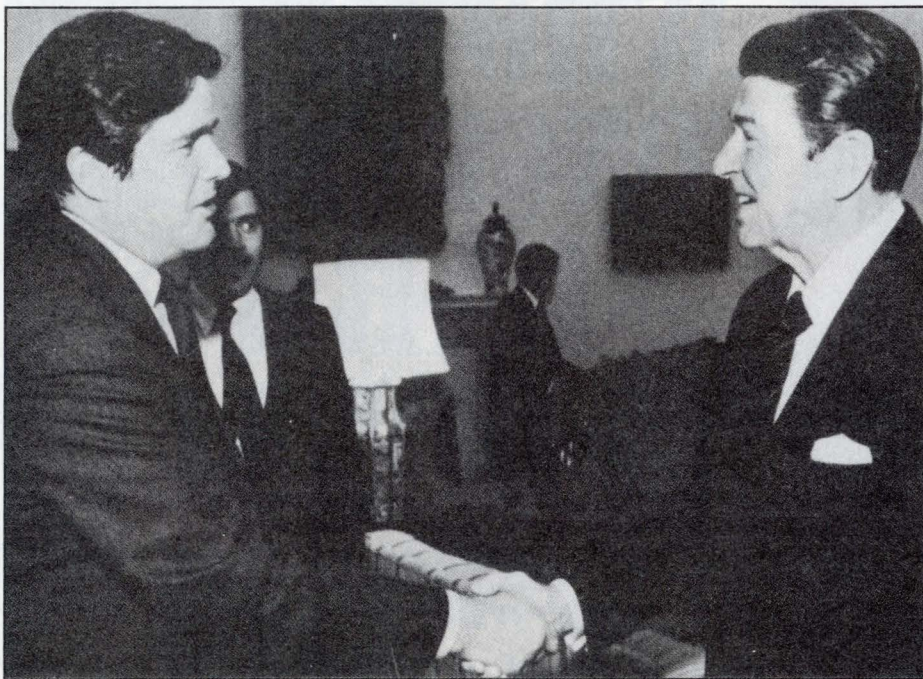


would the Soviet Union wish to make a martyr of Larry McDonald? If the Russians are the experts at terrorism that they're supposed to be, it would seem obvious that they could find an easier way to get rid of the congressman than chasing his airplane over Soviet territory for 2½ hours. They could have easily blown him away anywhere in the world.

Furthermore, it is hard to believe that KAL Flight 007 was forced into Soviet

This region . . . is most probably where we shall witness confrontation with the Soviet Union."

Thus, while Europe and the U.S. divert the public with NATO missile discussions, plans are being formulated for a first strike in the Pacific. South Korea, Japan and the U.S. are working on these plans together. Sending spy planes over the Soviet Union serves the purpose of provocation.



*Congressman Larry McDonald and President Ronald Reagan in friendlier days.*

airspace, as if a giant mechanism had sucked McDonald toward his mortal enemy. During those strange 2½ hours that 007 ventured as far as 226 miles inside Soviet airspace, the Russians were testing new kinds of missiles directly below. They didn't need any more problems.

And I doubt that McDonald, as fanatic as he was, deserves the label of "leading anti-Communist in the American government." He would have pretty stiff competition from such individuals as A. G. "Fritz" Kraemer, Svend Kraemer, John Lenczowski, Paula Dobriansky, William Clark, Jeane Kirkpatrick, William Casey, Henry Kissinger, Dr. Ernest Lefevre, William F. Buckley, James Buckley, Richard Pipes, General Daniel O. Graham and a cast of thousands.

One article that appeared immediately after the shooting down of 007 accused Secretary of the Navy John Lehman of being "one particular culprit in the deaths of 269 over Sakhalin Island." The Lehman design, titled "Horizontal Escalation" in defense circles, outlines a series of provocations against the USSR. Lehman is quoted as saying, "He who gets the signal to fire first in the North Pacific will enjoy a tremendous tactical advantage.

Five days after the 007 incident former CIA spy Ralph McGehee told a college audience that the Korean airliner was indeed on a spy mission. He also believes that the Russians thought 007 was an RC-135 intelligence plane.

It was Senator Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina)—another archconservative ideologue who is anti-union, antigovernment, anti-Communist and an opponent of an international treaty on genocide—who arranged the invitation for McDonald to attend the celebration that would commemorate the 30th anniversary of the official U.S. entry into the Korean War.

Instead of traveling together, however, Helms and McDonald arrived in Anchorage, Alaska—the first stop of the journey to South Korea—on separate planes. The fact that McDonald was the only person in the 36-member American delegation to fly alone seems strange. After refueling, the Boeing 747 carrying Helms arrived at its destination safely. But McDonald—and his fellow passengers on Flight 007—were not so fortunate.

As depicted in the books by Ian Fleming, 007 was James Bond's "license to kill." In this case who gave the license to kill? Was it the CIA and its Korean coun-

terpart, the KCIA? They were formed at approximately the same time and work together closely.

The fact that McDonald flew on a different plane than Helms brings up several more unanswered questions. Who was sitting next to McDonald? Korean Air Lines must have a boarding pass for that person. If nobody used the seat and if McDonald was accompanied by others in the American delegation, why didn't one of them occupy the seat?

Where were the staff or advisory members of McDonald's Western Goals Foundation, a data bank in Alexandria, Virginia, that serves as a national right-wing clearinghouse for negative information about leftists and radical groups and individuals? Why was McDonald left to die literally alone?

Who really gained by Flight 007's violation of Soviet territory? Not the Russians. They were preparing for the following week's meeting in Madrid, Spain, between U.S. Secretary of State George Schultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, as well as the resumption of arms-reduction talks and the annual United Nations meeting. An incident of any kind would—and did—set world opinion against them at a critical time.

On the other hand, the U.S. government benefited first by gathering valuable military information about Soviet radar and defensive capabilities during the hours that preceded the crash. Later benefits the State Department and the Pentagon simultaneously maneuvered included favorable MX-missile and binary-nerve-gas votes from a knee-jerk Congress.

Clearly, Larry McDonald did not die at the hands of Soviet planners. The most important explanation for his tragic demise has to do with recent revelations about his clandestine activities. An earlier relationship between McDonald and President Reagan had started to surface before the crash. Their government espionage, concealed behind a cloak of righteous Americanism at any price, was about to be exposed.

The media, along with many other institutions and individuals, had purposely withheld the darker side of Reagan's years as California governor from the 1980 Presidential campaign. Now the dirty laundry of the past was starting to leak out.

Key backers, financiers and appointees of Ronald Reagan have always been involved in political spying—and worse. California was ripe with intrigue. Nixon and Reagan were from California. And California is where the bubble burst.

The trail leading to the connection between Reagan and McDonald is long and winding. But the facts prove collusion between informers hired by Reagan when he was governor and the activities of Mc-



Donald's Western Goals Foundation. The method—and even the people involved—were the same in both cases.

The first indication that something was even more rotten than usual in California came on August 15, 1980, when Warren Hinckle—the former editor of *Ramparts* magazine—noted that the snooping of Jerry Ducote appeared to involve members of Ronald Reagan's gubernatorial staff. (Ducote was a former sheriff's deputy employed by Reagan's backers, who infiltrated suspected subversive groups.)

"What is happening in Santa Clara County today is the germ of the biggest scandal of the next 1½ years," Hinckle said. "People thought that with Watergate it was all over. But this is the next layer of Watergate."

On January 4, 1983, nearly 2½ years after Hinckle's prediction, Detective Jay Paul of the Los Angeles Police Department supplied a weary team of investigators with what was going to be the connection between Larry McDonald and Ronald Reagan. That day marked the end of McDonald's usefulness to the larger network he served. He had become a liability to some very important people.

What brought down a carefully constructed web of deceit were massive numbers of files illegally assembled on law-abiding citizens by the Los Angeles Police Department's Public Disorder Intelligence Division (PDID). These files were ordered destroyed in 1975, but it was later discovered that LAPD officers kept the data-bank information.

Enraged by this disobedience, the Los Angeles Police Commission officially requested the files. But by then, Lieutenant Thomas Scheidecker had stolen at least 10,000 pages of documents. And PDID Detective Jay Paul had moved a huge batch of files into the garage of his Long Beach, California, home, where his wife—attorney Ann Love—was being paid \$30,000 a year to feed a sophisticated, \$100,000 computer this information that had been ordered destroyed.

The information eventually wound up in the computer of the Western Goals Foundation. And lo and behold, the man who paid Ann Love was Representative Larry McDonald, head of Western Goals.

Also caught up in the web was John Rees, editor of the Western Goals Foundation and a longtime associate of Jerry Ducote through their common bosses and similar methods of accumulating data. Both acted as agents provocateurs.

"An agent provocateur is a police agent who is introduced into any political organization with instructions to foment discontent . . . or to take a case in order to give his employers the right to act against the organization in question," according to Victor Kaledin, a colonel in the Imper-

# The Facts Behind a Sinister Connection

**1970:** Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis—a staunch conservative—created the Public Disorders Intelligence Division (PDID). Five years earlier Davis had formed the Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS), California's top political intelligence-gathering operation. **1971:** Louis Tackwood, agent-provocateur for the Los Angeles Police Department, exposed police involvement in "dirty tricks and murderous things" (*Washington Post, Los Angeles Times*, October 18, 1971). Tackwood later identified White House plumbers "Martin" and "White," linking the Pentagon to the LAPD (June 18, 1972). "Martin" and "White" were actually former CIA agents E. Howard Hunt and James McCord, both implicated in the Watergate break-in. Before the 1972 Republican National Convention was switched from San Diego to Miami, members of the LAPD formulated plans to incite riots, kidnap protesters and incredibly—because they thought Vice President Spiro Agnew's outspoken conservatism was more to their liking—plotted the assassination of President Nixon. **1973-1975:** The Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, Watergate and Related Activities refused to expose the connections between Watergate and the LAPD. They were aware of—and suppressed—what had been festering for many years. **1975:** The Los Angeles Police Commission, a civilian agency, ordered 2 million police-intelligence files to be destroyed. These files contained information on law-abiding citizens and had nothing to do with criminals. This information was obtained through infiltration, provocateurs, burglaries in homes and offices, bugging and wiretapping during massive spy operations throughout the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. **1970-1972:** Lawsuits against police abuses escalated as it became apparent that spying was continuing. The files ordered to be destroyed were never removed from LAPD intelligence. **January 4, 1983:** Representing 131 clients, the ACLU filed a lawsuit against the LAPD and continued its efforts to locate files on over 200 organizations being spied upon. Among them were the following: Coalition Against Police Abuse; Alliance for Survival; U.S. Communist Party; Black Panther Party; Teamsters for Democratic Union; Peace and Freedom Party; Progressive Labor Party; Greater Watts Justice Center; Church of Scientology (L. Ron Hubbard); La Raza Unida; People's College of Law; Democratic Socialists Organizing Committee; Venceremos Brigade; antinuclear groups (all of them); American Friends Service Committee; Southern Christian Leadership Conference; United Farm Workers Local 80; American Civil Liberties Union; Community Relations Conference; Juvenile Justice Center; Socialist Workers Party; New Mount Pleasant Baptist Church; and Women For. PDID officer Jay Paul finally admitted he had removed between 50 and 100 cartons of police intelligence files to his garage in Long Beach, California. His wife, attorney Ann Love, was receiving a salary of \$30,000 a year to put information from those cartons into a computer. **May 24, 1983:** The *Los Angeles Times* ran the following headline: "DETECTIVE IN SPYING CASE LINKED TO BIRCH LEADER—Suspect in Police Probe Ran Private Computer That Keeps Records on Leftists in U.S." Representative Larry McDonald, chairman of the John Birch Society, was publicly exposed for obtaining stolen documents ordered destroyed years before. Western Goals, a tax-free foundation, was paying for the computer and labor to transfer these "crown jewels" to McDonald's Alexandria, Virginia, and German offices. **June 6, 1983:** "L.A.'s Police Probe Leads to Prominent Right-Wing Lawmaker." (The headline should have read "Right-Wing Lawbreaker.") Western Goals was reported to have filled the gap caused by legal restraints imposed on the FBI and the abolition in 1975 of the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was also reported that Los Angeles faced a threat of terrorist action during the 1984 Olympics that would be comparable to the Palestine Liberation Organization's attack on Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics in 1972. Robert Byron Watson's alleged (November 1977) affidavit connected McDonald to the Palestinian organizations that, along with the CIA, caused the Munich massacre. McDonald justified his Western Goals involvement with LAPD intelligence files as necessary for "future Olympic Games security." Evidence emerged that Western Goals, members of the LAPD and Pentagon personnel planned previous riots and fatal provocations. **August 19, 1983:** McDonald and Western Goals were ordered to turn over 30 computer floppy discs and their printouts, plus storage tape and printouts, to a Los Angeles grand jury. Lawyers won a delay of the August 9 subpoena for a hearing on September 13. **September 1, 1983:** Representative Larry McDonald, chairman of Western Goals, was killed on Flight 007. **September 15, 1983:** Linda Guell, the new Western Goals chairman, stated she would not testify before the Los Angeles grand jury unless she received immunity from prosecution. Otherwise she would invoke the Fifth Amendment. The irony, of course, was that Guell would be using one Constitutional amendment (the Fifth) to abuse another (the First). **September 15, 1983:** LAPD Detective Ben Lovato, one of those being sued by the American Civil Liberties Union, was accused of threatening to kill Western Goals editor John Rees.



*Photographs of rallies and demonstrations were being supplied to Western Research by police agents.*

al Russian Military Intelligence.

Ducote was employed in such activities by Ronald Reagan's backers and by the John Birch Society. Rees worked with the Birch Society and virtually every other right-wing group, feeding them information they could use to harass and embarrass those who opposed their point of view.

Reagan's man (Ducote) and Larry McDonald's crony (John Rees) worked together at the San Francisco-based Western Research, also known as Research West. Ducote secluded himself behind unmarked doors, running a blacklisting service for industry. The results of his spying were added to a repository of information used by Governor Reagan to screen out potential state employees with leftist political tendencies that were contrary to his own beliefs.

At the same time, photographs of rallies and demonstrations—along with copies of underground newspapers—were being supplied to Western Research by agents of the Los Angeles Police Department. In turn, Western Research sold background information about employees, advising corporations about possible risks.

Research West, as it was later called, maintained close ties with law-enforcement agencies and private data banks, using its spies to supply information to utility companies anxious to identify anti-nuclear activists. Clearly, blacklisting hadn't ended with the death of Senator Joseph McCarthy years before. The witch hunt never ceased.

Last January in Los Angeles the American Civil Liberties Union filed a lawsuit on behalf of 131 law-abiding groups and individuals who were illegally spied upon. Among the defendants in this case are 54 police officers who are members of the LAPD's Public Disorder Intelligence Division.

The law firm representing these defendants—its highly sensitive files were being funneled to Representative Larry McDonald's Western Goals Foundation—is Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher. Curiously enough, Attorney General William French Smith was a partner in that firm. And none other than President Ronald Reagan is a client of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher for all personal matters.

In any event, time was running out on

Larry McDonald's many years of stealing, bugging and compiling. He was about to be subpoenaed by a Los Angeles County grand jury. His testimony, particularly the portions telling of how his Long Beach computer was being fed with illegal police intelligence files, could embarrass and even damage a great number of powerful people.

\* \* \*

Several weeks following the destruction of Flight 007, Soviet President Yuri Andropov blamed the United States for what he called a "sophisticated provocation, masterminded by U.S. special services, an example of extreme adventurism in politics."

How could the United States have written such a script? Larry McDonald was going to necessarily embarrass President Reagan if too many of the documents from California were exposed. They shared common spies and common enemies. So let's assume that the CIA, FBI and all federal agencies that worked with McDonald—particularly the Pentagon—wanted him silenced immediately. At the same time, because McDonald was so violently anti-Communist, why not make the Soviets responsible for his murder? A New Right martyr could be created for the fight against communism. Remember the *Pueblo*?

The scenario might have continued in the following way:

★ There would be a celebration in South Korea early in September. McDonald had strong ties to Korean-born Reverend Sun Myung Moon, leader of the Unification Church (the Moonies), and the South Korean military. Get McDonald to attend that celebration in South Korea.

(Dorothy Hunt, CIA officer and wife of Watergate defendant E. Howard Hunt, was blown up in a commercial airliner over Chicago, and nobody seemed to care. Undoubtedly, her murder scared into silence primary witnesses who could have embarrassed President Nixon at the time he was paying off these witnesses to "plead guilty" before sinking his Presidency. Incidentally, the espionage activities of both E. Howard Hunt and Congressman McDonald somehow become entangled with the Los Angeles Police Department. See "The Facts Behind a Sinister Connection," on page 43.)

★ We send spy planes over the USSR continuously. The Soviet Union does not appreciate such flights violating their territory. By putting McDonald on a commercial airliner and timing its incursion inside Soviet airspace with spy-plane operations happening at the same time, an attack by Soviet missiles would be assured.

One of the many mysteries of Flight 007 is the total lack of conversation between its pilots and U.S., Korean and Japanese



"No, these aren't gallstones! These are your balls!"







*If the CIA wanted McDonald dead, isolating the pilots from instructions or warnings would be essential.*

listening posts. This is known as maintaining radio silence.

Furthermore, 007 left Kennedy Airport in New York with both a defective radio and a defective navigational system. When the pilot who flew the first segment debarked in Anchorage, he assumed the plane's malfunctioning parts would be repaired. But this didn't happen.

It is common knowledge to all pilots flying over Soviet territory that aircraft going beyond a certain point inside Russian borders will be forced to land or be shot down. If the CIA and the National Security Agency wanted Larry McDonald dead, thereby assuring an international incident, isolating the pilots from instructions or warnings would be essential. The way to accomplish this is either to tamper with radio transmissions or the pilots' minds—or both.

The pilot in command of 007, Chun Byung In, held the rank of colonel in the South Korean Air Force. He was considered reliable enough to have flown the Korean president to the U.S. in 1982 and to fly overseas routes linking Southeast Asia and the Middle East, Paris and Los An-

geles, and New York and Seoul. Co-pilot for 007 was Lieutenant Colonel Sohn Dong Hui.

According to news reports, Chun boasted to close friends that he was carrying out special tasks of American intelligence, and he even showed them some of the plane's spy equipment used for surveying Soviet military installations. Such spying was sometimes part of regularly scheduled commercial flights that began in New York City and ended in Seoul.

After the 007 disaster there were explanations that Koreans flew over Soviet airspace to reduce fuel expenses. But spy cameras with the ability to photograph Soviet military bases are a more plausible reason for Korean jets losing their way so often.

Reports indicate that Korean Air Lines concluded a secret agreement with the CIA in the early 1970s to carry out intelligence surveys of Soviet territory. These reports further indicate that when Flight 007 was shot down, the U.S. intelligence mission utilized a reconnaissance satellite that was programmed to pass overhead at the same time. This allowed the U.S. to

record electronic traffic denoting the whereabouts of Soviet air-defense systems as they were activated to meet a presumed threat.

After triggering off the radar warning of a threat to the USSR, the pilot of a U.S. RC-135 reconnaissance plane used maneuvers and tricks typical of American spy planes as he attempted to frustrate Soviet air defenses. Eventually, he dove below the radar cover off the Kamchatka Peninsula to distract air-defense crews and allow Flight 007 to enter Soviet airspace undetected.

Meanwhile, attempting to dodge Soviet fighter planes 226 miles inside the USSR, pilot Chun requested permission to elevate to 35,000 feet. Moments later he shouted, "Rapid . . . a rapid decompression" as 007 was hit by a missile.

Chun's last words—"one-zero, one-zero-delta"—left everybody confused, as did the plane's final radio transmissions. Neither Matsumi Suzuki, head of Japan's Sound Research Institute, nor the Japanese broadcast network NHK could explain what *delta* meant. Was that Chun's "Rosebud"?

The first reports following the tragedy, noting the apparent loss of contact with 007's pilots, suggested that the plane had been hijacked. A second report said that the two pilots and the navigator may have been asleep—a dubious theory considering the crew's unblemished record of professionalism.

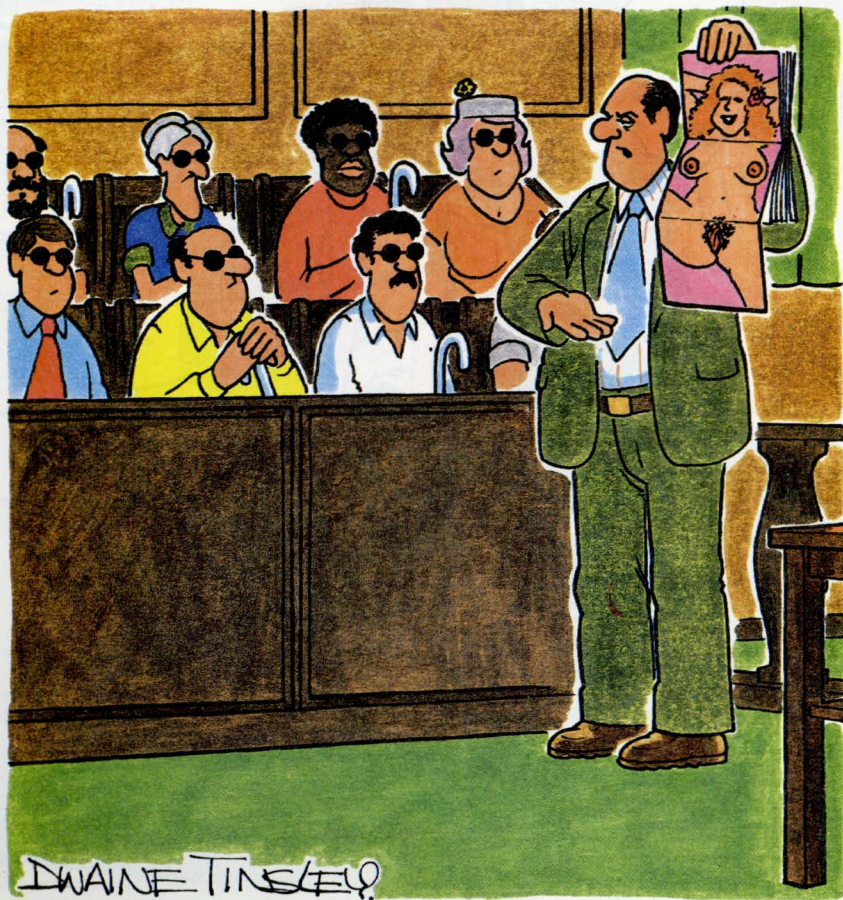
A more likely possibility is that the crew had been the victim of hypnosis and mind control—receiving instructions in advance, before they left Anchorage, that could not be picked up on any messages recorded later.

If this seems farfetched, consider the experience of Candy Jones—a famous model and radio personality—who described in her biography how the CIA programmed her mind for spying and various activities related to espionage. A single phone call from an unseen person would have been enough to implement previously implanted instructions to kill herself.

These revelations came to light at the height of the Watergate scandal, along with evidence that she had previously done errands for the CIA. Only the intervention of her husband saved Candy Jones from certain death.

The issue of 007's defective navigational system also came under close scrutiny following the disaster. Reports filed with NASA revealed that at least 25 times during the past five years U.S. airline pilots relying on the same navigational equipment used by 007 had strayed off course—once as much as 250 miles. Cited among the causes for such problems were computer malfunctions and human errors.

(continued on page 52)



DWAINETINSELEY

"So I ask you, does this rotten filth meet our community standards?!"





# Shanna

waiting room







You shouldn't be nervous. Shanna's an expert. She knows exactly what you need. Relax, and you'll enjoy it. Struggle and—well, that's another story. You see, Shanna thinks fear is a weakness. To overcome it, you must confront it. That's when Shanna's at her best. "My methods *squeeze* out the finest climaxes," she says, "no matter what I do. If I want a man smooth, I'll take a razor to him. If I want him rough, I'll bring out the leather. But I always want them, and they always leave satisfied. I'm a perfectionist." It's a good thing... you wouldn't want Shanna to get careless.







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*Two of the 007 crew might have been asleep—or even dead. But the one who said “delta” was obviously awake.*

“It’s easy to become complacent [on long flights],” said Pan American World Airways pilot Thomas Foxworth. “It’s a human failing. The record is replete with numerous incidents of a guy just falling asleep.”

What if the “human failing” cited by Foxworth was actually mind-controlled planning?

Two of the 007 crew might have been asleep—or even dead. But the one who said “delta” was obviously awake until the end. His response to what was going to happen, given his years of experience and expertise, was that of a programmed zombie instructed to fly continuously—disregarding any external sights or sounds on the flight equipment.

As long ago as November 1974 the Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights—headed by then-Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina—issued a 645-page report titled “Individual Rights and the Federal Role in Behavior Modification,” which indicated the advanced state of CIA mind work and testing.

Three years later the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and the Sub-

committee on Health and Scientific Research published a report titled “Project Mkultra: The CIA’s Program in Behavior Modification.”

The upshot of these reports is that the Pentagon had the capability, if it so desired, to link mind control with satellite defense systems. And a logical use of mind control, of course, would be to program a pilot—perhaps even turning a normal flight into a kamikaze mission.

Dr. Jose Delgado, the father of military-and-defense mind experimentation who worked with the CIA and Navy Intelligence, perfected such procedures as far back as 1971. In one instance he surgically implanted a receiver in the brain of a Spanish fighting bull. Later in a Madrid arena, when a tiny radio-controlled electrode delivered a minute surge of current to the enraged beast’s mind, the bull braked to an abrupt halt.

Delgado also pioneered a method of shooting mood drugs into the brain, which could then be calmed by a remote computer that sensed oncoming anxiety, depression or rage and then flashed back inhibitor signals by radio.

“The [programmed] individual may think that the most important fact of reality is his own existence,” Delgado wrote. “But that is only his personal point of view, a relative frame of reference which is not shared by the rest of the living world.”

The reason for perfecting physical control of the mind was to enable outside forces to determine how to use a person’s body by activating his brain and directing it beyond that person’s control—in spite of any conscious efforts he might make.

KAL Flight 007 was equipped with the latest pathfinding technology. Three computer-driven inertial-navigational systems, which tell the airplane seven times per second where it is supposed to go, had been installed a year earlier.

Only the following elements could have coordinated the death of Representative Larry McDonald with the Soviet missile response: (1) human factors; (2) altered instruments in New York City or Anchorage; or (3) mind control over the Korean Air Force pilots.

\* \* \*

Exactly who was Larry McDonald, the strange and complex individual who wore so many robes? At first he was a doctor, specializing in urology, who prescribed the discredited drug laetrile to cancer patients. He was also a man who concealed the ownership of 200 guns. In 1974 he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, and he later became chairman of both the tax-free Western Goals Foundation and the John Birch Society.

The Larry McDonald pie (see page 40) is a suggestion of segments in his complicated secret life that reveals his unmistakable links to military and law-enforcement agencies throughout the world.

The best way to describe most people is to understand who their heroes are. McDonald reportedly kept two photographs on the walls of his Congressional office that give some clues to his mental state.

One picture was of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

The other was of Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet.

Senator McCarthy began his Senate career after World War II with financial assistance from two known Nazi sympathizers in Wisconsin—Frank Seusenbrenner and Walter Harnischfeger. Fred J. Cook’s book *The Nightmare Decade* details the pro-Nazi backers of McCarthy and how the senator knew of their “passionate ultrarightism and admiration for Hitler.”

Harnischfeger’s nephew, in fact, often displayed an autographed copy of Hitler’s *Mein Kampf*. He also flaunted a watch-chain swastika.

In December 1946, 43 of Hitler’s top military officers received death sentences

(continued on page 144)

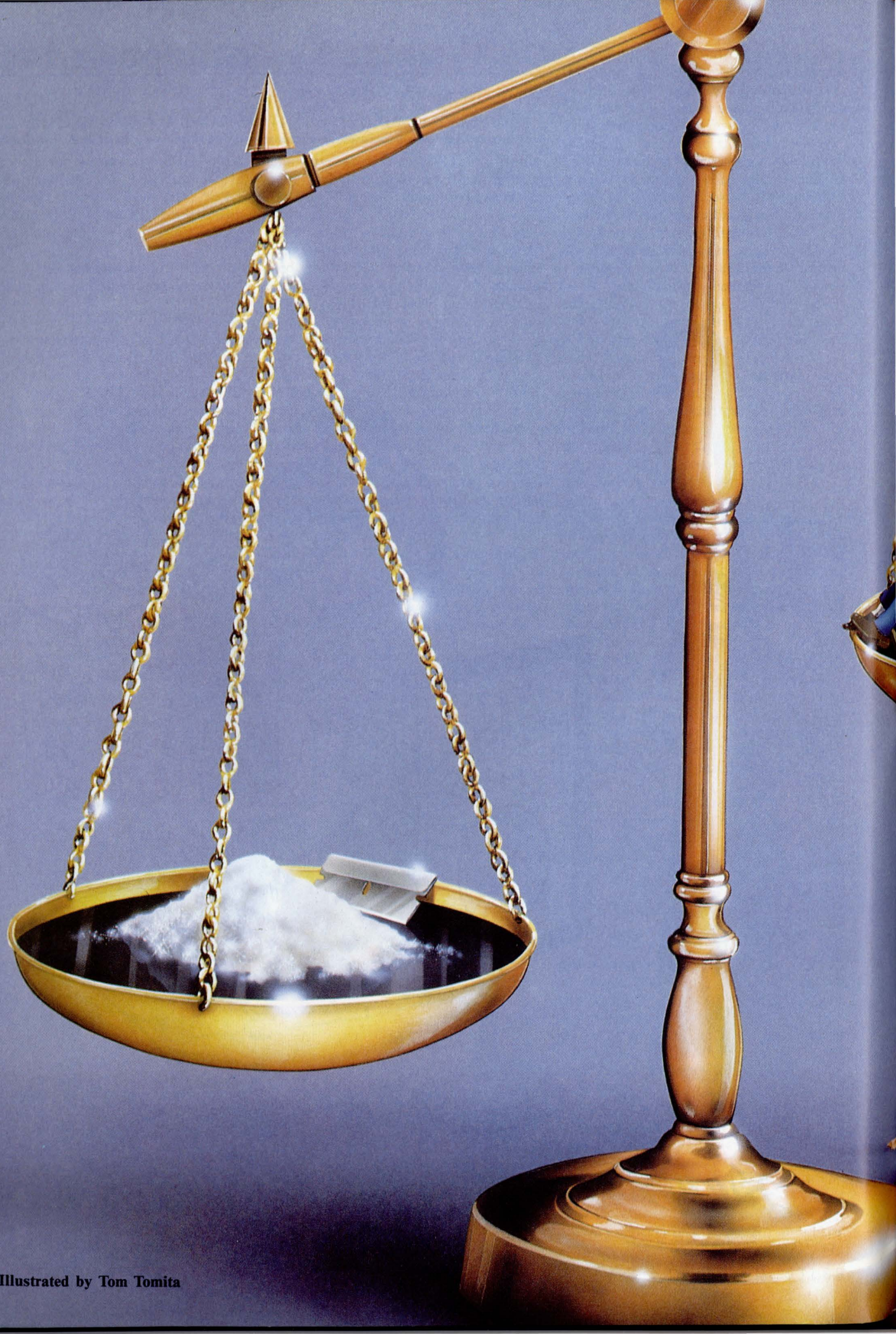


**“Plus it gives you a real good sense of satisfaction every time you use it!”**



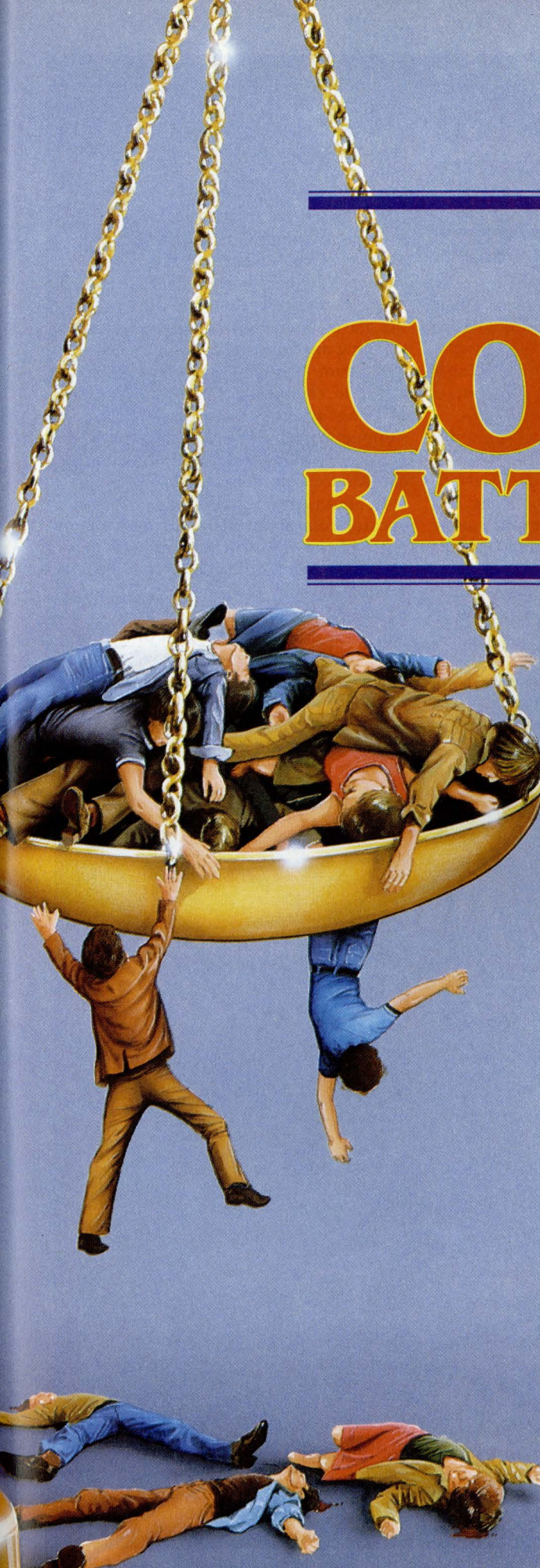






Illustrated by Tom Tomita





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# THE COCAINE BATTLEGROUND

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*A Trail of Death From the Remote Fields of Colombia to the Mean Streets of America*

**I**n Georgia a farmer in his 30s lies in bed, aiming his .38 police special at a housefly on the ceiling. He fires, and the fly disappears—along with another chunk of plaster. What remains of the ceiling is full of bullet holes—because the farmer's nose is full of cocaine. He uses a quarter-ounce a day, raising the money—about \$750 daily—by selling the stuff to others, including high-school and college kids, at \$100 per gram and up. He shoots flies because he hardly has the energy to get off the bed. Cocaine causes sleeplessness; the farmer hasn't slept in days, and his body's beyond fatigue—almost paralyzed.

\* \* \*

In Hollywood a former starlet stumbles to the luxurious hillside home of a friend. The girl weighs a scant 92 pounds—30 pounds lighter than a year before. The problem is cocaine, which kills the appetite. She hasn't eaten in weeks. At her friend's home the girl removes her clothes to reveal another problem. Her once-beautiful body, now a rack of bones and as pale as library paste, contains a mass of bruises, welts and scratches. Her boyfriend did it, she cries bitterly. A Sunset Strip cocaine dealer, he once used so much coke at a single sitting that he went into cardiac arrest. Not even the threat of death keeps him from the drug—or from shoving it up the girl's nose when he wants to party.

"The party got out of control," the former starlet weeps. "He tried to tear my tits off." Indeed, her breasts are clawed down to the red meat, as if by a werewolf.

\* \* \*

In Lower New York Bay, under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, a body in a black wet suit is pulled from the polluted water. The

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Article by Rod Thorp

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## ***Colombian gangs control the lucrative cocaine market and move most of the product—worth an estimated \$50 billion a year—into this country through Miami, Florida.***

corpse—a young, handsome Latino—has had its throat cut.

“He didn’t deliver all of the cargo,” says a police spokesman. “A package could have floated away from the main bundle, but smugglers accept no excuses. Cocaine makes them wild, like animals.”

\* \* \*

Violence and murder have always been part of cocaine trafficking. Police long assumed that two causes have been the vast amounts of money that change hands in cocaine deals, and greed. But the evidence compiled by police, drug therapists and laboratory researchers now points to cocaine itself as the main source of a mounting violence problem in every part of America.

“Cocaine induces psychosis,” says a spokesperson for a leading West Coast cocaine clinic. “The symptoms include paranoia and the use of firearms.”

Other authorities report delusions of grandeur and hallucinations, sleepless-

ness, sexual impotence, weight loss, destruction of nasal passages and liver cells, brain damage—and sudden death. The problem is going to get worse, according to one retired federal drug officer, who chooses to remain unidentified because his new business brings him into contact with enthusiastic cocaine users.

“Cocaine is a subtle and seductive drug,” he says. “An occasional sniff makes people feel good without the physical side effects of alcohol or heroin. They feel smarter, sexier and braver, even if none of those things are true. Many people don’t understand the depression that comes the day after using cocaine. Unlike a hangover, the come-down manifests itself as a bad mood.”

\* \* \*

An estimated 15 million Americans have sampled cocaine, which is extracted from the coca bush—a plant that grows only in the higher elevations of the Andes Mountains in the South American coun-

tries of Peru and Bolivia. There, the natives have used the drug in its natural state for thousands of years, chewing the leaves or brewing them into a tea. The air of the Andes is thin, and food is scarce, and the mild stimulation of coca leaves aids the peasants through their days of barely profitable, primitive toil.

Cocaine amounts to only about 1% by volume of the coca leaf. Three times a year coca farmers (working with the international cocaine trade) strip the bushes of the leaves, then cook the leaves in a foul-smelling mixture that contains benzene (a petroleum product) and other readily available chemicals. The residue of the cooking process, a whitish paste, is shipped overland to Colombia, where it is refined again into the now-familiar white crystals for shipment north.

In South America a pound of 92%-pure cocaine costs about \$10,000; in the major cities of the U.S. it wholesales for about \$30,000. Diluted for use, the original pound of coke will net retail dealers \$300,000 or more; purity of the product will range down to 5% cocaine or even less. Colombian gangs control the lucrative cocaine market and move most of the product—worth an estimated \$50 billion a year—into this country through Miami.

How profitable is cocaine? The Federal Reserve Bank serving Miami has a cash







surplus that exceeds the total in all the other banks in the Federal Reserve System put together. A former executive of one national bank says, off the record, that its branch in Miami pays tellers overtime simply to count the currency. Why does it handle such dirty money? Saddled with bad loans, the bank needs cash.

So far the combination of the effects of cocaine on its users and enormous tax-free profits for dealers have resisted all efforts at law enforcement. And the traffic continues to increase. Peter Bensinger, head of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) in the Carter years and now a private consultant to businesses trying to curb employee cocaine abuse, suggests that cocaine use in this country will not peak anytime soon. The Reagan Administration has established a dozen regional antidrug task forces composed of special agents of the DEA, the FBI and other agencies, but they do not expect to make a dent in the traffic.

"Dealers and smugglers are assholes," says one candid DEA special agent. "But as soon as we put one in the slam, or find him in an alley with his throat cut, five others take his place."

The agent is not exaggerating the violence. Miami has suffered over a thousand cocaine-related murders since 1970—a civic public-relations problem of such

magnitude that the producers of *Scarface*, Al Pacino's new film concerning cocaine traffic, were told by city officials to take their location cameras elsewhere.

In New York, coke and other drug dealers have occupied scores of tenements on the Lower East Side, where they deal their products from behind the safety of makeshift cinderblock bunkers built into individual apartments.

Downtown Los Angeles's Grandview Street was an outdoor market for years,

squealer as he had been a criminal, Ruiz ran afoul of his former coke-running colleagues. His blood-soaked body was found in a New Jersey swamp last August. According to authorities, he died slowly—very slowly.

Ruiz's throat was slit vertically, from under his chin down to his collarbone. With his larynx destroyed, he was unable to cry out in protest as his tongue was pushed down through the new opening in his throat so that it hung loose on his chest—

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***Impotent from too much cocaine, the lover wanted to watch the girl perform sex acts with his friends, which she did willingly—as long as he doled out still more coke for her.***

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until police and residents ran the dealers off. The residents live in fear that the dealers will return, bringing violent atrocities like the "Colombian Necktie" too close to their lives again.

A nightmare beyond all imagining, the Colombian Necktie is reserved for police informers such as New York-based Alberto Ruiz—an illegal immigrant who made his living in the coke trade until arrested and compromised by undercover officers two years ago. Apparently as inept a

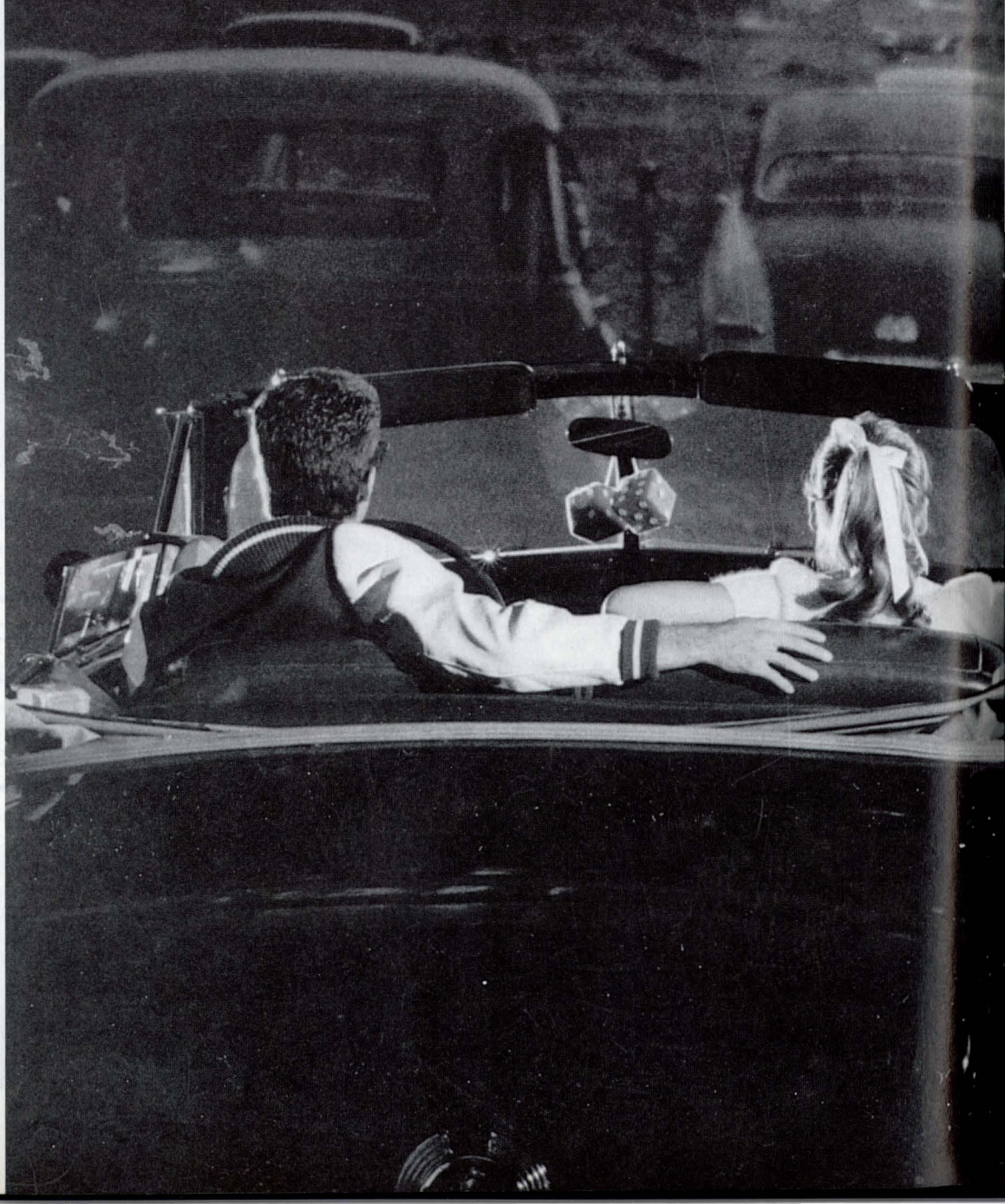
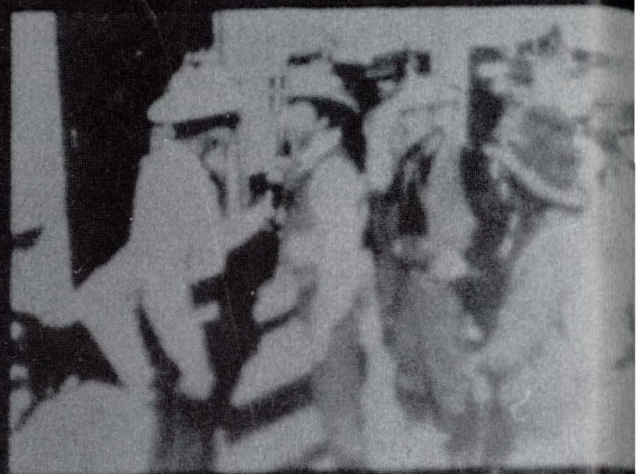
like a necktie. The mutilation served as a warning to others who might think something could be gained by flapping their tongues to the police.

For years drug-enforcement authorities were convinced that such horrors were the exclusive activity of the primary traffickers in cocaine—the Colombians. The necktie is, after all, practiced frequently in Bogota and Medellin. There were also the murders of two children and their ba-

(continued on page 68)



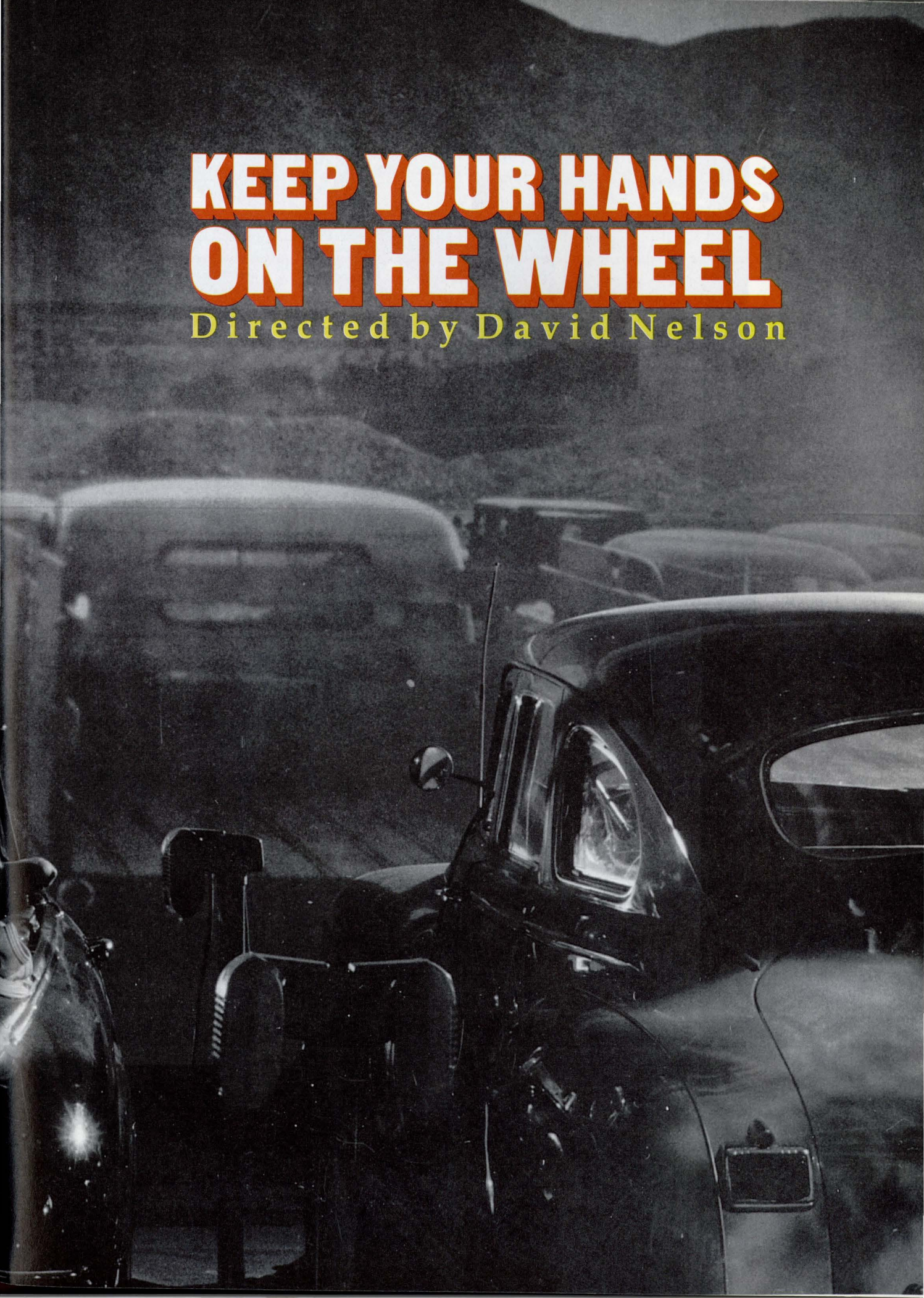
The '50s. Convertibles. Chevys. Supercharged. Fuzzy dice. Whitewalls. Fins. Fenders. D.A.'s. Flat-tops. Pompadours. Lucky Tiger Wax. Greasy kid stuff. Hair spray. Ratting. Teasing. Ponytails. Bows. Doris Day. Poodle pins. Flared skirts. Pegged pants. Training bras. Italian shoes. Clam diggers. Pedal pushers. Toreador pants. Black leather. Bluejeans. James Dean. Sal Mineo. Natalie Wood. *Rebel Without a Cause*. "Rock Around the Clock." Rock 'n' roll. "The devil's music." Elvis. Chuck Berry. The Big Bopper. "Work With Me, Annie." "Why Must I Be a Teenager in Love?" *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. Horror movies. Godzilla. Rodan. Drive-ins. Backseats. Sex.





# KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL

Directed by David Nelson





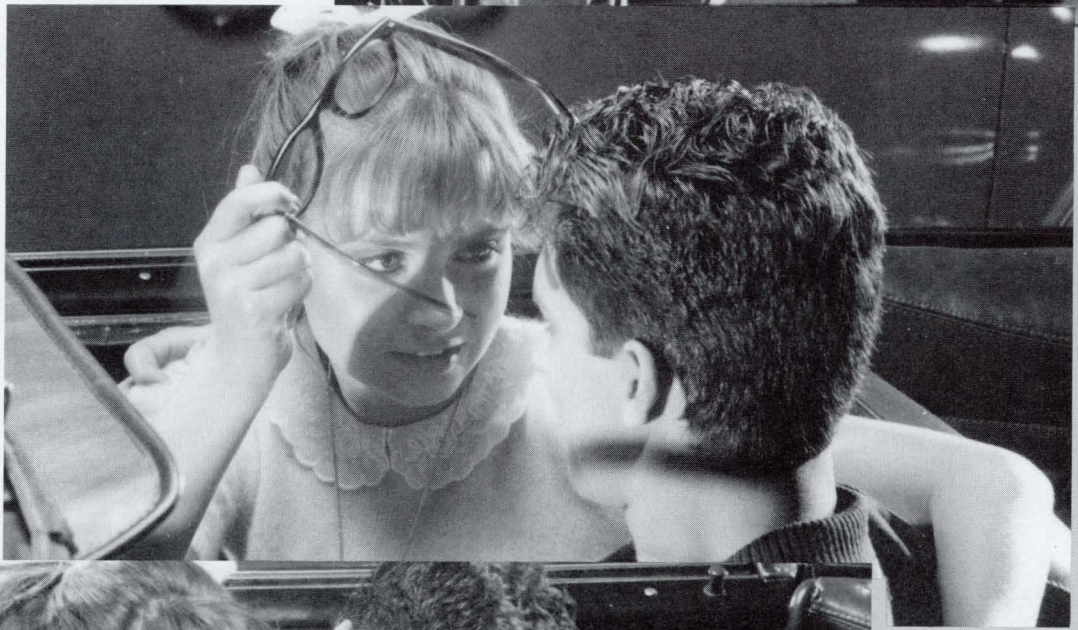
**"By the time he  
makes his move,  
my Clorets will  
have worn off."**



**"Maybe if I start  
things rolling..."**



**"I hope he  
can find my  
mouth  
without his  
glasses."**







"She's easy.  
Everybody  
else is  
making out  
like a  
bandit... why  
shouldn't I  
go for it?"



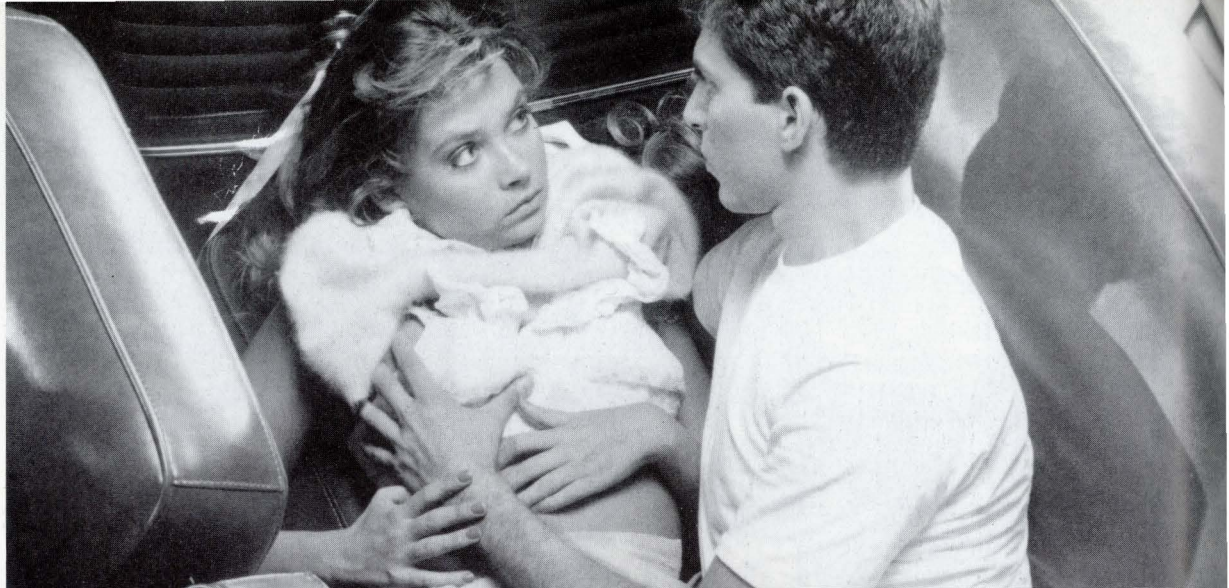
"Second base!  
Wow!"



"Uh-oh. She's  
pushing my  
hand away."



**"He's coming  
on too fast.  
Time to put  
on the  
brakes."**



**"Uh-oh. His  
hand is  
moving  
lower."**



**"No way,  
buddy. I'm a  
nice girl."**







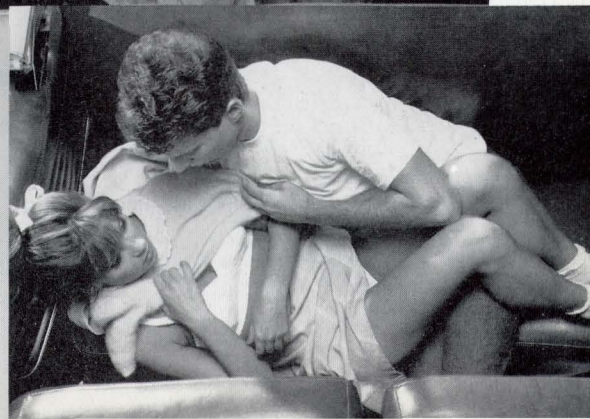
**"Oh, man.  
Everyone's get-  
ting some but me!"**



**"C'mon, baby.  
Just a dry hump."**



**"I swear I'll still  
respect you!"**







"I wonder if I went too far."





"I wonder if she'd go all the way."



# INSIDE DAVID NELSON

*"Most of my time in drive-ins was spent eating popcorn and watching the movie."*

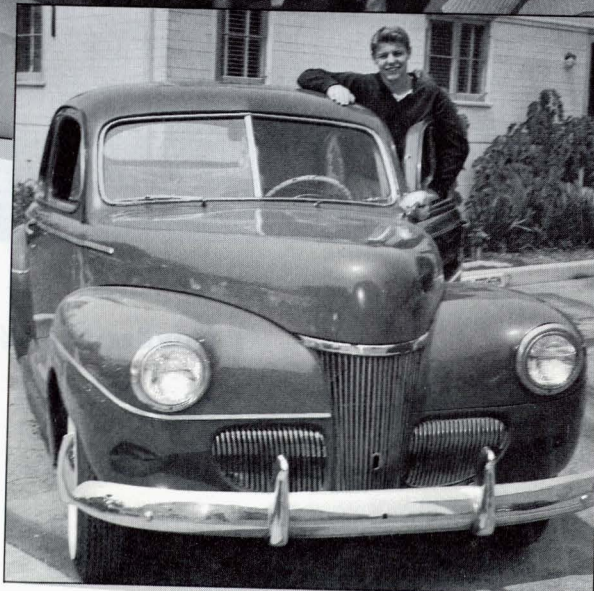
**D**avid Nelson in *HUSTLER*? Ozzie and Harriet's squeaky-clean-cut kid here in the pages of the world's most outrageous smut magazine? You bet your malt shop he is. And, as the second in our series of celebrity photo-fantasy directors, David has put something in the pages of *HUSTLER* that's never appeared here before—sexual innocence.

"I knew that Larry was going into the video field, and that's what I was thinking about when I first got involved with the Flynt organization. I have a production company called Casablanca, and I thought Larry would be interested in our services. When he first asked me to direct a photo-shooting for *HUSTLER*, I said no," mused the 47-year-old Nelson. "Then Larry called me back and explained that he had an idea for a layout that would have virtually no nudity. It was going to be something really startling and different for *HUSTLER*. He told me some good people like Dennis Hopper—whom I've known for many years—were lining up to do their fantasy thing, and the idea he'd like me to consider would definitely hurdle my personal objections. It turned out to be more reality than fantasy. Basically, it's what really happened in the '50s on most drive-in dates—nothing."

Was the life of a famous teenage TV star the fantasy that most young men dream of? "I didn't really have many girlfriends," David recalls. "Working in TV doesn't give you much free time to mess around. I had a small circle of friends that I hung around with, and I was heavily into sports."

But the oldest son of America's favorite TV family does remember that there were ways that a guy could get laid if he was growing up in Southern California. "It was a long trip, but you could go down to Tijuana or Ensenada, Mexico, on an extended weekend and buy your 'first time.' It

*David as most remember him—the all-American son of Ozzie and Harriet.*







On the set of *HUSTLER*'s second celebrity-fantasy photo-shoot, David directs world-famous photographer (and *HUSTLER*'s Director of Photography) James Baes to capture the nuances of passion in the '50s.



photo is one thing, but trying to develop a sequential story isn't easy," David said modestly after directing the sensational layout you've just seen on the preceding pages. "It was a terrific experience, and the cooperation from everybody at the magazine really made it work."

And how about working with the U.S.'s number-one "bad boy," Larry Flynt? "You know, all in all, I think Larry is probably as American as you can get," David said, having now become personally acquainted with Flynt. "I think he's a free speaker, and I think he believes in the right of the human being. I can't see that as being anything but totally American and exactly what this country was founded on."

See? The effects of television on the minds of growing children can't be all bad. 🐶

was usually with a group of guys who were mostly scared to death. And afterward it was definitely penicillin time."

While David's best known as the wise, mild-mannered elder brother of '50s rock 'n' roll idol Ricky Nelson on *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, his acting career went far beyond the tube into films such as *Peyton Place* (his first feature role), Irwin Allen's *The Big Circus* (in which he performed his own stunts as a trapeze artist) and *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* with Clifton Webb. And when the Nelsons' legendary situation comedy stopped filming in 1966, David simply turned his talents to behind-the-camera work in the commercial- and industrial-film business, in which he's still active today as a director and producer.

But the all-American boy from the all-American family—even if they didn't have any visible means of support (can you name Ozzie's occupation?)—never expected to find himself working on a *HUSTLER* photo-shoot. "I have a whole new respect for people who do still-photo-layouts. Shooting for just one



David and Creative Director Bill Nirenberg check composition on preliminary test shots.



## COCAINE BATTLEGROUND (continued from page 57)

*Says comedian Richard Pryor, "Cocaine makes me feel like a new man—and then he wants some too."*

by-sitter in Jackson Heights, Queens, that section of New York City known as Little Bogota.

The boy and girl were the children of a known cocaine hijacker and thief who had been warned repeatedly by his criminal friends to leave them alone. He maintained two apartments and called himself a travel agent and jewelry importer in the classic pattern of Colombians in the cocaine trade.

One afternoon when he and his wife returned to their home, their children and the teenage neighbor girl watching them were missing. The police were called, but they could get no hard information from the parents. Weeks passed before the children were found in the dead of winter, in an abandoned post office, frozen solid.

The boy had been garroted, leaving his tongue-blackened by death—protruding from his mouth. Police found the 17-year-old baby-sitter nearby. She had been raped repeatedly, then sexually mutilated and finally stabbed to death.

Case-hardened detectives of New York's 110th Precinct wept when they viewed the bodies. But their grief soon

turned to outrage when they discovered that no one in the Jackson Heights neighborhood, not even the parents of the murdered girl—who had been a virgin—would give them information leading to the whereabouts of the killers.

"They were that frightened of retribution," one New York narcotics detective recalls. "For a long time we thought it was a cultural thing—you know, restricted to *macho* South America. Now we know better. Coke will make a monkey out of anybody. People are likely to do anything when they've had enough of it."

What cocaine makes of real monkeys is pathetic. In tests conducted at the New England Regional Primate Research Center at Harvard University, monkeys given access to cocaine quickly learned to love it to the exclusion of all other things—including food and sex.

The monkeys obtained coke by pushing a button. When they had developed a real appetite for the drug, the researchers cut off the supply. But the monkeys went on pushing the button. How many times? One animal didn't quit until it had pushed the button 12,000 times.

According to the DEA, at least 5 million Americans currently use cocaine regularly, from once a month up to several times a day. At least 1 million of them are classified as addicts. They *must* have almost-hourly fixes of the drug that costs upward of \$100 a gram, and they will do *anything* to maintain their supply.

Clinics like Beverly Glen Hospital and self-help groups such as Cocaine Anonymous are springing up all around the country. They attract cocaine addicts of both sexes, all races, from every level of society from blue-collar to millionaires, and almost every age group. In therapy sessions and open meetings these people admit their addiction, and the shameful confessions pour out.

A teenager speaks of stealing his widowed mother's jewelry to buy coke. A pretty young girl tells of being passed around from man to man by her lover. Impotent himself from too much cocaine, the lover wanted to watch the girl perform sex acts with his friends, which she did willingly—as long as he doled out still more coke for her.

How is it that a drug that a law-enforcement officer describes as "subtle and seductive" causes previously normal and healthy human beings to sink to such depths? One problem is that no one knows what amounts to a proper dosage—if there is such a thing.

William Ylvisaker Jr., a young Palm Beach socialite and polo star, died of what his father called a cocaine overdose. Yet friends say Ylvisaker did no more coke on the night of his death than he had done many times before.

DEA agents in Miami tell of a 330-pound dealer and informer who fell out of a chair in their office, dead of heart failure, while they were interviewing him. Until the moment of his death he seemed to be as healthy as any 330-pound coke user can be.

According to one Beverly Hills pharmacist who has studied cocaine as a recreational drug, the safest way to use coke is by diluting it with a relatively inert substance—mannitol, which is a mild laxative—to a strength of no more than 30%. It then must be sniffed lightly, not honked up the nose as so many heavy users think is right.

The problem with the druggist's suggestion, of course, is that street coke is rarely cut with inert ingredients—and many people, like the monkeys in the Harvard experiment, don't have the control that goes along with pharmacy-school training.

"The only thing cocaine makes me want to do," admits one fashionable young woman, "is more cocaine."

Says comedian Richard Pryor, "Cocaine makes me feel like a new man—and then



"No, it would not be necrophilia!"





"How about a kiss from the little baby?"



## COCAINE BATTLEGROUND (continued from page 68)

*Cocaine was removed from Coca-Cola's secret formula three years before the drug was banned in the U.S.*

he wants some too."

And while sniffing may be the safest way to ingest coke, more and more people are mainlining the stuff—injecting it into their veins. Or they cook the white crystals and inhale the vapors. Even many dealers regard this practice, called "freebasing," as a one-way ticket to oblivion—that is, death.

While a freebaser assures a coke dealer of a higher, steadier income, most dealers dread such customers. They want better and better coke at all hours of the day and night.

It is the very seductive quality of cocaine that makes weak-willed users want more and more of the drug and bigger and bigger thrills when they use it. At age 33, comic actor John Belushi died of a "speedball," an injected mixture of cocaine and heroin. But according to one Hollywood musician who partied with Belushi the week he died, the speedball wasn't the fat comedian's first—and it wasn't supposed to have been his last.

That's the way coke users often die—suddenly and unexpectedly. In spite of all the evidence to the contrary that seems so

clear in hindsight, Belushi really wanted to live. And Cathy Smith, charged in connection with his death, didn't want to kill him. But Belushi's body was found naked, dotted with needle marks, in a hotel room thousands of miles from his home.

In the words of Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates: "It was a disgusting way to die."

Cocaine works on the body in exactly the opposite way users like Belushi want to believe. Instead of enhancing perceptions and intellect, coke attacks the central nervous system—inhibiting transmission of impulses from one nerve to the next.

These facts have been uncovered only recently. But in the late 19th century, after cocaine had been isolated from the rest of the coca leaf by a German scientist, the superficial effects of the use of the drug led many researchers to believe that cocaine was a legitimate wonder drug—suitable for the cure of depression, nervous disorders, disease and even insanity.

One of those early researchers was Sigmund Freud, whose essay *Uber Coca* ("On Coca") was the first serious writing on

cocaine. Freud used the drug himself until, in a letter he wrote, he threatened to rape his fiancée. That was when the Father of Psychoanalysis realized he was showing previously unsuspected side effects—that cocaine was more dangerous than he had originally believed. So he quit using the stuff.

In the past century millions in Europe and North America have shared Freud's cocaine experience. Soon after its isolation the drug was added to tonics, elixirs, a wine that a pope drank—and even the original recipe of America's Coca-Cola. People who used these products felt good at first, more alert, more confident in themselves.

But then they discovered that they couldn't sleep, that they were growing more and more irritable and prone to violence and finally—irrational. By the end of the century cocaine had been or was about to be outlawed in every country in Europe and North America.

The Coca-Cola Company removed the drug from its secret formula for syrup three years before cocaine was banned in the United States. Coca-Cola still uses the coca bean—purged of its illegal ingredient—for flavoring. But the company has been so wary of being identified with the drug that the cocaine is extracted by a little-known chemical firm in Illinois, far from the soft-drink manufacturer's headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. (The Illinois firm sells the cocaine legitimately, for use as a local anesthetic.)

At the beginning of the 20th century most people found that they could go back to living without cocaine very nicely. But a few couldn't, and an underground trafficking began to develop almost at once.

By the 1920s cocaine had become the drug of fashionable Americans from coast to coast. Among its prominent users were actress Tallulah Bankhead (her drug- and alcohol-ravaged face made her all but unemployable in movies), composer Cole Porter (whose homosexuality was a well-guarded secret during his lifetime) and film director Desmond Taylor (his murder remains one of Hollywood's most famous unsolved crimes). Before World War II a black blues singer lamented, "Cocaine done robbed me blind."

The modern cocaine era began in the hippie days of the late 1960s, when the American appetite for drugs of all kinds had been whetted by marijuana and LSD. On the West Coast a gang called "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love" expanded its marijuana-smuggling activities to include cocaine—long a popular drug among Mexican pot growers.

On the East Coast, Cuban exiles started trafficking in cocaine to satisfy the mar-

(continued on page 74)



"Yeah, I only read the interviews too! Mainly 'cause Playboy don't show pink!"





DWAINETINSLEY.



# GUEST EDITORIAL

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion-makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's *Guest Editorial* is written by Fred Woodworth, who has edited a quarterly Anarchist journal—*The Match*—since 1969. Woodworth describes himself as "an enemy of all states and churches."

by Fred Woodworth

**G**reatness in America is a strange and odious thing: You have to be some kind of moral tinhorn, censor, political vampire or Bible-thumping creep to win the general acclaim of your fellow citizens. A volume of so-called history thrown against a brick wall will provide generous examples

people and their laws. Today, Parsons is hardly known except through one-line references in the best histories.

He was an Anarchist, and *anarchism*—like *smut* or *porn*—is a word that the self-appointed guardians of society can barely say without choking. They hate

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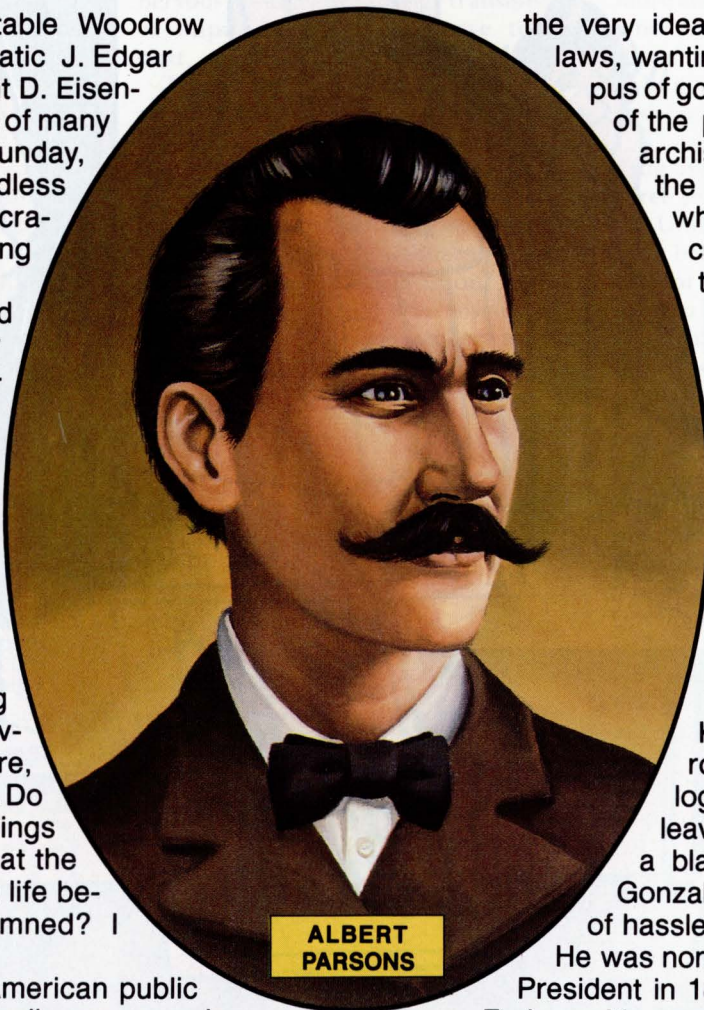
**Albert Parsons was an Anarchist, and *anarchism*—like *smut* or *porn*—is a word that the self-appointed guardians of society can barely say without choking.**

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of this fact—the detestable Woodrow Wilson, the bizarre lunatic J. Edgar Hoover, the nitwit Dwight D. Eisenhower and a foul parade of many others, including Billy Sunday, Jerry Falwell and, needless to add, the current execrable monstrosity inhabiting the White House.

So weird and perverted are the standards for greatness in this country, it's easy to think that there were no great men or women at all—only goons and clowns vying with each other for the distinction in the *Guinness Book of Records* for passing the most laws, starting the most wars and stopping the most people from having sex, wealth, leisure, laughter and knowledge. Do you ever wonder how things get turned around so that the most desirable things in life become the most condemned? I know that I do.

Fortunately, though, American public life hasn't just been an endless procession of anal-retentive sickies and nerds. Take the case of Albert Parsons: a genuine American hero, a great man. He published a magazine, and its contents outraged the prosecutors, just as Larry Flynt's HUSTLER has outraged their vile descendants. They hounded Parsons through the judicial system and kept on his trail long enough to manufacture a phony legal position to close him down. In fact, they hanged Albert Parsons, but not before he had a chance to say a lot about the true nature of these



the very idea of anyone rejecting our laws, wanting to live without the octopus of government! Surely, freedom of the press doesn't apply to Anarchist filth-peddlers! This was the familiar uproar in 1887, when Parsons was executed, and it is the same today—our law-enforcers living in fear that society will discover from publications like HUSTLER that government isn't all that necessary.

Back in 1868 Parsons published a little weekly newspaper in Waco, Texas—the heart of yahoo sentiment—and uncautiously advocated the rights of black people. This brought the Ku Klux Klan out from under the rocks and decomposing logs, and Parsons had to leave town. He later married a black woman, Lucy Eldine Gonzales, and took a fair amount of hassle from bigots over this too. He was nominated as a candidate for President in 1879 but declined.

Fed up with government after his involvement with the Confederacy and several political parties, Parsons started his anarchistic newspaper, the *Alarm*, in 1884. Then, as now, the easiest way for authorities to censor was pressuring printshops to refuse certain business. Like many other men of unconventional politics throughout American history, he had to take up the trade of printing to express his ideas—just as Larry Flynt became his own distributor to make sure that HUSTLER was actually delivered to a waiting audience.



Looking back, it's scarcely believable that Parsons's *Alarm* could have excited such fearful hatred and outrage—even among the moron sector of the populace. But no doubt in the year 2084, when someone tries to understand the attempts to suppress Larry Flynt's *HUSTLER*, they will seem equally distant and unimaginable. Will the wonders of bigotry never cease?

And probably in 2084, when direct pleasure stimulus of the brain via electrodes and micro-computers has become a leading social problem—causing people to neglect everything else and

lic had been conditioned to hate Anarchists the same way it does pornography or homosexuals. After what was laughably called due process, Parsons was taken to the gallows. Still attempting to speak his mind, he was strangled in the middle of a sentence. Ironically, Illinois Governor John Peter Altgeld gave him a posthumous pardon six years later.

As far as I'm concerned, Albert Parsons was a very great man. As proof that his theories have been borne out, not a single year goes by when new laws aren't passed that hinder us all from performing natural, human acts. At this rate, there eventually won't

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**No doubt in the year 2084, when someone tries to understand the attempts to suppress Larry Flynt's *HUSTLER*, they will seem equally distant.**

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waste away—real unrestrained sexual activity between people will seem like a wonderfully good thing even to the prudish. And so will magazines, books and films depicting it. The moral authoritarians always belatedly go on to something else, armed with the fiery nonsense of the Bible and their own unsqueamish desire to tell others what to do.

Faced with hanging, Parsons never backed away from his opinions. His courage in the face of execution has affected many since, including Emma Goldman (the Anarchist who was arrested for delivering speeches about methods of birth control) and Sacco and Vanzetti (antistatists who were themselves put to death by American "justice"). Parsons was by no means the first Anarchist; but he was one of the most impressive, and his successors are in a worthy tradition when they point to government itself as society's biggest criminal.

Parsons's footnote in history can be found under "Haymarket," the Chicago disaster in which a bomb killed several people listening to speeches. Some scholarship has held that the affair was a deliberate police creation. In any case, Parsons was never even slightly linked to the violence: He was just one of the speakers.

But the issue was anarchism, an unpopular idea, and the court trial stated this openly. It was enough that Parsons had published the *Alarm*, since the pub-

be *anything* that doesn't violate some part of the legal code. And the law will be enforced completely, as it is now partially, on a selective basis to silence unpopular individuals who are bound to be doing something illegal. Parsons foresaw this in the late 1800s, and his message as well as his personal courage make him worth listening to.

Those fraudulent histories I mentioned earlier are fond of naming somebody or other the Father of This, or the Originator of That, the Greatest Etcetera. So I won't call Albert Parsons the Greatest Man in America. Besides, since he's dead, Parsons does not qualify in the present.

Then who does? Look for someone who doesn't take your tax money and use it to push you around, someone who thinks that religion is about as good a guide for human affairs as an 800-year-old map of Australia. Look for the man or woman whom the newspapers can never say a good word about. When in doubt, ask one of the leeches in the anti-porn, anti-abortion, pro-moralism professions whom he hates the worst; you may just have found a live one. And once having found him, just hope he stays that way.



LUCY ELDINE GONZALES

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Readers who share or disagree with Fred Woodworth's opinions are encouraged to address *HUSTLER*'s Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those interested in further information about his publication should contact *The Match*, P.O. Box 3488, Tucson, AZ 85722. 🐦



## COCAINE BATTLEGROUND (continued from page 70)

*Washington DEA agents have talked for years about cocaine use by the families of federal lawmakers.*

kets that had traveled from their island homeland to Miami and such northern Cuban enclaves as Union City, New Jersey; Brooklyn and Chicago.

It was only a matter of time before the markets on both coasts expanded and other criminal elements began moving into them. By 1972 the price of a gram of cocaine was inching near \$50—the quality of which is unmatched today in a product costing twice as much.

In those “good old days” of the early 1970s stories abounded of coke smugglers’ and dealers’ daring. A Southern California smuggler brought over 50 pounds of coke into the country in surfboards ridden by blond beachboy types. The same man, while under surveillance, later used a police helicopter to move product nearer to his buyer.

The escapades of an East Coast advertising man who made numerous “business” trips to Colombia were recounted in a best-selling book, *Snowblind*. A Baltimore gang moved into the import-export side of the trade, swapping coke with Western dealers for quality marijuana. The arrangement worked wonderfully until the

Baltimore people fell to squabbling among themselves—and killed each other off.

One way or another, whether you use it or not, you’re paying for cocaine. Covered by medical plans and group insurance, problems brought on by cocaine mean big business to doctors. Over the past three years cocaine-related hospital emergency-room cases in New York have doubled to more than 240 a month. But authorities are quick to point out that the numbers should be understood as indicators only of the growing medical problem cocaine has created.

A clinic in Dade County (Miami), Florida, bills its patients \$6,300 for four weeks of detoxification and support therapy—and is now discharging people at the rate of 300 a year. That’s an annual income of almost \$2 million for only one small therapeutic facility, with a guarantee of success that can be described as no better than that of an alcohol-treatment center.

In fairness to the medical community, drug-enforcement officials admit that the solution to America’s deepening cocaine

crisis will not come easily or soon. The money involved—the John Z. DeLorean case, for example, amounts to millions in cash—is a temptation many criminals can’t resist. Ripoff artists prey on the desperate and foolish.

Federal agents know better than anyone else just how deep America’s coke habit actually goes. In 1973, when President Richard Nixon founded the DEA from a host of existing federal agencies, the new organization immediately spread throughout the world. In a campaign it called “interdiction at the source” our cops started heading into other countries to stop drugs right where they came from. It didn’t work. Under the Carter Administration the policy continued to fail.

The reason for failure was simple: Every gram of coke that got into this country was sold for about ten times its South American cost. Demand made the temptation to deal coke irresistible.

Now President Reagan’s regional task forces plan to battle U.S. smugglers and dealers on their own turf, using antiracketeering statutes to seize for the government the profits of the coke trade. Authorities know that arrests will be made and individual operations disrupted. But they also realize that no amount of law enforcement or medical warnings will stop many Americans’ quest for forbidden thrills.

\* \* \*

An Academy Award-winning screenwriter tries to sniff coke at his table in a fashionable Hollywood restaurant until his business associates stop him, take him outside and let him snort under a lamp-post until he is satisfied. The scene doesn’t keep the man from working; he continues to go from one feature-film assignment to another. His associates accept his behavior as normal.

It’s not just Hollywood; it’s all of America. Washington DEA agents have talked for years about cocaine use by the families of federal lawmakers. The University of Colorado, like too many other American institutions of higher learning, acknowledges its student cocaine problem with its own on-campus counseling facility. According to federal authorities, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas and Houston are centers of cocaine use, distribution or smuggling. So are even smaller cities like Albuquerque, Tucson and San Diego.

Cocaine is America’s problem, and it will continue for the foreseeable future. America’s coke users know that the trail from the slopes of South America’s snowy Andes Mountains to the “snow” that enters their own noses is a trail of blood, tears, violence, and human misery and grief. But in the exultation that is part of the thrill of cocaine, these people don’t seem to care.



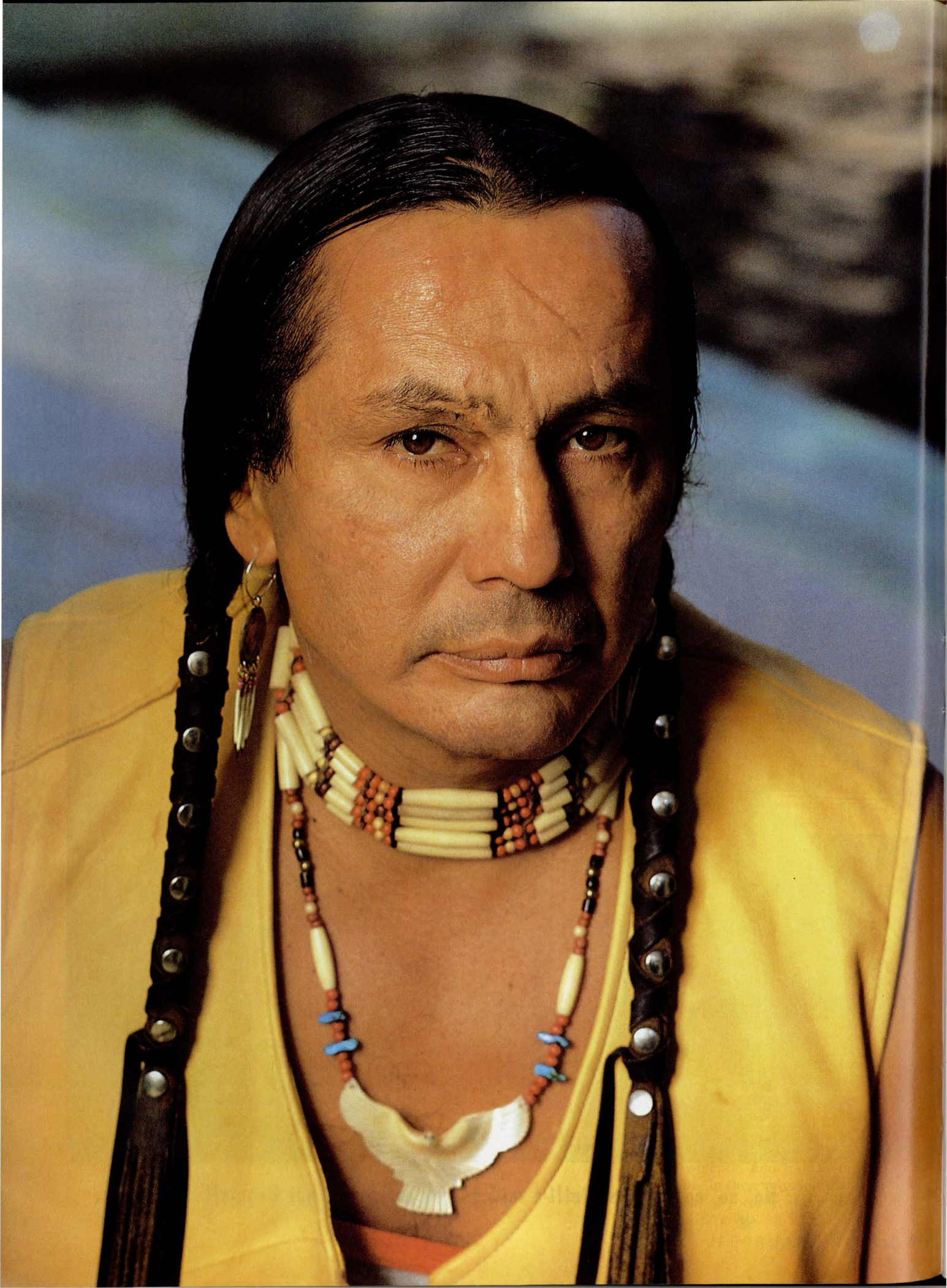
“And how long has your husband been missing?”





"No, no, no, you asshole!!! I said Andrew Jackson...not Reggie!!!"







# American Indian Leader RUSSELL MEANS

***"We have the right to be a free and independent nation, completely separate from the United States."***

In the years before Christopher Columbus "discovered" America, an estimated 14 million Indians lived a peaceful, self-sustaining existence—hunting in virgin forests, fishing in crystal streams, harvesting grain from abundant fields and breathing fresh air as they freely roamed thousands of acres of plains and prairies. Today the barely more than 1 million American Indians remaining in the 48 continental states live either in virtual concentration camps—called reservations—or in the squalor of urban ghettos. The federal government and greedy corporations have raped and pillaged their sacred ancestral lands. Their forests are being strip-mined, their streams are being polluted, their fields are barren, and the air they breathe is foul.

Furthermore, the Indian unemployment rate is the highest in the nation—forcing a once-proud people to feed themselves with government handouts barely fit for consumption. No wonder that alcoholism, drug addiction and suicide are rampant.

"We have suffered the most evil genocidal program in the history of modern civilization," says Russell Means, the Indians' most eloquent spokesman and co-founder of a growing force to be reckoned with—the American Indian Movement (AIM). "Our people are facing extinction. We are fighting

for survival." Founded in 1968, AIM first attracted attention by staging protest demonstrations, sit-ins and prayer vigils to publicize the sorry plight of the Indian. Then, on February 27, 1973, the movement took a more aggressive tack when some 200 of its armed members—led by Means and Dennis Banks—took control of a church and a trading post in South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation village of Wounded Knee.

(This was the same place where more than 200 Sioux men, women and children were massacred by U.S. cavalrymen 83 years earlier in the episode that concluded our country's cold-blooded, unrelenting conquest of the Indian people.)

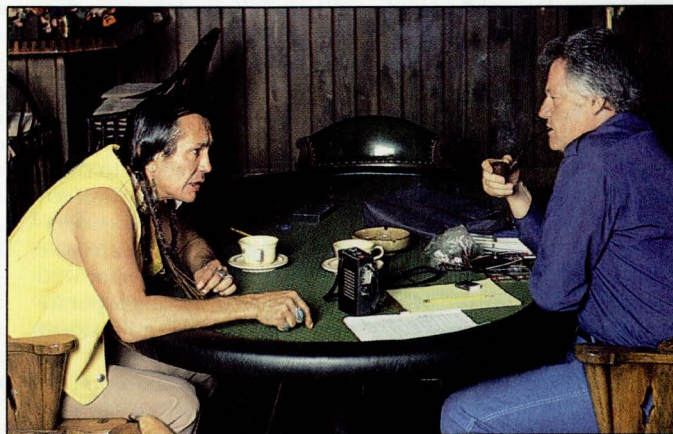
Declaring Wounded Knee the "Independent Oglala Sioux Nation," the AIM task force vowed to remain until the U.S. government met its demands for a change in tribal leaders, a review of 371 broken treaties with various Indian tribes and a Senate investigation of the shabby treatment suffered by all American Indians.

During the 71-day siege that followed—which alternated between negotiations and exchanges of gunfire—two Indians were killed and one federal marshal was seriously wounded. Finally, Means and his men surrendered their arms in exchange for a promise of meaningful discussions to resolve Indian grievances. But virtually nothing has been done since then to alleviate the circumstances that make the Indian people the nation's poorest minority group.

In the wake of Wounded Knee, Means continued to articulate the Indians' cause during hundreds of college speaking engagements, as well as on radio and television talk shows. Soon after the FBI branded AIM as one of the nation's most dangerous subversive organizations, his phones were being tapped, and he was continually harassed by law-enforcement agencies. In the past ten years five attempts have been made on his life.

"The FBI labels us as being subversive because we talk of

**by Richard Warren Lewis**



Russell Means and interviewer Lewis powwow at the Flynt mansion.



## **"I have been charged with arson, murder, grand theft, assault, assault with deadly weapons and conspiracy . . . everything except perversion."**

independence and liberation, self-sufficiency and self-determinism," says Means. "To put it in very concise terms, we are trying to force the United States of America to live up to its own laws."

Perhaps his most fiery words came before several thousand people who assembled in July 1980 for the ten-day Black Hills International Survival Gathering on the Pine Ridge Reservation: "We resist not to overthrow a government or to take political power, but because it is natural to resist extermination to survive," he declared. "We don't want power over white institutions; we want white institutions to disappear."

*"That's revolution."*

\* \* \*

Born of poor Sioux parents on the Pine Ridge Reservation, Russell Charles Means was raised in a Vallejo, California, public-housing project. Later he attended four colleges over a ten-year period—Oakland City College, Iowa Tech, Los Angeles's Sawyer School of Business and Arizona State University—without obtaining a degree.

"I figured I didn't need a piece of paper from the white man telling me how smart I was," says Means, an accountant knowledgeable in computer science. "I eventually got my 'doctorate in white studies' from the South Dakota State Penitentiary. They gave me a little blue piece of cardboard that said I had successfully completed my sentence."

As Means tells it, his prison term resulted from an altercation in the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, courthouse following the refusal of

Indian defendants and witnesses to stand before a judge. The courtroom was trashed when 16 Indians, including Means, fought with 26 fully equipped riot police. But only Means was convicted on the charge of rioting to obstruct justice.

"I did one year, three days and 22½ hours in the penitentiary," he recalls. "Before then—and since—I have been charged with arson, murder, grand theft, assault, assault with deadly weapons and conspiracy counts to cover all of those. They've charged me with everything except perversion."

The father of seven children, Means currently resides in the village of Porcupine on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Nearby, he serves as a leading figure in the Yellow Thunder Camp—a model, self-sufficient, spiritual community intended to allow the Sioux to live as they once did—before the white man "civilized" them.

To learn firsthand about both the strides made by the American Indian Movement and the deplorable conditions Native Americans must endure in the U.S. today, HUSTLER Articles Editor Richard Warren Lewis met with Means at Publisher Larry Flynt's mansion in Bel-Air, California. Lewis reports: "Although Means just celebrated his 44th birthday, his lean, muscular body resembles that of an athletic Indian brave 25 years younger. He stands nearly 6-2 and walks with purposeful strides in hand-tooled, snakeskin boots. His dark-brown eyes have a fiery glow, and his long, black hair is braided."

"The hair represents memory," Means explains. "When you cut your hair, it means you want to forget something. The braids have spiritual significance."

"The four large rings he wears on his broad fingers signify Mother Earth, school and marriage, life on Earth, and the male/female balance in the universe. The bracelet on his right wrist represents the nations of Earth, while his earrings celebrate Mother Earth and her four-legged creatures."

"The symbolic purpose of the choker around Means's neck is to protect him against arrows or branches. And the eagle dangling from a pendant represents the relative who flies the highest, sees the farthest and is faithful to its mate."

"The night before we met, following lengthy discussions, Means had agreed to become the Vice Presidential running mate of Presidential candidate Larry Flynt. The factors that brought these two forceful men together seemed to be a logical departure point for our conversation."

\* \* \*

**HUSTLER:** How do the Indian people feel about your running for Vice President on the same ticket with "the world's greatest pornographer," as Larry Flynt likes to call himself?

**MEANS:** Pornography is a white man's word. My people come from a different culture. I'm not concerned about my image, and neither are they. They know who I am.

**HUSTLER:** But aren't many white people likely to be put off by your association with Flynt?

**MEANS:** What non-Indians think of Larry Flynt hasn't any place in my world; so I'm not worried about it.

**HUSTLER:** What do you think of him?

**MEANS:** The first thing about Larry Flynt that impresses me is not only his in-

## **THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE by Russell Means**

Our view of the world is a simple one. We believe that all life, all the people of the land, were born from one mother—our sacred Mother Earth. So all living beings are related. We're all in the sacred hoop of life. In the same way, we are all also tied to those who came before us. It is because the dust beneath our feet is made from the bones of our ancestors that Indian people can never successfully leave their land. Either they lose their "Indianness" when they leave, generation by generation, or they must return, as I have. I consider myself to be a born-again primitive.

I don't say that to be funny; I say that because the primitive

world lies at the other end of the spectrum from the industrial world, which believes that you can rape your own mother and still find some heaven here on Earth through the wonders of technology. Industrial society, playing the planet-eating games, has brought us to the brink of species suicide. Everyone recognizes that, but no one wants to say, well, what's the alternative? Instead of considering a natural alternative, they turn for salvation to some linear mathematical equation produced by industrial society. People live their own lives here on Earth as if they were linear mathematical equations.

They actually believe that

there's a beginning and an ending; so they spend their entire lives trying to get all they can before it's too late. They have no understanding of immortality. To have an understanding of immortality, you must have respect for the unborn generations. For every step we take upon our sacred Mother, it is our responsibility as human beings to think about how those steps will affect, at the very least, seven generations. Wouldn't it be nice to have a Secretary of the Interior who felt that way? Or a corporate president? Or a Vice President of the United States?

You see, aeons ago when we looked around us, we saw that every living being but one has an

ordained role in life. Only the human being is born without a role and without direction. So we came to the natural-sense conclusion that we are here not to conquer or to rule or even to teach, but to *learn* from our superior relatives with their immense understanding of the sacred cycle of life. If you believe that because you are blessed with the power of reason, you are therefore superior to all of life, then you have made yourself a god, and you act accordingly. You build zoos and old-age homes and orphanages and prisons and experimental-animal laboratories.

When you have this godlike sense that you control every-



telligence, but his humanness. I can count on one hand the rich people I've met who have the humanness of Larry Flynt. I can talk to him. I feel comfortable around him, just as I would around any other person on the reservation. But the thing I admire most about him is his vision and courage in offering to the American Indian people this unheard-of opportunity to get involved in the national electoral politics of the United States of America.

**HUSTLER:** One of Larry's first campaign promises, if elected, is to fire you if you fight him or let him down on the job. How do you feel about that?

**MEANS:** That's exactly as it should be because part of his platform is to run this country on a profit-and-loss basis like a business, instead of the Constitutional monarchy we have now. As President of the "company," he should therefore reserve the right to can the Vice President if he's not doing his job. When he told me that, of course, I warned him that as head of the landlord's association of the Western Hemisphere, I have the right to evict him if I don't like the way he's running things. I'm willing to take my chances if he is. To get serious for a moment, he's offering me a priceless international forum, as an American Indian, to raise issues that almost never get discussed in the media.

**HUSTLER:** Why not?

**MEANS:** Because the powers behind the media, whether by conscious or unconscious design, don't believe the Indian has any news value. They don't know Indian issues. They don't even know what an Indian is. Like the rest of white society, they look on Indians as a primitive people. And the simple solution for dealing with a primitive people is to "civilize" them. But we don't *want* to be civilized, and they

don't understand why. Even when they've asked us why, they don't understand the answers because the cultural differences between us are so at odds with their entire understanding of life. So rather than deal with a complex issue, they choose to ignore it: out of sight, out of mind.

**HUSTLER:** Indians were certainly in the news a few months ago when then-Secretary of the Interior James Watt said that Indian reservations were "an example of the failure of socialism." He went on to explain that despite the government's best efforts to take care of its Indians, the reservations were plagued by drug and alcohol abuse, unemployment, divorce, venereal disease. What was your reaction to those remarks?

**MEANS:** Watt should have remembered that when you point your finger at someone, three fingers on the same hand are pointing back at you. The fact of the matter is that America's reservations are examples not of unsuccessful socialism, but of successful colonialism.

representation. On an Indian reservation we have only *one* level of representation—the federal government—and we have that only by *permission*. The Indian cannot buy, sell, rent or lease land, pass a resolution, or spend a dollar of tribal money without the express consent of the Secretary of the Interior. If non-Indians were treated the way we are, they'd be grabbing their rifles and marching on the Capitol.

**HUSTLER:** Are Indians taxed the same as non-Indians?

**MEANS:** Of course we are—in every aspect except for our land, which is nontaxable because it's being held in trust by the federal government. We are considered incompetent to be stewards of our own land, our holy land, our church—even though we managed to avoid raping and exploiting it for aeons; even though it provided for all our people a bounty that would be incomprehensible to an industrial society. Originally, the Bureau of Indian Affairs was only to hold our *land* in trust.

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***"That's what I always hear from non-Indians. Not in America. This kind of thing doesn't happen here. But it does happen, all day, every day."***

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**HUSTLER:** How so?

**MEANS:** Just look at the difference between government for the non-Indian in the United States and for an Indian on the reservation. The non-Indian American has four kinds of representation to voice his concerns and look out for his welfare. He has local representation (the municipalities), regional representation (the counties), then state and finally federal

Now it's built that premise into taking over *all* our affairs. Now it holds our very lives in trust. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is nothing more or less than a colonial governorship created to "administer" every facet of our lives. Can you imagine the public outcry if a Bureau of Caucasian Affairs—or even a Bureau of Black Affairs—were created to supervise *those* groups?

thing in this physical life on Earth, then there is no tomorrow; there is only today, and yesterday is just a romantic memory reshaped by your perceptions of it. So you have nothing to learn from yesterday, nothing to say for tomorrow. You live only for today because you are afraid of the end, the unknown. And the people of the industrial society are afraid of the unknown because of a lack of understanding of the balance between all living things in the universe.

You talk of civil rights, but what about the civil rights of the bear and the eagle and the grasshopper and the salmon and the tree? You give them their civil rights, and the natural flow becomes your own civil rights. For among the Indian people, everything that is sacred is to be re-

spected; and when everything is sacred, everything is respected. You have an understanding of the male/female balance in the universe and the roles in life that the human being should carry out. Now, I'm not talking about some romantic illusion of the red man as put forth by historians and anthropologists; I'm talking about the reality of living with your mother and father and your children. That is what those of us who have returned to the reservation are attempting to do in our own lives. We aren't presumptuous enough to say that we have become our ancestors; we know it's going to take generations to return to a respectful way of life.

But we must try to get the industrial society to see that the real issue—the only issue finally—

is the land and everything that lives upon and within it; that this is the real issue of our future as a species. When you look at all of life, you see that if you took away all our green relatives or our winged relatives or our four-footed relatives or our relatives who crawl and swim and live within the Earth, life couldn't exist on this planet. But if you took away all the two-legged creatures—human beings—life would flourish. We must learn to respect *all* our relatives here on Mother Earth.

Our civilization must be based upon the knowledge that our relatives have to teach us, because they have always and continuously to this very day followed the instruction given to them by the Great Mystery. This is our term for the spirituality

and wonder and beauty of the universe. When you come to an understanding with the unknown, you will come to terms not with your mortality, but with your immortality. People have only to look at their children to see their immortality. Consciously, you might know this, but you have to feel it in your heart and then connect it with your mind. Industrial society is a society that thinks with its mouth and not with its heart and mind. When you follow your heart, you follow the natural way of life. And when you understand immortality with your mind, you understand that you don't have to be afraid of the unknown, that you don't have to be afraid of the dark, that man is not born evil, that we will never die.



*"In collusion with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of the Interior, our land is being stolen."*

**HUSTLER:** The BIA defends itself with the claim that 50% of the positions in the bureau are held by Indian people.

**MEANS:** That's true: They're the typists, the filing clerks, the janitors, the mechanics, the plumbers, the electricians. The administrative jobs are held by representatives of more "responsible" races and creeds—like the Mormons, who hold 62% of the supervisory jobs.

**HUSTLER:** Does that fact have some sinister implications?

**MEANS:** Indeed it does. Throughout the West the Mormons are deeply involved in land ownership and "development" of natural resources. So they have what you could call a vested interest in our welfare. They are also involved in the schooling of Indian children, brainwashing our young people—just like the Moonies—into abandoning their Indian heritage and embracing Mormonism, or at the least turning them into non-Indians. In carrying out this latter-day Hitler Youth program, they are the worst violators in this country of the United Nations Treaty on Genocide—which the U.S. has never signed, by the way. In 1978, however, they pushed

through Congress the Indian Child Welfare Act, which gives our Mormon benefactors the right to kidnap our children legally.

**HUSTLER:** Kidnap?!

**MEANS:** The effect is the same on the children and their parents. Working with state and federal welfare agencies on the reservation, they can arrange on almost any pretext they see fit to have our own children removed permanently from the bosom of their families. It's reached the point where one of every four Indian children is adopted or fostered out to a non-Indian home because we are considered unable or unfit to care for them ourselves.

**HUSTLER:** This is very hard to believe.

**MEANS:** That's what I always hear when I speak to non-Indians. They just can't believe it. Not in America. This kind of thing doesn't happen *here*. But it does happen, all day, every day, and has for many years. You just didn't know about it—because genocide isn't something the government is anxious to advertise.

**HUSTLER:** Are you accusing the government of mass murder?

**MEANS:** You be the judge. It's been esti-

mated that 14 million Indian people were living in the continental United States when Columbus put ashore in the Americas. Today only about a million of us are left. If that isn't genocide, I don't know what is. And we're *still* being robbed of our land, our culture, our dignity, our humanity. The Bantu Development Act of South Africa, which laid the foundation for *apartheid*, is a carbon copy of the Indian Reorganization Act passed 30 years ago by the United States of America. Both are blueprints for slow genocide.

**HUSTLER:** Would you spell that out?

**MEANS:** In collusion with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of the Interior, our land is being stolen from us by corporate America to exploit the minerals on it and within it, as well as the real estate itself. We're left behind with 80% unemployment—80%—at the bottom rung of the ladder on every scale of measurement for poverty.

We suffer from diseases that have been virtually wiped out in the rest of America—tuberculosis, measles, epidemics of hepatitis due to the contamination of our food supplies. Our water is being poisoned by waste from uranium deposits that are being refined by industrial plants on our land. One of every *three* Indian children is born with a birth defect. Our infant-mortality rate has increased from 2.5 times the national average in 1970 to 3.7 times the national average—higher than any Latin American country.

The Guatemalan government has been condemned for human-rights violations against its Indian people, who have a life expectancy of 46 years under its regime. But the life expectancy on American Indian reservations is 44.5 years and still dropping. Yet this stunning trend goes on unchecked and unreported. If this sort of thing went on in the non-Indian community, the President of the U.S. would call it a disaster area, and they'd get flooded with economic relief. But that doesn't happen on Indian reservations.

**HUSTLER:** Don't you already receive economic relief in the form of food and housing provided by the government?

**MEANS:** They have to give us that because we're not allowed to earn the money to pay for it ourselves. There are only enough paid jobs for 20% of us on the reservations. I don't want to sound "ungrateful," but let me talk about that food and housing for a minute. The food we're forced to eat is all government surplus from the Department of Agriculture. It is almost all starch—which in addition to being an unbalanced diet happens to ensure our addiction to alcohol from the cradle to the grave.

**HUSTLER:** Could you elaborate?

**MEANS:** Starch turns to sugar when it's  
(continued on page 156)



"Not the Frederick of Hollywood!"



*"In collusion with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of the Interior, our land is being stolen."*

**HUSTLER:** The BIA defends itself with the claim that 50% of the positions in the bureau are held by Indian people.

**MEANS:** That's true: They're the typists, the filing clerks, the janitors, the mechanics, the plumbers, the electricians. The administrative jobs are held by representatives of more "responsible" races and creeds—like the Mormons, who hold 62% of the supervisory jobs.

**HUSTLER:** Does that fact have some sinister implications?

**MEANS:** Indeed it does. Throughout the West the Mormons are deeply involved in land ownership and "development" of natural resources. So they have what you could call a vested interest in our welfare. They are also involved in the schooling of Indian children, brainwashing our young people—just like the Moonies—into abandoning their Indian heritage and embracing Mormonism, or at the least turning them into non-Indians. In carrying out this latter-day Hitler Youth program, they are the worst violators in this country of the United Nations Treaty on Genocide—which the U.S. has never signed, by the way. In 1978, however, they pushed

through Congress the Indian Child Welfare Act, which gives our Mormon benefactors the right to kidnap our children legally.

**HUSTLER:** Kidnap?!

**MEANS:** The effect is the same on the children and their parents. Working with state and federal welfare agencies on the reservation, they can arrange on almost any pretext they see fit to have our own children removed permanently from the bosom of their families. It's reached the point where one of every four Indian children is adopted or fostered out to a non-Indian home because we are considered unable or unfit to care for them ourselves.

**HUSTLER:** This is very hard to believe.

**MEANS:** That's what I always hear when I speak to non-Indians. They just can't believe it. Not in America. This kind of thing doesn't happen *here*. But it does happen, all day, every day, and has for many years. You just didn't know about it—because genocide isn't something the government is anxious to advertise.

**HUSTLER:** Are you accusing the government of mass murder?

**MEANS:** You be the judge. It's been esti-

mated that 14 million Indian people were living in the continental United States when Columbus put ashore in the Americas. Today only about a million of us are left. If that isn't genocide, I don't know what is. And we're *still* being robbed of our land, our culture, our dignity, our humanity. The Bantu Development Act of South Africa, which laid the foundation for *apartheid*, is a carbon copy of the Indian Reorganization Act passed 30 years ago by the United States of America. Both are blueprints for slow genocide.

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(continued on page 156)



*"Not the Frederick of Hollywood!"*





**BAMBI GOLDBERG—  
MENACHEM BEGIN'S  
GODDAUGHTER NUDE!**





Photography by James Baes

## The exclusive interview and photo-session that forced Israel's Prime Minister out of office.

"I once told my father that I was fucking a black supermarket clerk because he wanted to see if Jewish pussy smelled like pickled herring. You can imagine Papa's reaction—he's an Orthodox rabbi."

Thrown out of her home at age 16 for servicing two Shiite Moslems behind her father's synagogue during Passover, Bambi Goldberg is not your average JAP (Jewish-American Princess).

"I was playing 'camel' with Abdullah and Isfahar when Daddy came running out of temple waving the Old Testament like he was going to hit someone with it," Bambi remembers. "Isfahar had just squirted his icky white stuff on my tush when Daddy arrived. I could have *died!*"









**B**ut that didn't slow Bambi down. Her preference for nonkosher meat has been a continuous embarrassment to her parents and godfather Begin. So much of an embarrassment, in fact, that Prime Minister Begin stepped down from his post rather than face the press when his goddaughter's sexual activities and bare body hit the newsstands in *HUSTLER*. The only member of Bambi's family who didn't get upset was her uncle, Normie Goldstein, a coin-machine distributor from Cleveland, Ohio.

Does Bambi feel she's betraying the Jewish people? "Let's face it," Bambi said plainly to *HUSTLER* in an exclusive interview after the photo-session. "There's more to life than Manischewitz and matzoh balls. I did some time on a kibbutz in Israel and got shtupped by nothing but Yid salamis. Jewish guys are all right, but the constant talk about business drove me crazy! When I got back to the States, all I could think of was wrapping my lips around a cock with gobs of delicious foreskin."

According to her parents, Rabbi Hymie Goldberg and his wife Sarah, Bambi was always a little "unorthodox."

"When she was a child, Bambi used to throw her bagel and cream cheese on the floor and demand ham. I don't know where we went wrong," Sarah laments today. "She's killing her parents, and she knows it."

Bambi knows that her differences with her parents are irreconcilable. "There was a time when I thought we might patch things up," she muses, "but that was before they saw me in the loop with a Palestinian. Watching your daughter get it up the ass from a man who would like to wipe out your entire race can create some hostility."

Are any traces of the Jewish-American Princess left in Bambi?

"Well, my favorite position in bed is facing Bloomingdale's," she giggles. "But actually, JAPs aren't that much different from Gentile girls. A nice Jewish girl needs to have her Torah twanged as much as any little shiksa bitch. If you don't believe that, you can kiss my Gucci bag!"

Still, *HUSTLER* was able to bring out a bit of the Princess in Bambi when we asked if she minded swallowing cum.

"Swallow? Are you kidding?" she gagged. "Do you know where that stuff's been?"

















# ADDRESS: NOWHERE

## The Tragedy of Our Homeless Millions

Report by Robert McGarvey

**T**imes are hard in Denver, Colorado. After the new Samaritan Shelter first opened its doors last winter, all 140 beds were filled within an hour. Before the day was over, 160 more people were rejected and told to find cover elsewhere.

In Columbus, Ohio, the city's first emergency center also filled instantly. "When you accommodate 150 a night in a city Columbus's size, where there was no such facility six months ago, you just know there's a great need," says the Reverend Gary Witte, head of the Columbus Open Shelter.

In Seattle every shelter is filled to overflowing. In one recent month 2,500 people were turned away to sleep in the streets. There just wasn't any more room.

The number of homeless in New York City is swelling so dramatically that officials estimate they will have to provide temporary homes and food this winter for as many as 18,000 people—double the number who sought aid two years ago.

"More and more homeless are coming every day," reports





pace. Dunn has looked and looked but has not found work. Now he is broke, and along with 300 others (including 75 children), his "home sweet home" is Tent City, Texas.

Don't look on a map—you won't find Tent City, because until recently it did not exist. But nowadays Dunn and the rest bunk in this makeshift campsite along U.S. 90 outside Houston because for them there is no other place to live. "People call this a recession," Dunn mutters. "I call it . . . another Depression."

Across the country, Orange County is a well-to-do part of Southern California. Disneyland is there. So are the California Angels, Knott's Berry Farm and thousands of comfortable homes with large manicured lawns. But that is not the life Rick Thielemann knows, though he too is an Orange County resident.

A roofer by trade, Thielemann is out of work due to the collapse of the home-construction industry. With no income, Thielemann, his wife and their two children were evicted from their apartment. Home to them these days is O'Neill Park in Trabuco Canyon—15 miles from the beachfront mansions of affluent Newport Beach.

"We had a choice of either spending what we had on an apartment or buying camping gear," Thielemann explains. "The kids and us, we all decided to buy camping gear because we knew work was going to be slow."

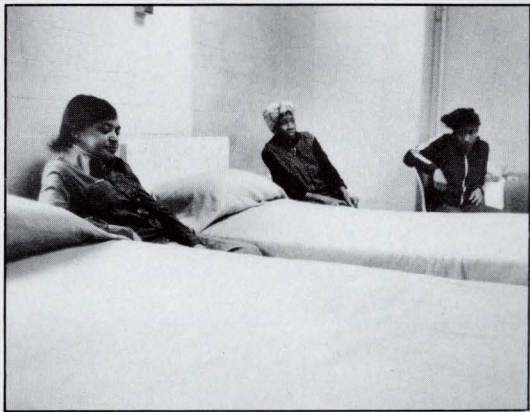
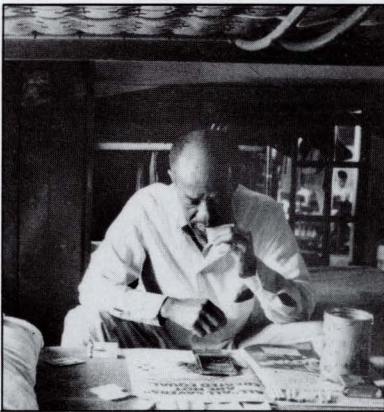
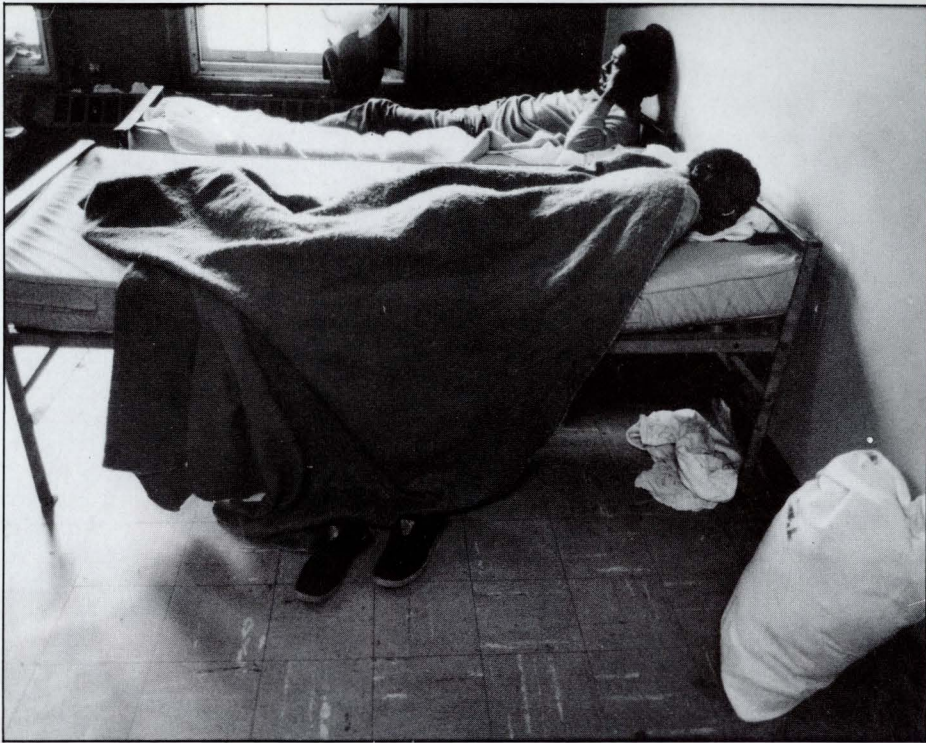
A few hundred miles north, in San Jose, California—just beneath the concrete-and-steel girding of the Guadalupe Parkway—there is yet another Tent City filled with more tragic stories. Just a third of a mile away is San Jose's financial district. But here, beneath the impromptu shelter offered by the freeway above, people huddle together to ward off the chill of the damp night air.

Camp fires crackle, and while the children try to sleep despite the cold and their hungry bellies, adults plot how they will find work the next day. For most, however, work is an impossible dream—the next night they will return to this Tent City because their search for a job has again come up empty.

Just a week earlier nobody lived in this makeshift little Tent City. Then, overnight, 60 arrived. Another week might bring 100. And nobody knows for sure how many more will live here by the end of the year.

"What is increasingly clear," notes Bonnie Prives of the Coalition for the Homeless, "is that homelessness is not just a large-city problem. It's a national problem that reaches into the smallest communities. I don't think it's going to be solved tomorrow or next week or next year."

*(continued on page 128)*





the Reverend Richard Kerr of San Francisco's Trinity Episcopal Church. He says the demand is so astonishingly strong that there's a shortage of blankets to warm the poor at night. Kerr adds plaintively, "We need canvas cots too."

The problem is identical nationwide. In Washington, D.C., just a few blocks from the White House, men and women sleep on steam grates in the streets and sidewalks. In Cleveland, Salvation Army clothing-deposit boxes have become makeshift beds. In Florida whole families live in tents pitched on beaches. Atlanta shopping malls have become homes for hundreds. And in Boston and New York, where nights are bitter-cold, condemned buildings infested with rats now house thousands.

\* \* \*

The Ryder family—Fred, Mo and their two-year-old daughter, Betsy—have an embarrassing little secret. For months they've kept it from their relatives and

The outdoors is the kitchen, and now that the park's facilities are flooded, the bathroom as well.

The Ryders are not alone in this soggy setting 15 miles away from Pacific Palisades and the million-dollar mansion Ronald Reagan lived in before he was elected President. The "rich folks" in the Ryders new and temporary neighborhood dwell in campers. Most make do with cars in various states of dilapidation, while some call nothing more than a cheap and dripping pup tent "home."

While there have always been vagabonds and transients, the 1980s have brought a new breed of homeless wanderers. In Massachusetts, Fred Ryder was a road worker. Dwindling highway funds made work sporadic, and when Mo was laid off her job as a waitress, the Ryders figured that with all the famous freeways and movie-star restaurants, there had to be more work in California.

"I should have known the time for getting a new diaphragm had come and went a long time ago, but we couldn't afford for me to go to the doctor and get a new one," Mo interjects. "So the old one didn't do the trick, and we had Betsy." Mo looks down at the sleeping baby in her lap. "Of course she's a blessing too, but I have nightmares about her getting pneumonia in this cold. And I don't see how I can work again if there's nobody to take care of her."

Fred continues: "Both our unemployment payments ran out, and then, finally, we lost the house. Every day I look for work. Anything at this point. Day-labor—anything."

"We can't tell our folks—it would break their hearts," Mo says simply. "And there's nothing they could do to help us anyway. They're all hurting almost as bad as we are. There's just no money anywhere—and no work either."

Across the park in another car is Raynes Gordon—a 50-year-old unemployed warehouse foreman. He also gets by on occasional day-labor jobs, and in a very good week earns maybe \$50. That cash does not stretch far, and this particular evening Gordon is worried about food. "Sometimes," he says, "I'll buy peanut butter and jelly and day-old bread at half price. I can live off that for a week." But Gordon knows this is not really living—at best it is surviving.

"There are people in the park who have given up," he says. "There are a million stories out there."

The Coalition for the Homeless estimates that those Americans lacking permanent roofs over their



friends back in Massachusetts, sending them postcards from Los Angeles scrawled with glowing notes about the good life in the California sun.

But as the chilly night numbs them, and torrentially heavy rain continues to pour down, the Ryders huddle in a park in suburban Van Nuys, trying to stay dry. The family's embarrassing little secret is that they are homeless. The Ryders have joined the ranks of an estimated 2 million Americans who live not in a house or an apartment—but nowhere.

Fred and Mo are better off than some; they still have their car. A 1976 Chevy Nova—rusting around the edges and in need of a new carburetor, tires, spark plugs and universal joint—serves as bedroom, living room, dining room and den.

Fred and Mo took their savings, loaded up the Chevy and made a beeline to L.A. At first, times were pretty good. They managed to put a small down payment on a tiny bungalow in return for "creative financing" with a variable-interest-rate mortgage. Fred worked on the roads, and Mo waited tables in a nice family restaurant.

So what happened? "Proposition 13 slashed the road budgets and a lot of other things too," says Fred. "A lot of people were out of work. With Reagan the interest rates went crazy. We were having real trouble keeping up with the house payments. Then Mo lost her job too. I mean nobody had any money to take their families out to eat. And then Mo got pregnant with Betsy."

heads have doubled in the past year, and now exceed 2 million. "We are just seeing the tip of the iceberg," predicts Jim Mauck, executive director of Catholic Charities and Community Services in Denver.

Only once before in this nation's history, during the Great Depression of the 1930s, have so many citizens been driven out into the streets by widespread destitution. Then as now the homeless are just so many "economic casualties," as Robert Hayes of the Coalition for the Homeless calls them.

J. D. Dunn knows about economic casualties; he's one of them. The 37-year-old East Texas construction worker lost his job several months ago when the nation's recession slowed new building to a snail's



# MOTION



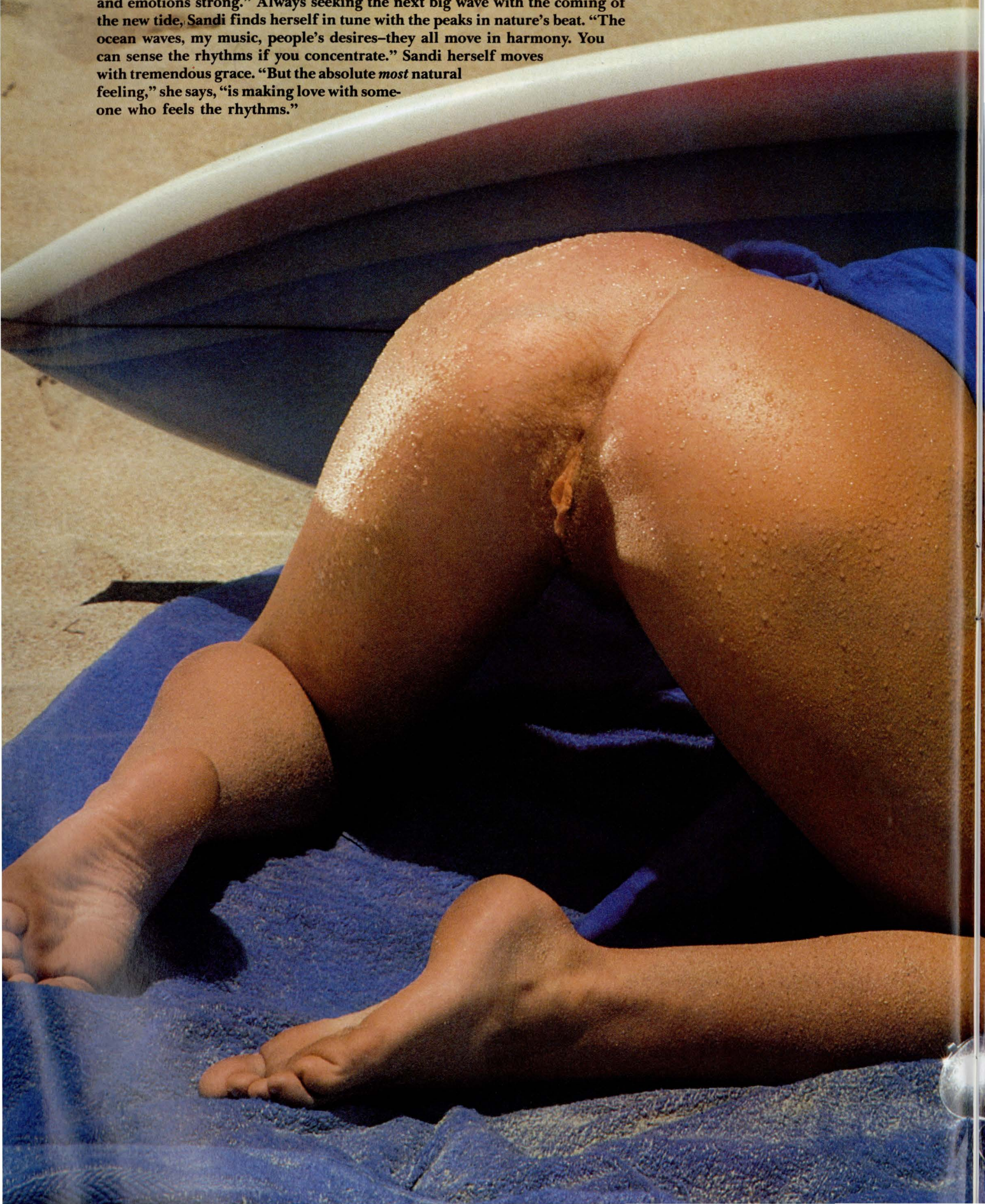




Photography by James Baes



Sandi loves the beach and the pace of life there. "Living by the ocean keeps me aware of the rhythms in the world," she says. "That keeps my feelings and emotions strong." Always seeking the next big wave with the coming of the new tide, Sandi finds herself in tune with the peaks in nature's beat. "The ocean waves, my music, people's desires—they all move in harmony. You can sense the rhythms if you concentrate." Sandi herself moves with tremendous grace. "But the absolute *most* natural feeling," she says, "is making love with someone who feels the rhythms."





























LARRY FLYNT'S

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*Come on in!  
Sandi*

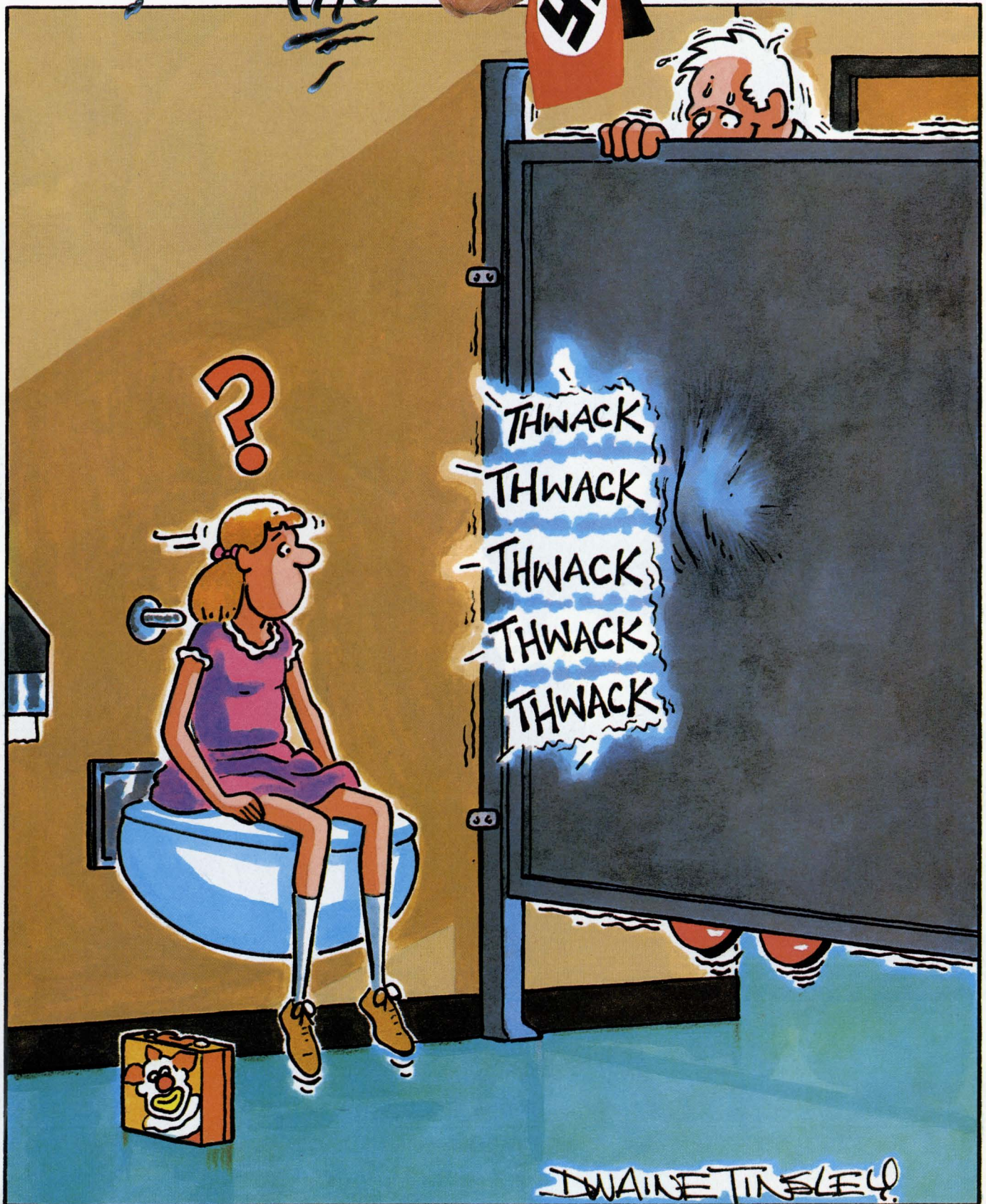
**HUSTLER'S HONEY**  
**FEBRUARY 1984**







# Ghester M<sup>ole</sup> Lester





# HUSTLER HUMOR



**G**od had just spent six days creating the heavens and the Earth, and since it was the seventh day, He rested. He and the Archangel Gabriel sat back admiring His handiwork. "Y'know, Lord," Gabriel said, "You've done one helluva job—excuse my French. Those majestic peaks, the oceans, the sea creatures and all the animals from fleas to elephants—what a superb job! And the heavens! What a touch, that Milky Way!"

God beamed.

"I just have the smallest suggestion, if You'll excuse my presumption," Gabriel continued. "You know those sample humans You put in the Garden of Eden?"

God nodded, a frown furrowing His brow.

"Well," said Gabriel, "I was just wondering whether they shouldn't have a different set of genitals, as do all the other creatures?"

God reflected upon this for a minute; then a smile crossed His face. "You're right, Gabe!" He exclaimed. "I'll give the dumb one a cunt!"

**W**e recently heard that Senator Jesse Helms has opened up an exclusive chain of fried-chicken restaurants. They serve only right wings and assholes.

**A**midget was on trial, accused of using a bucket to rape a six-foot-tall, 300-pound fat woman. In court his lawyer stood him on a bucket and showed how, with one kick, the woman could have knocked over both the bucket and the defendant.

The midget was acquitted, but the judge knew in his heart that the little fellow was guilty. He took him aside and said, "It's all over now, and you can't be tried twice for the same crime, but I know damn well you did it. How?"

The midget winked. "The bucket, Your Honor."

"But didn't your lawyer... couldn't the woman have...?"

"I didn't stand on it, silly," said the midget. "I put it over her head and swung from the handle."

**Q**uestion: If Tarzan and Jane were Jewish, what would Cheetah be?

Answer: A fur coat!

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *ultimate rejection* as: your hand falling asleep while you're beating off.

**P**resident Reagan was flying back to Washington after visiting Key West. As his helicopter passed over the Florida Everglades, he spotted two white men in a speedboat dragging a Haitian behind them on a rope. Reagan asked the pilot to bring the chopper down alongside the boat. Once in hearing range, Reagan turned on the microphone and yelled, "I sure do think it's wonderful of you two boys to take a Haitian water-skiing! It's refreshing to see that you've learned to live together in peace!"

As the helicopter flew off, one of the boaters turned to the other and said, "He may be President, but he don't know jack-shit about huntin' alligator."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *crying shame* as: when a man goes through one inch of hair, then one inch of pussy and runs out of peter.

**A**couple of miserly old women were trying to sneak into a pay toilet without turning loose of their dimes. Each was going up and down the line peeking under the doors, hoping to find someone who was almost finished and would open up soon.

One old gal came to a stall occupied by a local pervert who would slip into women's toilets and jerk off. After a quick glance she motioned to her friend to look. They stared in amazement for a while, and then one whispered, "Did you see the size of that tampon?"

"Yes," the other old lady hissed, "and the poor thing must be sick. She's squeezing pus out of it!"

**Q**uestion: Did you hear about the new terrorist doll? Answer: You wind it up, and it explodes in your hand!

**T**hree Marines were sitting at a bar, talking about the most frightening sound they had ever heard in their lives. "I was stuck in a car on a railroad track one time," said the first Marine, "and I heard this train whistle down the track. Talk about scared!"

"I was in Nam," said the second, "and every time I'd hear VC mortar shells coming, I'd just about shit."

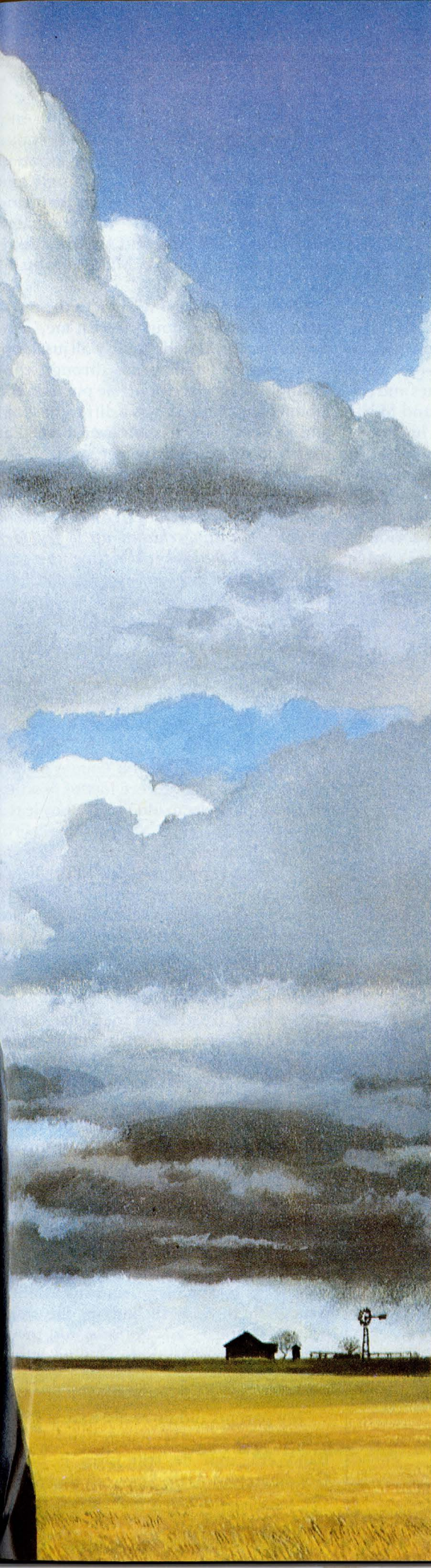
"Well," said the third Marine, "I was down in San Diego one time on liberty, and I picked this broad up in a bar. We went back to her room, and just when we were getting it on, this guy busts down the door. 'It's my husband!' she screams. So I climbed out the window, bare-assed naked. But we were six stories up, and I had to inch along a window ledge. Just then the husband stretched out the window and grabbed me by the balls with his right hand."

"What's that got to do with the most frightening sound you ever heard in your life?" asked the first Marine.

"You ever hear a guy try to open a straight razor with his teeth?"

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*





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# JOHN ANDERSON

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## The Country Singer Comes Out "Swingin"

*I*t is late afternoon in Orlando, Florida, land of the orange tree and Disney World, and already a crowd is forming outside the tour bus. Behind the vehicle's smoked glass, away from the mind-numbing heat, the country singer is sipping a little bourbon and cola with his eyes closed, trying to make it all go away.

"Well, the problem is, John . . ." John Anderson opens his eyes and casts a pained look at the speaker, one of the road crew. "... that he was only supposed to bring one guest, you know?"

Anderson sips the drink without nodding. He picks up a cassette tape of the Australian band Men At Work, looks at it idly, then puts it back down.

"But he brought 15 or 20 people, you know, and he says they're all relatives of yours. Or friends. Or something."

"Well, damn it!" Anderson says, his Florida drawl turning the words into something like, "Wahl-l-l, da-a-am it!" "I mean, I'm supposed to be performing here! I don't need this shit!"

As the door to the back of the bus closes, he sets down his drink and smiles awkwardly. "It's tough," he says, "to play close to home."

Swallowing some more bourbon and cola, he stares through the window at a young woman wearing a sky-blue "John Anderson Swingin

profile by

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## MICHAEL BANE

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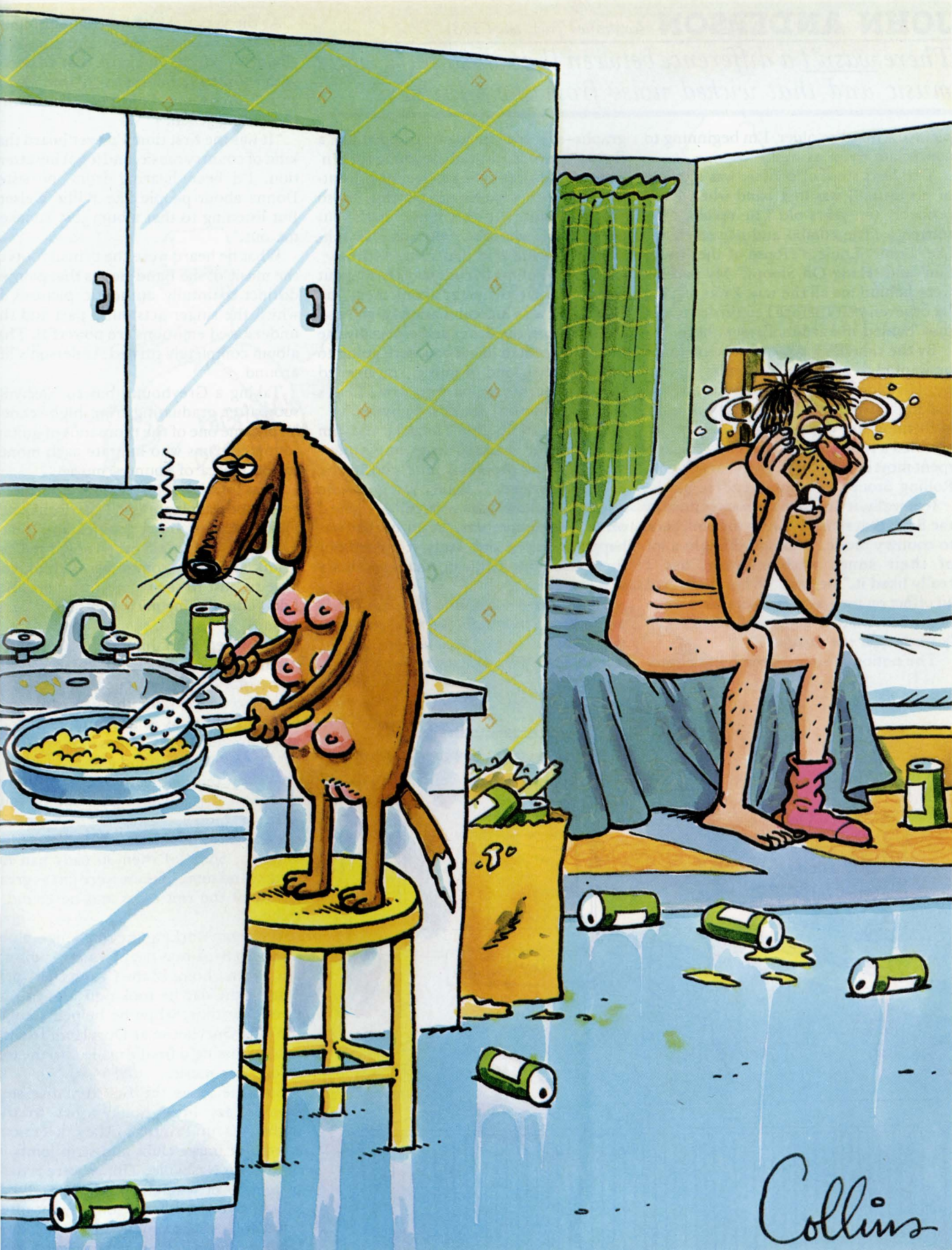
ILLUSTRATION BY REN WICKS





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"Boy, was I drunk last night! I don't even remember your name!"



## JOHN ANDERSON *(continued from page 107)*

*The Rolling Stones' "Under My Thumb" has been part of John Anderson's performances since high school.*

Tour" T-shirt tightly stretched across two ample breasts. Paying her money at the gate, she gazes longingly at the bus but sees nothing; the windows are blackened on the outside.

Anderson giggles, a little high-pitched laugh that makes him sound slightly stoned when he's not.

"Don't I just love it though?" he asks. "Don't I just?"

John David Anderson, scruffy blond hair, beard and all, has a right to his giggles. After all, he's the man called the Great White Hope of country music, the hard-core honky-tonker who spurns temptations galore in order to keep the music country and the spirit true. Last October the Country Music Association enhanced Anderson's stature even more by naming his recording "Swingin'" the top single of the year.

Unlike the smooth country-pop of Eddie Rabbitt or Kenny Rogers, or the synthesized Texas sound of a million Willie Nelson clones, his music remains faithful to that high lonesome sound. Songs like "1959," "I'm Just an Old Chunk of Coal" and "Catch a Falling Star" seem

more closely tied to the country music of 1949 than 1983. With Nashville filled waist-deep in gooey violins and endless girl singers pining over lost loves, Anderson's hard-edged music is a refreshing and welcome change.

"It's kind of weird in a lot of ways," he says, seeming puzzled at being labeled the savior of hard country music—especially since the Band, the Rolling Stones and the Beatles vie with George Jones and Merle Haggard for special places in his heart. The Stones' "Under My Thumb" has been part of John Anderson's performances since high school.

"I'm also flattered in a lot of ways. The fact that my music is taken that seriously makes me feel good. I only hope I'm able to live up to the way people think of me."

What's doubly puzzling is that "Swingin'," the song that launched Anderson's career into the stratosphere, features punchy Memphis-rhythm-and-blues-style strings and a hard-rocking arrangement that sent the song to the top of not only the country charts, but some of the rock charts as well. In fact, the nation's top-rated rock radio station added "Swingin'" to its playlist after its

program director heard the song on a country station while driving to work.

"Swingin'" went on to become the only country single to sell over 1 million copies in 1983. The Country Music Association nominated the song for both Single and Song of the Year. The album featuring "Swingin'"—*Wild and Blue*—was nominated for Album of the Year, and Anderson himself was nominated for Male Vocalist of the Year.

"'Swingin'" was real strange to the musicians in Nashville doing it with me," Anderson recalls. "I said, 'Well, y'all just close your eyes and follow me through this. 'Swingin'" was no accident—we put it on the album on purpose. It was a different song, and we were going to show everybody that we could do some different stuff."

The song's images are as vivid as those of a photograph: *Her brother was on the sofa eating chocolate pie / Her mama was in the kitchen cutting chicken up to fry / Her daddy was in the backyard rolling up a garden hose / And I was on the porch with Charlotte feeling love down to my toes / And we was swingin' / Yeah, we was swingin'.*

"There wasn't really a Charlotte Johnson," he says, grinning. "We just sort of made her up. Course, I've met a bunch since I've been on the road singing it."

Ironically, the success of "Swingin'" and his other hits dredged up a problem as old as Nashville itself. With a couple of hits under his belt, there were lots of producers willing to help an old Florida boy learn how to *really* make a country record. Change that *twang* a little, steer away from those horns, they suggested. Nashville always feels itchy around an outsider.

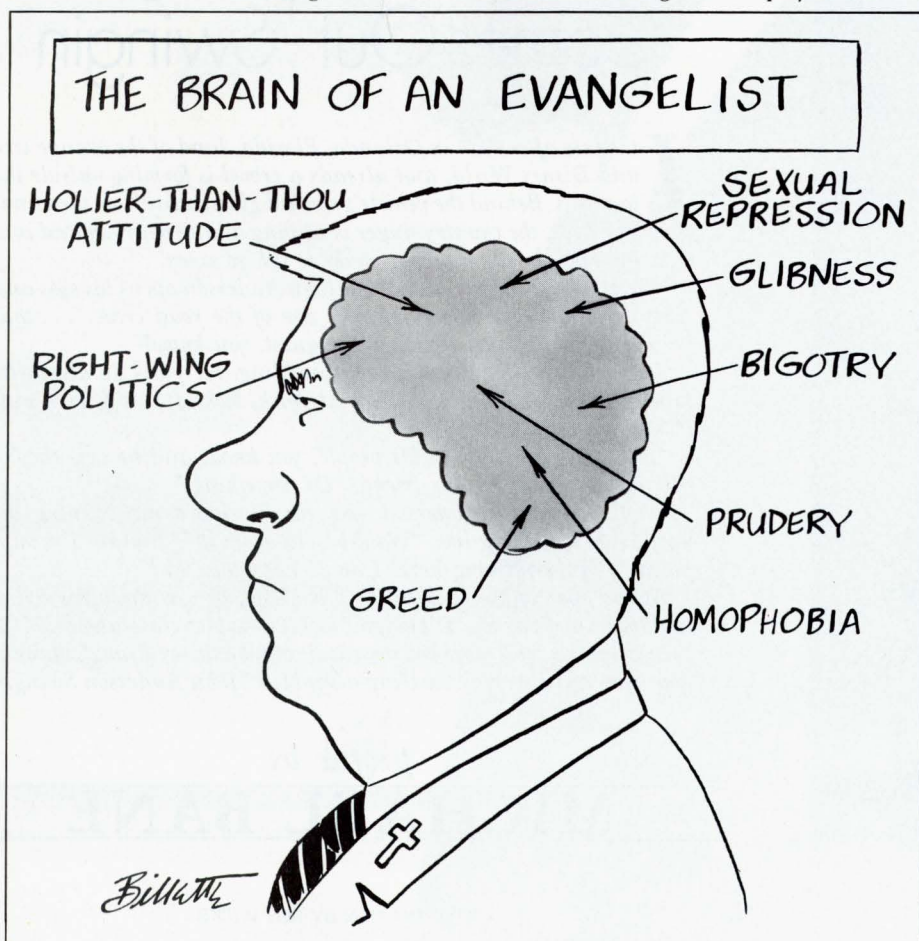
Forget that, John Anderson insisted. My way or no way. "If 'Swingin'" is my last hit," he says, "I ain't changin' to please nobody but me."

\* \* \*

The long, frustrating road that culminated in his current celebrity status began not far from where the tour bus is now parked, in Apopka, Florida, about 15 miles north of Orlando. It's grove country, and in the spring the smell of the orange blossoms is almost overpowering. While Anderson spent his share of childhood hunting and fishing in the woods, he found himself inescapably drawn toward music.

His father, a Marine Corps retiree making his way as a landscaping superintendent for a local college, and his mother, struggling to raise six kids in the small suburban house, saw nothing odd in his musical preoccupation. In fact, his father even bought Anderson his first acoustic guitar.

"My parents didn't really have a lot of records," he says. "My daddy liked the Big Band era, and he still loves it—Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, all those peo-









*There wasn't a difference between that oh-so-pure white music and that wicked noise from the "darkies."*

ple. Now that I'm older, I'm beginning to appreciate them as well."

The next step, of course, was a group of his own. "I was in a band when I was probably ten years old," he recalls. "We started a little combo and played things like 'Louie, Louie,' 'House of the Rising Sun' and 'Hang On Sloopy.' My parents were behind me all the way. I was playing six or seven years before I could drive, and they hauled me around everywhere."

By the time he was 12, Anderson knew he wanted to make his living playing music. His older sister, Donna, was already making moves in that direction, eventually forming her own folk group. John assembled a rock band, the Living End, and spent most of his high-school years playing Rolling Stones and Jimi Hendrix hits.

Ironically, it was the folk-rock sounds of the Band that started him on the path back to country music. "I always thought a lot of their songs were country, but I really liked it," he says. "What really had an effect on me was that theirs were some of the first 'picture' songs; their lyrics really made you see images."

The notion of songs resembling photo-

graphs—everyday incidents trapped like a fly in amber—captivated the young rock 'n' roller. He'd already begun feeling a dissatisfaction with what he was playing, not so much because of the music itself but because of what he felt was the self-destructive lifestyle that came with it.

"So many of my friends had a falling out with their parents right about then," he recalls. "It was a combination of things—the long hair, the drugs and especially the music. It seemed like if you were going to relate to that kind of music, you needed to put a tourniquet on your arm. That's what the parents would say anyway."

His rock idols, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, fell victim to drugs, and Anderson saw their problems mirrored in the lives of his friends. "'You're just gonna be an old dopehead' was a warning I heard often," he remembers. "A lot of that was happening then and, sadly, it turned out there was some truth in what everybody said."

Years later Anderson would sing: *Would you catch a falling star / Before he crashes to the ground? / Don't you know how people are? / Nobody loves you when you're down.*

At the very peak of his disillusionment with rock he came across a greatest-hits album by Merle Haggard that featured such country standards as "Mama Tried" and "Lonesome Fugitive." Suddenly, everything jelled.

"It was the first time I'd ever heard that kind of country music, and it got my attention. I'd been hearing from my sister Donna about people like Willie Nelson. But listening to that album just knocked me out."

What he heard were the primal roots of the music of the Band—songs that painted distinct, painfully authentic pictures in which the singer acts out a part and the understated emotions are powerful. That album completely turned Anderson's life around.

Taking a Greyhound bus to Nashville soon after graduating from high school, he became one of the thousands of guitar-toting pilgrims who migrate each month to the mecca of country music.

"Was I straight!" he recalls. "'Bout all I'd ever done was play music. I got drunk once in high school, but I got sick and didn't like it. Now don't get me wrong. I still get drunk and crazy sometimes—I think you have to, just to see what's out there. But I don't do nothing my parents don't know about."

He stayed with his sister Donna and began the long process of carving out a niche in a city full of talented people all trying to do the same thing. His first job in Music City was as a plumber's helper at minimum hourly wages.

"You could sit around and just listen to guys play their songs," he says, "or you could get a guitar and play one of your own. It didn't matter then; we were friends. Some of them made it real big later on. Some of them already had hit songs. And some of them were just as great as any of the rest of us and never did a thing."

He began working the small nightclubs on South Broadway near Ryman Auditorium, former home of the Grand Ole Opry. During the day he took odd jobs to survive. One time, when he helped shingle the new Opryhouse at Opryland, friends kidded that he'd finally made it to the top of country music.

Soon he made the first tentative step from sleazy little honky-tonks to the nightspots in Printer's Alley, a famous stretch of music clubs and strip joints in downtown Nashville. Things were actually going pretty well, he said, if you didn't mind playing the same songs night after night and risk becoming a 19-year-old alcoholic from drinking between every musical set.

Realizing that the likelihood of an unknown Printer's Alley singer being

(continued on page 124)

FEBRUARY HUSTLER





# FRUIT OF THE PAWNS









Ah, the wonderful decadence that was ancient Rome. Lust ruled the Empire. Sex slaves obeyed and satisfied their master's every desire. A wealthy centurion could buy himself a virgin . . . perhaps *two* virgins. But he had to be wary of discounted merchandise. Of course, the possibilities of sex with a slave who was both man *and* woman were endless. And as long as his grapes were peeled and his cock suckled (hopefully never vice versa), how could a man complain? Is not conquering the rear flanks the same, regardless of the frontal weaponry? It was, at least in ancient Rome.









































*"I'd have liked a shot at the Opry back when Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams Sr. first walked onstage."*

handed a hit song by a top Nashville writer was nil, Anderson began writing his own songs in earnest. He finally progressed from clubs to motel lounges and from there to small record labels at which he worked with some of Nashville's top back-up musicians.

His first recorded song was "Swoop Down, Sweet Jesus," a far cry from the sexually oriented "Under My Thumb," which he had played for years. While this and other records failed, and the labels that released them disappeared, Anderson received both praise and encouragement from many veteran studio musicians. They said they hadn't heard anything like the green singer from Florida in a long, long time.

\* \* \*

In many ways John Anderson represents a third generation of country singers—those influenced primarily by rock 'n' roll, rather than earlier country music. While country went to the city long ago, it never forgot where it came from—rural America. The first generation of modern country singers, notably Hank Williams and Jimmie Rodgers, were really

displaced hillbillies. The music they sang was hardly original; it had been passed down from generation to generation.

Much of it was the painfully pure folk music of the Appalachian Mountains, which traced its roots back to Elizabethan England. Some of it was gritty, hard-core Nigger Blues—the music of the honky-tonks and ratty dance halls that dotted the South like ticks on a hound. The genius of this first generation was that they instinctively realized there *wasn't* a difference between that oh-so-pure white music and that wicked noise from the "darkies."

The second generation, folks like Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson, were strongly affected by their predecessors. Growing up listening to the radio, fighting World War II and surviving the gray 1950s, they expanded country music—opening it to various kinds of musical influences.

Most important, they popularized country beyond anyone's wildest imagination. What had started out as a tiny rural movement became a national mania by the 1970s, rivaling rock 'n' roll.

Soaring record revenues brought hordes of accountants, bottom-line men in dark

pinstriped suits who soon dominated the country-music scene. They told Nashville a very basic truth—bland music that offends no one would appeal to a larger market. The bigger the market, the greater the income for everyone. Millions of additional records would be sold, they said, if country music sounded more like pop.

Then along came the third generation of country singers—children of the mass media, the transistor radio, the Stones and Led Zeppelin. The best of them digested the music of Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson and the first-generation singers, beginning to fuse all those influences into a new/old style of music.

Rather than slavishly imitating old forms, they hammered out some new connections—a little rhythm-and-blues, a little Hank Williams, a little fiddle music, even some violins when the spirit moved them. The critics went apeshit. Suddenly, everybody remembered what country music *really* was—a tough musical mongrel.

"I was heavy into rock back in the 1960s," Anderson says. "But all my life I heard and loved the traditional country songs that used to be performed at the original Grand Ole Opry. I'd have liked a shot at the Opry back when Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams Sr. first walked onstage with flattop Martin guitars. Everybody was just doing their thing, same as we do now. Only we could hardly do it at the new, commercial Grand Ole Opry. They don't make room for experimenters anymore."

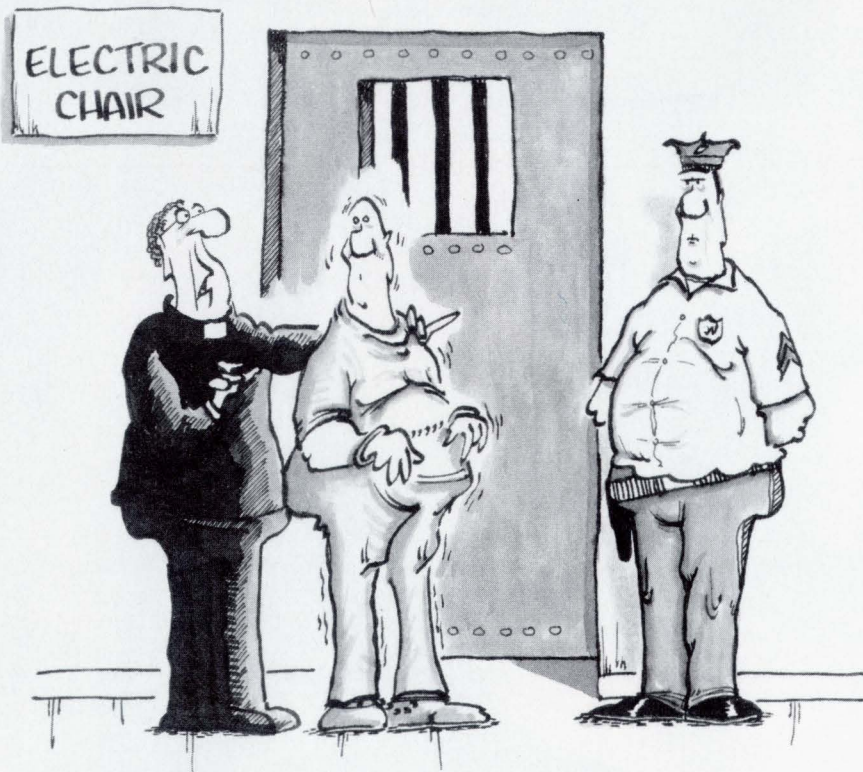
\* \* \*

When John Anderson stepped off the bus in Nashville back in 1972, he didn't exactly wander into a singer/songwriter's vision of Hillbilly Heaven. Country music was in a lull before the storm, and Nashville wasn't interested in hard country or Florida boys. The revolution sparked by Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings was still a year or so away, and Anderson found himself butting up against a wall.

Record producers were pushing a smooth, suburban formula to replace the dying Nashville sound—the Eddy Arnold/Ray Price slick style that had dominated country for a decade. The last thing they wanted was someone interested in writing barroom ballads or honky-tonk dance music. That, Nashville's big guns had decreed, belonged to country music's past—not its future.

"I had then become a staff writer for a publishing company," Anderson remembers. "It was a case where I did what I could, hoping something might come out of it for another artist with one of my songs. It's different now than it was then. Nowadays, people realize that songs have got to come from *somewhere*."

Disenchanted and depressed, he followed another hallowed country-music



Thunk

"When you get there, would you mind delivering a personal message for me?"





"I pity th' fool who don't sucks my pussy when I tell him to!!"



## JOHN ANDERSON (continued from page 124)

*Reaching for the unknown, being different, distinguishes performers such as John Anderson from Lawrence Welk.*

tradition—heading for nightclubs in Texas. Willie Nelson once said that no singer could ever starve to death in Texas if he was willing to play the honky-tonks. "It was extremely frustrating," he says. "We were trying to get into the honky-tonks, and there was just no work."

Anderson drifted from Texas to Colorado, occasionally appearing in ski-resort lounges and doing odd jobs such as farm-work, digging, carrying boards for carpenters and clerking in grocery stores. He ended up in Los Angeles flat broke without a job.

Through an old friend he made arrangements to return to Tennessee and record one of his songs on a small label. "What Did I Promise Her Last Night?" went nowhere. But Mel Tillis's version became a top-ten hit, and that meant John Anderson had at least found a niche.

In the year that he'd been gone, he also found that the music business had changed. Nashville was in an uproar, and nobody knew where country music was headed. Maybe, Anderson reasoned, it was headed his way.

"New people were running the major record companies, and pretty soon you could hear the difference in the music," he says. "It was more liberal, a big, free deal where everyone could come in and start experimenting a little bit. Nashville had never allowed that before."

Thanks to performers like Nelson and Jennings, the country-music audience had begun to change. Young people, weaned on rock 'n' roll, started shifting to country in droves—reacting to an energy that was

lacking in rock. All the old forms—rhythm-and-blues, old-time country, rockabilly—sounded good to them. It almost seemed as if they were *looking* for Anderson.

Perhaps the greatest irony of all is that Anderson and his peers knew something that the music establishment regularly forgets—that the basis of good music, whether it's country, rock or whatever, is *risk*. Reaching for the unknown, trying a little of this and a little of that, being *different*, is what distinguishes performers such as John Anderson from Lawrence Welk.

"I realize that not everyone in the audience will appreciate my music," he says. "I imagine a few of them go home offended, and a few of them go home in tears. But for the majority it seems like we're doing okay. I have little bitty kids, just able to walk, come up and hug me. I also have people who are so old they can barely get around come up and thank me. That's about all you can ask for. That's *more* than you should go around expecting!"

\* \* \*

Earlier in the day, before the show in Orlando, Anderson is headed for lunch at his parents' house in Apopka. "See that great big house over there? That's one of the grove owners' houses. See that big house over there?" He motions toward a not-so-big mansion. "That's one of the processing-plant managers' houses. See those little ratty houses over there? That's where I grew up."

He breaks into a North Florida chuckle, sort of a cross between a snicker and a "tee-hee-hee." Anderson is on his home turf, and he's come back a winner. But then he


addresses himself to the grim realities of constantly being on the road. "Now home is mainly the back of the bus I'm traveling in," he says ruefully. "We've been touring ever since the first album in 1981. I think we've probably played every club there is to play."

Once he had a wife, but she got tired of a husband who was gone nine months out of the year. "I understand completely," he says. "This whole business is just a bad, bad deal for the ladies. Their suspicions and jealousies about groupies and other hangers-on tend to get the best of them."

\* \* \*

At the Anderson house in Apopka, brother is in the back room, getting ready for the feast/Mama's in the kitchen cutting veggies up in pieces/Sisters set the table/Their daddy grills the meat. John Anderson plops down on the couch in a tiny den decorated with a couple of deer heads and a stuffed bass—reminders of days when there was all the time in the world to tramp the woods and dream.

Later this evening, in Orlando, he'll sing Bo Diddley and the Stones. Some of the crowd will probably think he's changed little from the rock singer he was not so long ago. But then he'll do "Swingin," and the audience will go wild.

For the moment, though, Anderson is content to recline on the couch and ponder his rosy future. "Am I going to be rich soon?" he asks rhetorically. "I don't know. I doubt it. If everything continues to grow, the law of averages says that probably someday I'll make a little bit of money. It seems funny that I played all these years and never thought about money, 'cause I never had it. I can still say I'm not conscious of the dollar affecting my music. I only hope my music doesn't keep affecting my consciousness of the dollar." 



"Christ will be back in a minute; He's in the garden puking."





"I hope you put on clean underwear, young man... you never know where you're gonna OD!"



## HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Name to Be Published \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

### NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.**

**I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.**

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

## ADDRESS: NOWHERE

(continued from page 91)

Her appraisal of the situation is shared by officials nationwide. Not only is homelessness reaching epidemic proportions, it's also reaching across racial, social, occupational and educational boundaries, infecting every segment of our society—with the exception of the very wealthy.

Congressman Henry Gonzalez (D-Texas) says it is a mistake to think that homelessness affects just a few "bums." "The evidence is that a great many of the homeless were just a few months ago stable, responsible people who had homes and jobs, but whose world collapsed around them," he says.

Adds Michael Elias, director of the Christian Temporary Housing Facility in Orange, California: "The increase is in the family-type person who can't find a job, lost the apartment, can't get credit." Elias handled 8,571 requests for emergency shelter in 1981. In 1982 he had 33% more requests. For 1984 Elias shudders at the thought of even counting the requests—he knows there will be so many.

At the East Side Neighborhoods Services organization in Minneapolis, Mary Jane Partyka says, "What we are seeing now is a new class of poor. Our shelters are filled with them—families, good people, productive people from our own communities."

At a Little Rock, Arkansas, mission Dennis Hamilton adds, "They could be your next-door neighbors."

Mary Ellen Hombs of the Community for Creative Non-Violence sums up these stark realities when she says, "Unemployment, Reaganomics and the economy have combined to drive hundreds of thousands of middle-class people into utter and absolute destitution."

A look at some of the harsh statistics makes it simpler to see why there is so little optimism among those who are already on the streets, or those who are right now hanging on for dear life to stay off them.

☆In just the first nine months of 1982, 301 industrial plants closed for good, and 880,657 workers were laid off.

☆When Atlantic Richfield pulled the plug at its copper-smelting plant in Montana, 1,000 workers lost their jobs.

☆Of the proposed federal budget of \$848.5 billion, a measly 1.5% is earmarked for dealing with unemployment in 1984.

☆Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, estimating conservatively, predicts a jobless rate of 9.9% for 1984.

☆In most states federal funds for aid to the homeless are down 75% from 1981 levels.

Not only is unemployment soaring, but the funds for dealing with it are diminish-

ing. And as the U.S. Conference of Mayors has observed: "The most significant characteristic of the increasing number of homeless people was their recent unemployment."

Like a chain of dominoes flattened by a tiny nudge at the front of the line, unemployment is merely the first step toward homelessness. The series of events that can follow, and the speed with which they take place, are both terrifying and degrading to the victims. Solid citizens whose hopes, dreams and futures are deeply tied to mortgage payments suddenly discover that they can expect little sympathy when they get one or two months behind in their payments. Foreclosure is not far off.

The American Dream may be one of homeownership, but for hundreds of thousands of us that dream has become a nightmare. In Los Angeles, for example, nearly 8,000 families lost their homes in foreclosure proceedings during 1982. That's four times more than in 1981. The Los Angeles Legal Aid Foundation says it is representing 40% more homeowners now fighting foreclosure.

For most people losing a job is bad enough. But losing a home is devastating. Notes Gene Watne, a state legislator from North Dakota who attended two foreclosures last fall: "It was really something to see the people just stand there and cry." There wasn't much else they could do.

Dean Frye of Los Angeles knows firsthand what that's like. Frye had earned a good living working at General Motors' South Gate plant in California. He and his wife bought a home in suburban Anaheim, and with a weekly income that sometimes rose over \$800 with overtime, they were easily able to afford the \$841-per-month mortgage.

"Then," says Frye, "it turned into a nightmare." He and hundreds of others were laid off. Recently, foreclosure proceedings were initiated against the Fries.

For Doug and Pamela Sue Dailey of Ohio, time ran out too quickly. The auctioneer's gavel came down, and their family farm was sold out from under them. "Dailey had been a very progressive farmer—a good producer," says Dennis Henderson, an agricultural economist at Ohio State University. "His crop yields were among the best." But bad weather, lower crop prices and high interest rates left the Daileys unable to pay their bills. To the court it didn't matter that they wanted to pay what they owed and intended to—given a little more time.

Dailey is just one of a probable 2,000 farmers in Ohio who will be forced off their land this year. Nationwide the story is just as bleak. As many as six farmers in every 100 will have their farms wrested away from them; years of hard and pro-

(continued on page 136)



# \$10,000

# Beaver Hunt

HUSTLER not only awards \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears on these pages, but each issue we now select one entry to be our Beaver of the Month. She appears in HUSTLER's new photo-feature, *Beaver Spotlight*. (Check out pages 134-135 of this issue.) And every monthly winner will go on to compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000!

That prize includes exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER movie! So get those snapshots in today, and you can send in as many as you like. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 128, or a facsimile, and fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.



Photo by Rogers S.



Photo by M.E.F.

Lynn, a 26-year-old housewife and student from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, enjoys dancing and video games. Lynn fantasizes about spending an evening making love with two of her female classmates.

Pleasant Hill, California, is home for 18-year-old Heather, a secretary who says her fantasy is the person she lives with. When she is not busy at the office, she enjoys modeling, dancing, sunbathing and sex.

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DEPARTMENT  
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Twenty-eight-year-old Terry, a dancer from Las Vegas, Nevada, says her hobby is sex. Terry doesn't have a specific fantasy — she's open to anything as long as it feels good.

Photo by friend



photo by husband

Janet Parcell, 33, a housewife from Sioux City, Iowa, is ready to make her film debut — starring in a homemade porn film with her husband and another woman. Also, Janet likes to exercise, ride bikes and bowl.



Photo by Don

"T," 25, a housewife from Cleveland, Ohio, spends her free time dancing and posing for pictures. Her fantasy? "I want to be a HUSTLER Honey." "T" adds "Doesn't every girl?"

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RESERVED  
MARK TAPER \$13.25  
SATUR 8:00 P.M.  
1979



NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Susan, a 27-year-old geologist from Denver, Colorado, enjoys dancing, roller-skating, swimming and tennis. Susan gets off on fantasizing about her own hottest sexual experiences.



Photo by Jewel C. Keys



Photo by Bill



Photo by Husband

Posing for a HUSTLER centerfold would fulfill Diana's fantasy. A 26-year-old housewife from Erial, New Jersey, Diana says her two favorite hobbies are "plants and cocks."

Tina, 26, is an "inspector" from Simi, California, who prefers being naked when she participates in her favorite activities: swimming, sunbathing and riding an ATC motorcycle. Tina says all of her sexual fantasies have already been fulfilled.

LOT NO.

10753

10121 Galaxy Way  
Operated by KinPark





Photo by husband

Lady G., 23, from Urbana, Ohio, lists her occupation as "wife, cockteaser and satisfier." Lady G., who enjoys surfing and cocksucking, tells us her fantasy is nonexistent—explaining that if she hasn't done it, it can't be done.



Photo by Theodore Keiper

Cindy, a 22-year-old factory worker from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, enjoys parties and sex. Cindy says all of her fantasies have been fulfilled except for one: she'd really get off on becoming a professional porn model.



Photo by Richard

Thirty-three-year-old Susan is a romantic housewife from Omaha, Nebraska, whose hobbies are sewing and gardening. Susan's personal fantasy is to "live in a world in which everyone's dreams and fantasies come true."



**HELLO**  
my name is

Twenty-four-year-old L.C.'s fantasy is to appear in a nude photo-layout in Playgirl magazine. A student from Cleveland, Ohio, he enjoys coin collecting when he's not busy studying for exams.



Photo by L.C.



Photo by Tony



Photo by Husband

Motorcycling, traveling, and swimming are what Sharon, 19, does in her free time. A salesclerk from Farmington, New Mexico, Sharon fantasizes about making love while floating high above the ground in a hot-air balloon.

Music, camping, crafts and hiking are the favorite leisure-time activities of Bridgett, 27, a salesperson from Utah. Bridgett's love of the great outdoors is reflected in her fantasy — having a wild sexual encounter in the middle of a dense forest.







# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

In this month's *Beaver Spotlight*, HUSTLER proudly brings you a special "sneak preview" photo-spread. Our recent photo-session with gorgeous Carla of Denver, Colorado, was so hot and juicy that we decided to present a full-length photo-feature of this delectable lady in an upcoming issue.





A 20-year-old PBX operator, Carla says she'd one day like to become either a model or screen star. Since this was Carla's first time posing for a professional photographer, we asked her about the experience. "It was a lot of fun," she said enthusiastically. "The photographer was really nice. He made me feel very comfortable and at ease in front of the camera." Carla says she's told all her friends about the photo-shoot. "They think it's something very special that I was chosen to model for HUSTLER Magazine."

When Carla isn't busy working at the switchboard, she enjoys dancing and exercising—hobbies that you can see have paid off in a fantastic figure. With sultry looks like Carla's and a sizzling-hot photo-spread like this one for starters, we here at HUSTLER think she's well on her way to fulfilling all those dreams of stardom.





## ADDRESS: NOWHERE *(continued from page 136)*

*Many homeless said that the streets were actually safer and less degrading than New York's public shelters.*

keep themselves or their children alive. Hitler's death camps showed that even dying human beings could muster the strength to fight among each other for a bone.

Women are especially vulnerable to violence on the streets. Rape, assault and physical abuse are commonplace. What little extra clothing or blankets they can gather are often taken from them by force.

"There are homeless women," says Ellen Baxter of the New York Community Service Society, "who were mentally stable when they got to the streets but developed the kind of behavior that makes them appear disturbed. They get no sleep, have very poor diets and are assaulted often."

Five years ago the problem of homeless women was virtually nonexistent. The few women on the streets were alcoholic, "crazy," classic street dwellers. Over the past few years the female street population has grown to hundreds of thousands. Life has deteriorated that quickly and that thoroughly. As Les Brown of the Chicago Coalition for the Homeless says, "It is gen-

erally thought that when a society begins to be unable to care for its female population, it is an indication that things are breaking down."

Often the first to be laid off and earning—on the average—only 59¢ to a man's dollar, women are the fastest-growing group of those with incomes under the poverty level. Divorce now breaks up half of all marriages, and, for better or for worse, children are usually left in the custody of the woman. Despite recent crack-downs against delinquent fathers, 40% of all child-support money is never paid. Hoards of women, many with children, are now finding themselves out of work, out of money and out on the streets.

Nell Baker of Indianapolis lost her job as a keypunch operator a month after her husband left her and their two children. "I have no family, no one to turn to," she laments. "I had to put the kids in foster homes until I can find some way to support us all."

In Phoenix, Dorothy DiGiosia and her six children live in a car. "I came from a big family," she says. "When I was growing up, we didn't have much money, but we

had a lot of love. I always wanted my kids to have lots of brothers and sisters. But things aren't like they used to be. You can't make it anymore on a wing and a prayer and help from each other. People don't want to stick together and help each other anymore. Now each guy just wants to help himself.

"I don't know what I'm supposed to do with all these kids now. And they don't know what to do. They just want to be cool and make some money so they can buy themselves flashy clothes or drugs or whatever they want. In the meantime I have to feed the little ones, and we got no place to live."

In some cities, shelters are a partial answer. Despite their often-deplorable conditions, to many women they are the lesser of two humiliating evils.

"Women in particular take homelessness hard," says Ellen Baxter of the New York Community Service Society. "The women are much more ashamed than the men about living on the streets, and most find it demeaning to have to beg from strangers."

For both men and women it is doubly demeaning to ask for help, to go to a public shelter and then to find that many shelters are even worse than the streets.

Robert Hayes of the Coalition for the Homeless is a New York attorney who gave up a lucrative practice to personally investigate the conditions of the homeless. At first he had assumed that people who slept in the streets must be unaware of the alternatives. But when he talked to street dwellers, many told him that the streets were actually safer and less degrading than the cities' public shelters.

After losing his job as an apartment manager in Northridge, California, Herbert Krashin found out he had cancer. Unable to survive alone, he tried various Los Angeles missions. "These are places where people can go to live temporarily," he says. "But they are usually in very depressing parts of the city. And my experience is, they usually are infested with drugs, fighting and stealing."

Just how bad are conditions in the shelters? The response to that question appears to be the same in every major city. A guard in a men's shelter on East Third Street in Manhattan says, "You start scratching the minute you hit the door." The stench is overwhelming, and violence is commonplace.

"Let me tell you something," says a young resident. "This is a bad place to be. The guards beat you for no reason at all. You never know what the guy next to you is going to pull. You're much better off on the streets now."

Instead of receiving welfare, the homeless in Sacramento, California, are told to move into Bannon Street, the only county



"Well, what do you expect? I don't always sleep with white guys!"







## ADDRESS: NOWHERE (continued from page 138)

*"People once again are going to wind up dying on the streets. They are deaths that could be avoided."*

poorhouse in the state—maybe in the nation. Harry Specht, dean of the Graduate School of Social Studies at the University of California at Berkeley, calls the poorhouse "medieval."

Sixty-six men and women live in Bannon Street, a dormitory where rules are military stiff and unbending. Breakfast is served at 6:30 a.m. sharp, liquor is forbidden, and residents must work three days a week—raking leaves and cleaning streets—in return for shelter, but no cash.

"The word this place misses is *dignity*," says Vince, a resident of Bannon Street. "There is no place to be alone, no privacy."

Arthur Robbins, a 44-year-old farm worker, was so disgusted with Bannon Street that he turned it down. "It's like a jail, a concentration camp for the poor," he says. "I haven't done anything to be in jail for."

Although most of the poorhouse's residents don't like it there, few have any choice. Night after night the dormitory is crowded. "We've been nearly full up," says Rex Rapier, manager of the facility.

The concept of punishing or restricting people simply because they cannot find

work is reminiscent of a 19th-century Charles Dickens novel. "Debtors prisons" they called them then.

Regardless of the unpleasant conditions of public shelters, they are a necessity, especially in the colder months. Last winter when big storms dumped merciless amounts of snow on New York City, at least three homeless individuals died from exposure. New York Assemblyman Peter Grannis predicts more of the same this winter. "People once again are going to wind up dying on the streets," he warns. "They are deaths that could be avoided."

There is no way of knowing how many deaths have gone unrecorded. But hundreds more are sure to die in the coming cold spells.

"In winter," says New York Mayor Ed Koch, "this job of sheltering the homeless takes on special urgency." Koch points out that in New York the wind-chill factor often lowers the temperature to zero. "For those without shelter, such weather poses a threat to life itself. There are thousands of homeless in New York. The help they need must be provided."

Whether or not help can be provided in time to save lives is doubtful. A recent report issued by the AFL-CIO Public Employees Department and the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees states: "Cuts in federal domestic assistance already enacted in the first two years of the Reagan Administration have pushed state and local governments—and the people dependent on the services they provide—near the brink of disaster."

Most of what is being done represents only a drop in the bucket. In Portland, Oregon, the City Council allocated just \$65,000 to help the homeless of their city. Arlington, Virginia, is spending \$18,000 on motel space for their homeless. In Kentucky the state is setting up a \$1.5-million project to convert unused church basements, schools and public buildings into emergency shelters.

In San Francisco, however, Mayor Diane Feinstein donated \$750,000 in city funds to help the homeless, while nearby—in posh Nob Hill—the Grace Cathedral opened its doors to provide temporary housing. Its rector, the Reverend William H. Barcus III, has put out a challenge to every American cathedral "to get their doors open. If we can do it on Nob Hill, one of the classiest places in the world, it can be done anywhere."

But for every helping hand, for every city willing to face the problem, there are hundreds of others who look the other way. Last winter, for example, the House of Representatives passed a bill to provide emergency aid to the homeless. But when the measure was taken up in a conference with the Republican Senate, it died and was quickly forgotten.

In Irvine, California, an affluent suburban community, the city just voted \$3.5 million to build an *animal* shelter—and not a cent for a people shelter.

The White House announced that it was "considering" converting unused military bases and buildings into temporary shelters, but it hasn't happened. In fact, under Reagan \$30 billion has been axed out of programs designed to help the needy. Without federal aid, short-term measures being taken by cities and states are simply sandbags against a dam that is about to burst.

Even more alarming than the problem of shelter is the shortage of funds to feed the poor. Average food-stamp benefits are a pathetically inadequate 48¢ per person, per meal. People are left to scavenge like stray dogs.

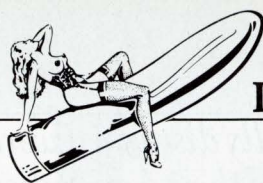
Jack Squicciarini, a security director for Red Apple food stores, sees firsthand how much people are hurting. "I could show you stores," he says, "where our garbage goes out at night, and within a minute 40

(continued on page 192)



DWAIN TINSLEY





# SEX CRIMES THE DARK TRUTH

**T**he two detectives entered the third-floor apartment with their guns drawn, but only as a precau-

tion. They were veterans of the homicide squad and had been through this routine a hundred times before: Neighbors had heard screams and called the police. While it had taken the officers three hours to respond to the call, more often than not this sort of thing turned out to be a false alarm—a family squabble or an overly loud couple making love.

"No sign of anything in here," Detective Jack Martinez commented to his partner after they'd checked the living room. "I'll look in the kitchen—you take the bedroom."

"Right." Seconds later the partner let out a moan and ran back into the living room, calling, "Jack! Oh, God. . . ." Then he vomited all over the carpet.

\* \* \*

When Martinez began to describe the scene in court, the judge tried to keep a calm, passive look on his face as he listened to the gruesome details. Martinez continued, the words coming out slowly, hesitantly.

"I saw the deceased, Catherine Wilkens, on the bed. There was blood. Everywhere. She was spread-eagle, her hands and legs tied to the bedposts with electrician's tape. She . . . she looked like a flesh birthday cake. All these holes were dug into her skin like Swiss cheese, and candles were jammed in them—all of them—and her vagina and her eyes. . . ."

Harry Gains was found guilty of the January 3, 1978, murder and rape of Catherine Wilkens, a 23-year-old graduate student at the University of Illinois. He voluntarily confessed to the crime the first day of the trial, as if it had been a practical joke. When asked why he had done it, Gains replied, "For fun.

HUSTLER FEBRUARY



**BY MARK ZASLOVE  
AND JIM HEINISCH**

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*

It felt good—hitting her around, stripping her, ripping her clothes off while she screamed. I held her mouth and stuck my knife into her chest. Yeah, that made me very hot—watching her reaction to being stabbed like that and cutting her breasts open."

"And the candles? Why did you use the candles?" he was asked.

"I watched her," Gains answered, reliving the scene as he spoke. "She had that look, and I knew she was caught. I slit her because one pussy wasn't enough for me. I needed more.

So I gave her a hundred. The candles," he began to laugh, "were only for decoration. I kept some of the stuff, you know."

"The stuff?" inquired the prosecutor.

"Her nipples," Gains grinned.

Twenty-seven dried-up nipples were found by the police in a cookie jar in the kitchen cupboard of Gains's apartment. According to the police officer who discovered them, "They looked just like raisins. That's what I thought they were at first."

\* \* \*

According to police statistics, more than 250,000 sex crimes are committed in the United States every year. The most common by far is rape, though exhibitionism and some fetishism also make the police blotters.

Once mislabeled a "crime of passion," rape is now considered to be a violent crime and a serious assault against an individual. Over 80% of all sexual assaults require that the victim be hospitalized, and roughly 15% of all rapes result in the death of the victim. That amounts to approximately 35,000 murders linked with rape each year, and the numbers just keep going up. In fact, rape has become the fastest-growing crime in America today—increasing at the alarming rate of 62% per year.

Some authorities feel that the jump in the rape statistics is actually a result of more crimes being reported, rather than an



## SEX PLAY (continued from page 141)

*Children found to be severely sexually disturbed were those who were introverted and terrified of their own bodies.*

increase in the number committed. This can be attributed to the change in society's attitude toward rape. Rape victims are now being treated with more sympathy than in the old "crime of passion" days when the victim, most often a young woman, was frequently humiliated by the police and held as an object of scorn as if she'd tempted the rapist beyond his ability to control himself.

While uncontrollable sexual urges may be a factor, the percentage of rapes that result in injuries or deaths indicates that rapists have difficulty distinguishing between sex and violence. In fact, for most there is no difference.

In extreme cases violence provides the primary incentive, and sexual gratification is purely secondary. Examples litter the pages of pathological crime: Jack the Ripper, John Wayne Gacy, Richard Speck and the Hillside Strangler all got kicks through mutilation, torture and—ultimately—taking the lives of their victims.

In less severe incidents, rapes often take place as part of some other crime (kidnapping, robbery, burglary), and while sex is

the motive, the assault becomes almost an afterthought, inspired more by the criminal's control over the victim than actual lust.

There are several theories as to what motivates sex criminals—and what gives them satisfaction. While it is difficult to present a composite profile of a typical rapist, criminologists and psychologists have discovered a number of common characteristics.

Men who rape and are apprehended generally have a history of violent, aggressive behavior, an average age of under 30 years, a history of drug and/or alcohol abuse and impaired family relationships. They also have poor ego development, low self-esteem, a sense of inadequacy, and difficulty in establishing relationships. Tragically, these characteristics also parallel those of adults who were victims of child abuse.

Dr. James Prescott writes in his pamphlet *Child Abuse: Slaughter of the Innocents*: "When we deprive our infants and children of physical affection, and when we are very repressive toward sexual plea-

sure, then the inevitable outcome is emotional disturbance and physical violence."

Prescott goes on to report: "In a booklet written for the National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect, Dr. Brandt Steele revealed that child abusers had themselves been abused as children. A pattern of violence was established early in their lives, and they passed it along to their offspring.

"In addition, Dr. Steele found in his interviews . . . that these parents obtained very little pleasure in their daily living and in particular received little physical pleasure from their sex lives. Of the mothers who abused their children, only very few ever experienced orgasm. This . . . supports a relationship between the inability to experience physical pleasure and the expression of physical violence."

If abuse is the only attention a child receives when he is seeking affection, it's easy to understand how sadistic pleasure replaces the gratification of normal affection, and striking out equals a caress. With this horribly distorted perspective violent sex offenders are actually expressing love as it was demonstrated to them in their childhood.

A less complex—and currently popular—view of rape is the feminist-inspired theory that rape has more to do with domination than with sex. This school of thought holds that it is a conscious display of male power, an assertion of superiority over the female.

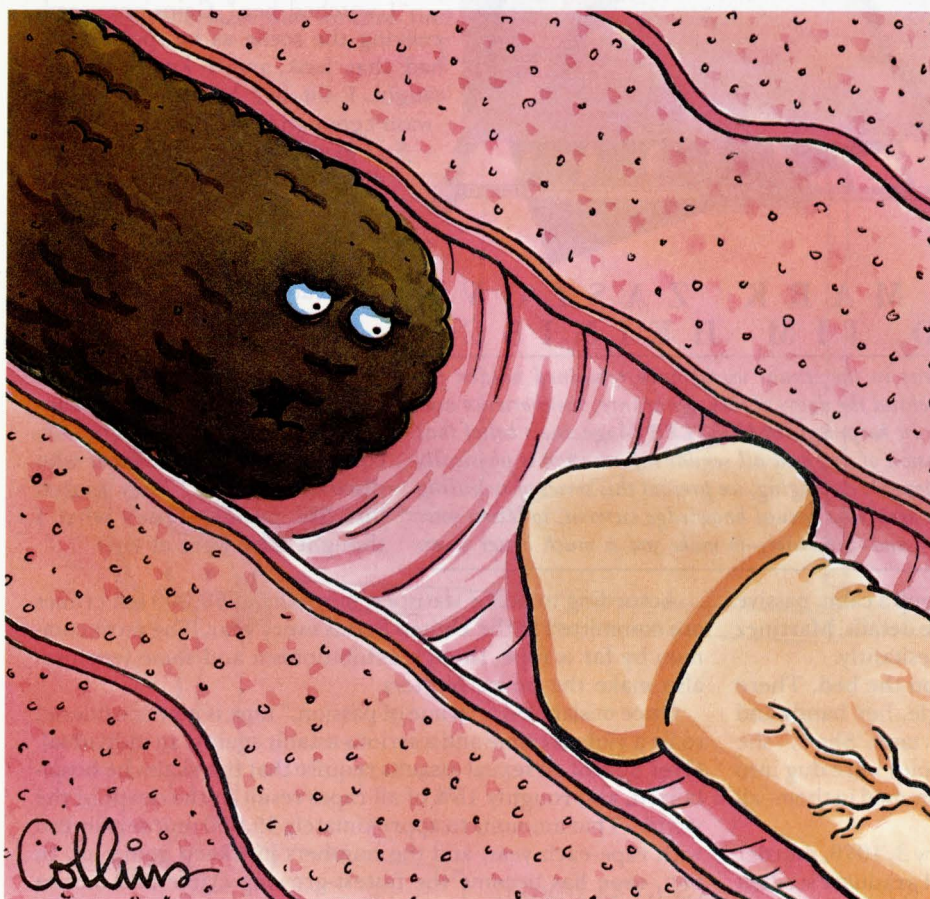
Despite the limited scope of this radical-feminist view, rape as a tool of power does manifest itself in other arenas of society. The most obvious example is prison, where homosexual rape is used routinely to establish dominance and maintain a prison pecking order.

Of course, when feminist writer Susan Brownmiller stood up at a Socialist Workers' Party meeting at Columbia University in 1970 and shouted, "Rape is a political crime against women!" she was not taking into account homosexual rape. Nor did she feel it appropriate to include the rape of men by women—a crime frighteningly on the rise in the United States—in her sweeping generalization.

The rape of a male by a female is the same as the more common type of rape. It is a violent sexual violation. Until recently this was thought to be literally impossible. After all, how could a man get the erection necessary for penetration while facing a knife or the barrel of a gun? The surprising answer is that it's not all that difficult.

"We know that young boys, even men, get erections in all kinds of nonsexual situations," says Dr. Philip Sarrel, director of the sex-counseling service at Yale Univer-

(continued on page 194)



"Hey, asshole, you're going the wrong way!"





11:23 p.m.



1:17 a.m.



2:06 a.m.



3:44 a.m.



4:58 a.m.



5:20 a.m.



7:15 a.m.



7:16 a.m.

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Protection that's great... if you don't masturbate.



## LARRY McDONALD (continued from page 52)

*Ironically, the very night that McDonald was killed, his hero-Pinochet—was being taunted by rioters in Chile.*

or long prison terms at the Dachau Trials for the bloody massacre of American soldiers at Malmedy, France. One of McCarthy's primary objectives as he entered the Senate was to facilitate their release. By 1949, thanks to Congressional hearings he directed and other maneuvering, McCarthy's efforts paid off. The 43 Nazis were freed.

When McCarthy conducted his House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) hearings in 1953 and began accumulating data banks on law-abiding citizens for future fascist purposes, most of his information came from combined United States intelligence and Nazi war criminals. He also drew upon the extensive files of a spy network known as Odesa, which was formed between 1943 and 1945 when it became obvious the Third Reich could not win the war against the Soviet Union.

After McCarthy died in 1957, it is reasonable to assume that Larry McDonald—through Louise Rees—took over the massive computerized files that now contain millions of names worldwide.

Louise Rees—the wife of John Rees, edi-

tor of McDonald's Western Goals Foundation—worked for McCarthy and Roy M. Cohn, counsel for the senator's 1953 Permanent Investigations Subcommittee of the Government Operations Committee. Western Goals lists Roy M. Cohn, now a New York lawyer, on its advisory board. And when McDonald went to Washington as a representative from Georgia in 1974, Louise Rees became his paid staff aide.

McDonald's admiration for his other major hero, Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet, can be explained in part by the fact that both of their careers benefited from the support of international fascist organizations. And there is evidence that Nazis in Chile had funded McDonald's Congressional campaigns since 1974, at Pinochet's direction—just as Nazis were the source of funds for McCarthy in Wisconsin.

Ironically, the very night that McDonald was killed, his CIA-supported hero-Pinochet—was being taunted by rioters in Chile. The Chilean people also want their nightmare decade to end.

Pinochet is responsible for DINA, Nazi-like death-squad terrorist teams that are

part of the Chilean police and are necessary to maintain his repressive regime. Without DINA's methods of fear and torture, the U.S. puppet government in Chile would not last another day.

Pinochet also does nothing to interfere with Colonia Dignidad, a haven for Nazi war criminals located on the border between Argentina and Chile. Colonia Dignidad serves as a torture center where dissenters who oppose Pinochet are mutilated and fed to dogs while still alive. Armed guards discourage snoopers. Amnesty International is currently investigating this deplorable situation.

Larry McDonald's unsavory Chilean connection was further exposed when Robert Byron Watson presented attorneys from the House Select Committee on Assassinations with an alleged affidavit detailing McDonald's dealings with Fuad Habash Ansare in Santiago de Chile. In this alleged affidavit Watson claimed that Fuad Habash is the brother of Arab terrorist leader Dr. George Habash of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine! This is the organization that is said to work with our CIA as it arranges Arab terrorist murders around the globe.

\* \* \*

A far more sinister organization, Larry McDonald's Western Goals Foundation, was formed in 1979. Members of its advisory board are listed in brochures and newspaper advertisements. They include the following:

Jean Ashbrook, Mrs. Walter Brennan, Taylor Caldwell, Roy M. Cohn, Congressman Philip M. Crane (R-Illinois), General Raymond Davis, Henry Hazlitt, Dr. Mildred F. Jefferson, Dr. Anthony Kubek, Robert Milliken, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, E. A. Morris, Vice-Admiral Lloyd M. Mustin, Mrs. John C. Newington, General George S. Patton III, Dr. Hans Sennholz, General John Singlaub, Dan Smoot, Robert Stoddard, Congressman Bob Stump (D-Arizona), Mrs. Helen Marie Taylor, Dr. Edward Teller, General Lewis Walt and Dr. Eugene Wigner.

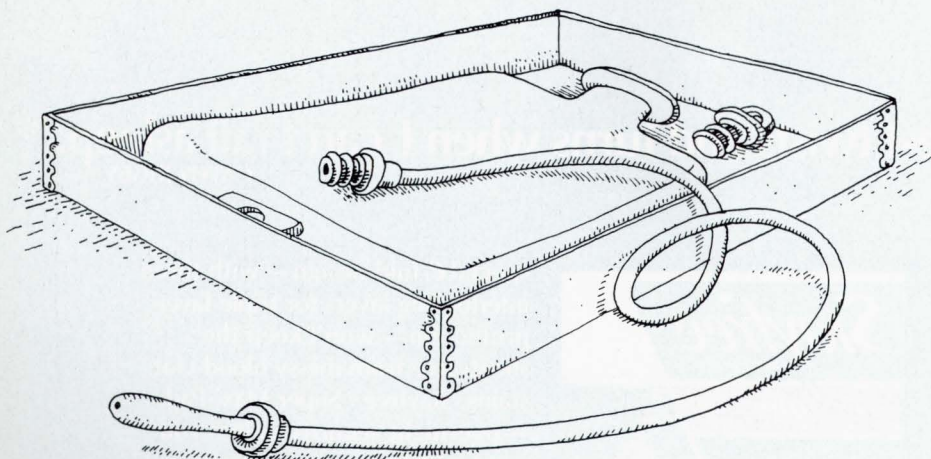
The executive staff of Western Goals consists of Linda Guell, director; John Rees, editor; and Julia Ferguson, research associate.

Two members of Western Goals bear special mention. According to Seymour Hersh's recent book *The Price of Power in the Nixon White House*, Admiral Thomas Moorer masterminded the surreptitious removal of sensitive data from President Nixon's office. Working through Yeoman Charles Radford, Moorer stole papers clearly marked "President's Eyes Only" and had them delivered to the Pentagon.

His reward for stealing these top-secret documents was a promotion to the presti-

(continued on page 198)

## How to brainwash a Nazi:





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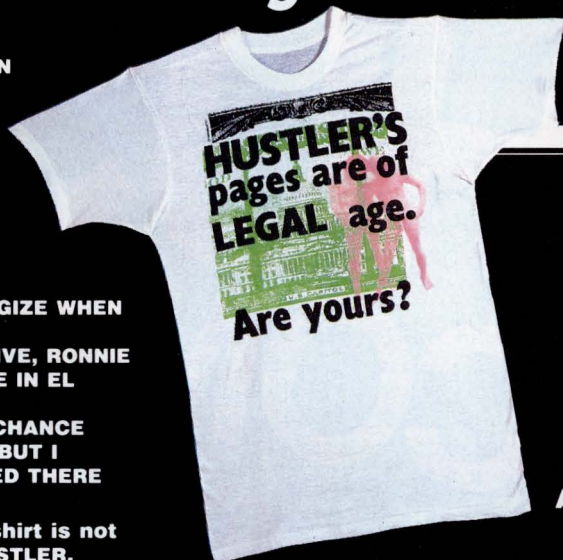
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- O. IF YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IN ATHEISM, WHAT CAN'T YOU BELIEVE IN?
- P. GIVE LEBANON BACK TO INDIANA
- Q. I WISH I WAS BLACK
- R. THE RUSSIANS WILL APOLOGIZE WHEN NIXON DOES
- S. BEND OVER AND LET ME DRIVE, RONNIE
- T. WHY ISN'T REAGAN PRO-LIFE IN EL SALVADOR
- U. GIVE HINCKLEY A SECOND CHANCE
- V. CINCINNATI IS A NICE CITY, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE TRIED THERE
- W. WHO IS BAMBI GOLDBERG?

\*The "Fuck the Olympics" T-shirt is not distributed exclusively by HUSTLER.



A



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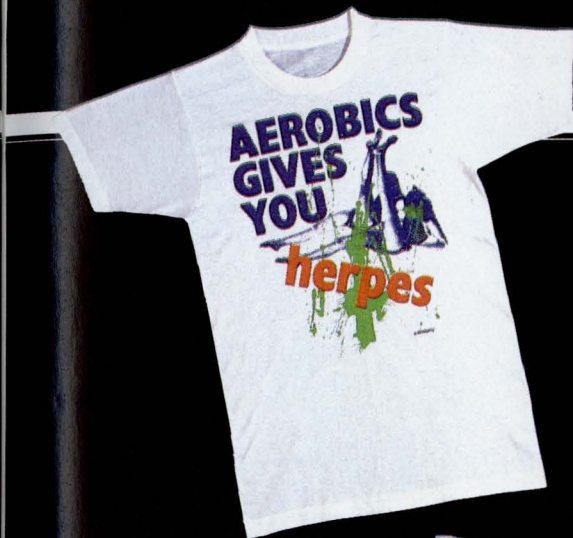


J





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B



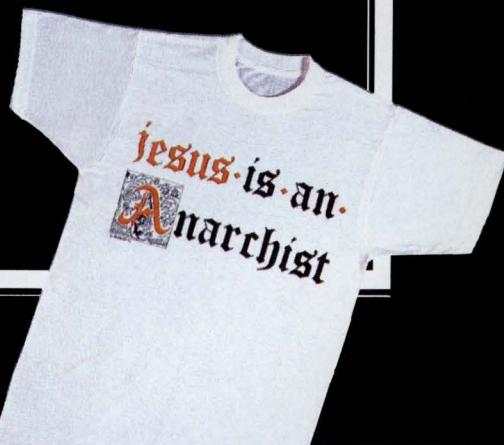
C



F



G



H



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C _____	_____	K _____	_____	S _____	_____
D _____	_____	L _____	_____	T _____	_____
E _____	_____	M _____	_____	U _____	_____
F _____	_____	N _____	_____	V _____	_____
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# 東京

## TOKYO stripper

She spreads her legs enticingly and lets her hands drift to her wet cunt. She pushes deep into her bush, spreading her lips and flooding it with light. You can almost see her fingers move inside her, twirling and massaging the pink flesh as she pulls out a string of shiny lavender beads. Everyone freezes in fascination as a German sailor takes the end of the chain and pulls the rest of the beads out from deep within her. She feels each one pull through her slit, tugging slightly, then breaking free with a delicious popping sensation. The excitement of a back-street Tokyo nightclub is for everyone ... even the performers.



























*"We Indians come from a value system at the opposite end of the spectrum from that of industrial society."*

metabolized in the body. So if your entire diet is starch, your system demands sugar constantly in order to survive. Since alcohol doesn't involve the digestive process, the sugar content of alcohol goes directly into the bloodstream, and you become addicted to it—whether you want to or not—based on the physiological needs of your bloodstream. So they feed us a diet of starch and then condemn us for turning into drunks.

**HUSTLER:** Your housing on the reservation looks like middle-class suburban tract homes. What's wrong with that?

**MEANS:** Not a thing—if you're taking exterior shots of an Indian housing development for a BIA promotional brochure. But just about everything if you make the mistake of stepping indoors. Behind all that fake-brick facade it's just a rural ghetto. The homes are made almost entirely of plasterboard; you can't fall against a wall without knocking a hole in it. There's no insulation whatsoever; and where I live up on the Northern Plains, the temperature goes down to 40 below in the winter—and not much higher inside, since the windows are loose-fitting, and you can

measure the wind-chill factor without getting up from your chair. We do have furnaces, but we don't have heat, because we can't afford to turn them on—or the lights or the stove—because the power is all-electric, and we can't quite manage the \$300-a-month utility bill—\$3,600 a year—on our \$1,500 annual median family income.

**HUSTLER:** Are living conditions any better in the major cities to which many reservation Indians have migrated in the past few decades?

**MEANS:** Let me point something out: We haven't willingly "migrated" to the cities. We've been evicted economically from the reservation. But the deprivation, the exploitation, the manipulation of my people in urban ghettos is no better or worse than it is for any poor person of a darker color. On top of all the ills of poverty and discrimination we have the added burden of our cultural background. We come from a value system that's at the opposite end of the spectrum from that of industrial society. And the confusion that is created in attempting to even deal with the competitive nature of industrial society is

difficult to fathom. You have a built-in failure factor as a people in an urban setting. To us, living in the city is like trying to swim upstream in rapids.

In addition to all that, we find ourselves not gathered together in ethnic enclaves like so many other minorities, but scattered throughout the other city ghettos—not only without any peer-group support system, but often without friends. It makes for a desperately lonely existence.

**HUSTLER:** How serious a problem are drugs and alcohol among the urban Indian population?

**MEANS:** Very serious. The hopelessness and despair drive many Indians to seek some kind of escape. One way to get out is to join the armed services. Another is athletics. But the route most Indians take is alcohol or drugs. That's why we opened an alcohol- and drug-abuse rehabilitation center in Milwaukee. To keep our people from falling into despair, we've started an urban Indian housing project in Minneapolis—and a legal-rights center and a vocational-training school. It was in Minneapolis, of course, that the American Indian Movement was founded in 1968. Since then, throughout the U.S. and Canada, we've built the Federation of Indian-Controlled Survival Schools. There are approximately 23 of them now in existence. And we have the only independent Indian-controlled Indian university in the Western Hemisphere, at Davis, California—where Dennis Banks was chancellor before he was forced to flee by Governor George Deukmejian and the United States government.

**HUSTLER:** Why?

**MEANS:** That's a long story, but I'll try to keep it short. In Custer, South Dakota, one night in February of 1973 a white man told his friends that he was going to go out and find him an Indian to kill. Well, he went out and did just that—stabbed a man named Wesley Bad Heart Bull to death. When he was charged with second-degree manslaughter, Dennis and I and several others met with the law-enforcement authorities to see if they'd consider upgrading the charge to cold-blooded murder. They said no, of course—but then sent for state troopers and riot police to make sure we left quietly.

We might have done that too, except that they came in swinging their truncheons. A lot of us were badly injured; they busted my elbow, worked me over pretty good, then arrested me and the others for inciting a riot. But when Dennis got away, they charged him with shirking justice and ordered a major manhunt to track him down. When he was tried in absentia, convicted and sentenced to prison in 1975, he went to California rather than serve his time in a South Dakota penitentiary, where his life wouldn't have been





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**YOU KNOW HE AIN'T  
MESSIN' WHEN HE SHOWS  
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\* Ad parody—not to be taken seriously.



## RUSSELL MEANS

(continued from page 156)

worth a dime. Governor Jerry Brown offered him sanctuary, and he remained in California safely until Deukmejian was elected.

**HUSTLER:** Where is Banks now?

**MEANS:** He's been forced into hiding again—I'm not free to say where, for obvious reasons.

**HUSTLER:** Leonard Peltier, another of AIM's best-known leaders, is serving a life sentence for shooting two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Reservation. He claims he was framed. Do you have any supporting evidence?

**MEANS:** His conviction was based solely on the testimony of a mentally ill Indian woman who has since recanted all her original testimony under oath. Her new testimony, of course, has been ruled inadmissible—because the woman is considered mentally ill. You figure it out. In any case, Leonard is likely to spend the rest of his life in prison for something he never did. Actually, his next life too, since he's doing boxcars—that's two consecutive life terms.

**HUSTLER:** You, Peltier and Banks have become the most prominent and powerful spokesmen for AIM in the 15 years since it was founded. How many members do you have now?

**MEANS:** That's a question the FBI would like the answer to—so that they can more easily harass and persecute us for supporting the right of the Indian people to self-determination, the right to be an Indian and be proud of it.

We refuse to be assimilated—to be homogenized into the "melting pot"—because in doing so, we lose our pride, our dignity, our identity. No people can be subjugated if they have an identity of self-pride and self-dignity.

AIM offers both. Therefore, it fosters social change. When you have social change, you engender political change. Along with political and social change comes *economic* change—which the white Establishment is resisting with all its power. But only with economic change will we ever win liberation and independence as human beings.

But economic change is going to be a long and bitter struggle because we're up against the moneyed interests, the corporate interests—in collusion with the U.S. government—especially in the West. Most of the Western land is owned by the federal government under the Bureau of Land Management, and while he was Secretary of the Interior, James Watt was selling off millions of acres of natural resources at rock-bottom, bargain-basement prices to the biggest corporate exploiters in the country. It's the largest land swindle

against the American people since they did it to us.

**HUSTLER:** Can you name the corporations that are involved?

**MEANS:** In South Dakota alone there are 38 of them: Exxon, Kerr-McGee, Union Carbide, Bechtel, to name a few.

**HUSTLER:** What do they want to do with this land—strip-mine?

**MEANS:** Worse than that. The government has designated the Upper Missouri River Basin as a "National Sacrifice Area." In this five-state area—western South Dakota, eastern Wyoming, southeastern Montana, southwestern North Dakota, northwestern Nebraska, all part of the Upper Missouri Basin—there isn't enough water to provide an ongoing life-sustaining system for anything to grow. There's only enough water left to last for another 30 years. So they're in there selling off leases to "develop" the natural resources of the area—gold, coal, uranium, gas, oil, timber—before the water runs out. By the year 2036 this entire area will be a radioactive desert because after they've raped it totally, leveled it through strip-mining, they're going to bury their nuclear waste there and then seal the whole area off. There's just one small problem with all this: The Upper Missouri Basin happens to be the home of many different Indian nations, including mine.

**HUSTLER:** What can be done to prevent this from happening?

**MEANS:** All the people who are concerned about peace, about nuclear proliferation and about the environment—all the hunters and fishermen, you and I—have to become aware of what's going on. When the people realize that the question of the future is what happens to the *land*, maybe we'll stop letting them eat it out from under us. Industrial society is literally eating up the environment.

If you look at Mother Earth in a global sense, you can't look at her as a ball hanging in space to be exploited, because the human species has no place else to go—*Star Trek* fantasies to the contrary. What we have to do is look at the planet as a living, breathing entity. And her well-being is vital to the survival of our children for generations to come. And I mean *all* her children, all over the world.

As a people, here in the United States, we went through the civil rights of the '50s and '60s, and saw it grow into an international concern for *human* rights in the '70s. But now the revolution must continue—from civil rights to human rights to *natural* rights to a concern for the land we all share on this planet. Our civil rights and our human rights won't mean a thing if we destroy the land we live on before we all get the chance to enjoy them.

**HUSTLER:** Isn't there some livable com-

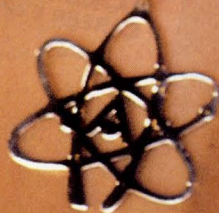
(continued on page 166)

Put a Little Fun  
In Your Life...  
Try Phone  
Fantasy!  
Candy's  
301  
933-2900  
AT IN-AMERICA! MAJOR CREDIT CARDS PREPAID DISCOUNTS



# JOIN the "A" team

Only from HUSTLER—the all-purpose pendant that represents believers in free thought everywhere. Designed to resemble the structure of an atom (with one link left open to signify that all the facts about the creation of the universe are not in yet), this pendant is available in silver, 14-karat gold and 18-karat gold—something for *all* classes. Whether you're an American Anarchist, an American Atheist, an American Agnostic or just a good ol' American Asshole, this is your way to tell the world that you don't have all the answers, but you sure as hell *know the questions!* Just for coping with the mad globe we live on, don't you or a loved one deserve an "A"?



Yes, I want to join the "A" team. Send me the necklace(s) indicated below:

Please check one:

- ☐ American Anarchist      ☐ American Agnostic  
☐ American Atheist      ☐ American Asshole

Please print \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.  
 Sorry, no Canadian orders accepted.

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Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC.

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 mo. year

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

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Make check or money order payable to LFP Inc.

P.O. Box 67800-5285

Los Angeles, CA 90067

HF2-83



# VOTERS SAY THE DARNEDDEST THINGS

What an election year! The voters are in for some powerful campaign rhetoric from the likes of Reagan, Glenn, Mondale and Jackson. But the best speeches in Presidential-hopeful Larry Flynt's campaign come from the voters—in the huge bundles of letters that have been pouring in since he announced his candidacy. Here's a sampling of what Larry's constituency has to say.

October 23, 1983

Larry Flynt for President Committee  
364 St. Cloud Road  
Bel Air, California 90024

Dear Larry:

You've sold me. Enclosed is my \$10. (that's all I can spare for now) for your presidential campaign.

Anybody who doesn't like Heinz (57 varieties of mendacity) Kissinger can't be all bad. Please consider the possibility that this megalomaniacal son of a bitch is a Soviet mole and has been screwing of America after another government days. His career has been one screwing of America after another.

Too bad you won't get the women's vote. You probably would be a better president than most of the posturing assholes we have today.

Keep their feet and their asses to the open fire of inquiry and disdain.

Best wishes,

*Leonard Kian*  
Leonard Kian

4781 Palmer Street  
Dearborn, Michigan 48126

PORT AT WASHINGTON  
THE DETROIT BANK & TRUST COMPANY  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

October 23, 1983

Larry Flynt for President Committee

Ten and 00/100 \*\*\*\*\* DOLLARS

LEONARD OR JOSEPHINE P. KIAN

*Leonard Kian*

2898

⑆072000096⑆ 0423-02310-0⑆ 2898

Dear Larry;  
I fully support  
you for president.  
How can I help  
you in the repressed  
Cincinnati area.  
Please send information.  
Sincerely,

F.B. ROBBINS  
414 N HAMPSHIRE DR  
#15 HAMILTON OHIO

Upjohn

POLYMER  
CHEMICALS  
DIVISION

45011

P.O. Box 685 • LaPorte, TX 77571  
Telephone: (713) 479-1541

Dear Larry:-

I'm a retired person, living on a fixed income. But I gladly contribute to your worthy thinking. You espouse the very thoughts as myself. I'll gladly change my P.F. registered voter status to Rep. when you make the voter ballot. I am respectfully,  
P.S. sorry I cannot contribute more. E.K. Emanuel Krause

EMANUEL KRAUSE  
2838

10-17 1983 16-77/1220

Larry Flynt for President Comm. \$ 25.00

Twenty Five ~~xx~~ DOLLARS

Kaiser Permanente Federal Credit Union  
1910 W. Sunset Boulevard, Suite 430  
Los Angeles, CA 90028  
Payable Through Union Bank, Los Angeles, CA 90071

*Emanuel Krause*

Contribution

⑆122000??⑆ 12838⑆ 680⑆ 0000049580⑆

Westech  
CAREER EXPO

Larry-  
go out there  
and kick-ASS, all I  
expect is to be invited to  
your first fund raising campaign.  
In fact I will volunteer my services  
as Silicon valley campaign manager!  
go for it  
*R.*





269 South Eureka Ave;  
Columbus, Ohio 43204  
October 19, 1983

Mr. Larry Flynt :  
2029 Century Park East  
Suite 330 D  
Los Angeles, California 90067-3054

Dear Mr. Flynt :

You may be wondering why I am writing to you . You see I read the article you had put in the local Newspaper; stating you might run for President, myself; I believe you would make a very nice President .

I feel you would help the people that really need help. Like myself I have tried several times to get a small loan. But I've been turned down; I want to pay a few medical bills and if possible start myself a small business. But that would take Five or Ten Thousand Dollars (\$5,000 or 10,000.00) dollars.

I couldn't make very big payments, because I am on a Disability, the Doctors, have refused to let me go back to work.

So, Please, Mr. Flynt, if you know of any one who will help me ; would you please let me know as soon as you possibly can. I would gladly repay the loan .

I know you are a busy man, but I would appreciate hearing from you.

Thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

*P.S. Would love to see you become President! Love*

Sincerely Yours;  
Mrs. Susan K. Warfield  
269 South Eureka Ave;  
Columbus, Ohio 43204

214 Porterfield Place  
Freeport, N.Y. 11520

16 October 1983

Larry Flynt for President Committee  
364 St. Cloud Road  
Bel Air, Ca. 90024

To Whom it may concern.

I prefer to support the candidacy of a, "smut peddler who cares" for President of the United States of America.

Please accept the enclosed as token contribution to Mr. Flynt's campaign.

Very truly yours,  
Rachel France

**CROCKER NATIONAL BANK**  
BEVERLY HILLS BRANCH OFFICE  
9800 WEST PICO BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90068

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

**FIVE** and 00/100

**J. SHAFER**

243-465-4061  
1234 N. BEACHWOOD DR., NO. 305  
LOS ANGELES, CA 90068

1704. 10 83 16-8/1220  
Flynt for President Committee - 5.00  
DOLLARS  
2 11  
⑆ 2200008510177 645211436 ⑈ 33

October 16, 1983

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I just read your ad in today's Washington Post: How Exhilarating!!

I am a poor college student and therefore can't contribute to your effort momentarily, however I will gladly do nearly anything for your promotion.

Please let me know if you can use my services.

With best wishes,

Renée Ellen Olander

P.O. Box 372  
Mary Baldwin College  
Staunton, VA 24401

17 Richard St.  
Hicksville, NY 11801  
18 Oct., 1983

Dear Committee -

I'm not cheap, I'm unemployed, but here's \$1.00 and a self-addressed stamped envelope (60¢). Please send a couple of bumper stickers and a button. Thank you, & good luck!

J. Peschock



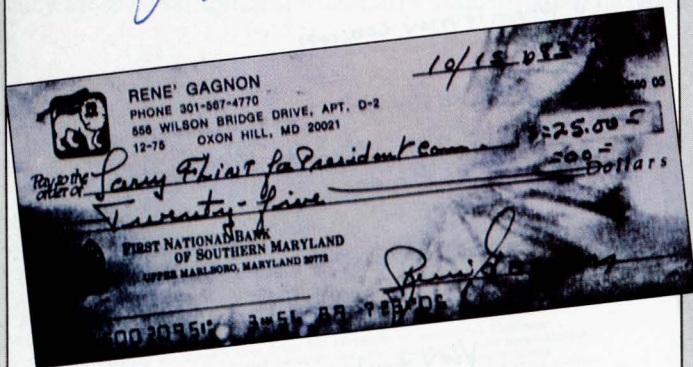


# ALPHA AUTO LEASING INC.

(AN AUTHORIZED INDEPENDENT ENGAGE-A-CAR™ BROKER)  
P.O. BOX 18098 - OXON HILL, MARYLAND 20745 - (202) 298-3040

Go get them Larry.

Bill Gagnon



ARNOLD VIA  
President  
Founder  
G. STANLEY BROWN Ph.D.  
Vice-President  
ROBERT ZAUNER ATTORNEY  
Secretary  
ARNOLD VIA  
Treasurer

## Prison Atheist League Of America, Inc.

a/k/a PAL est. 1980

Route 1, Box 580  
Grottoes, Virginia 24441  
703-249-5897

October 26, 1983

Dear Larry: (Future President of the United States)

Like the old lady that pissed in the ocean said, "Every little bit helps!"

And like the old lady, I can only help a 'little bit' but I am for you all the way baby!

In fact if you win, just to defy the system, I will become a Gay-Atheist and give you a 'blow-job' right on the steps of the White House, on 'their' Easter morning...at sun rise.

(You can print this statement any time,) Ha.

Your full page ad in the Washington 'rag' was absolutely beautiful...Intrepid...defiant...and Larry at his best!

GO BABY GO!!

Your PAL,

Arnold L. Via  
President & Founder

## Inter-Department Correspondence

Date 10/18/83

To: LARRY FLYNT  
From: Ed Woodruff  
Subject: Larry Flynt for President Committee

I'm glad to see you run for President. It's about time someone, like you, ran for president who believes in the People of the U.S.A.

As for me I'm unemployed and on a strict budget so I apologize for no donation. But I'm telling all my friends about you. Actually I've been telling all my friends about you for years.

If I can help let me know.

Ed. Woodruff  
3399 Benedict Dr #30  
Los Angeles, California 90068

10/17/83

Dear Mr. Flynt,

First let me commend you on your decision to run for President in 1984. I am a firm believer that in this country any multi-millionaire can grow up to be president, even if he does publish and edit a dirty magazine.

Secondly let me apologize and explain the enclosed campaign contribution. I represent a group of students at Brown University in Rhode Island. We all agree that your full page ad in last Sunday's New York Times was the most interesting thing we read in last Sunday's New York Times, and wish to express our gratitude.

Unfortunately, we are all poor Jewish kids whose Daddies are a little late with the allowance checks. Well, Mr. Feinstein is busy selling the chagal; Dr. Borushak has new jobs through Thanksgiving; and Mr. Zieselman has just moved into his large, roomy, corner Park Avenue law office. I'm sure you understand.

We all want to help remove that oppressive hand from our clothes, as much as you do, though.

113



ELLEN ZIESELMAN  
P.O. BOX 2229, BROWN UNIVERSITY  
PROVIDENCE, RI 02912

October 18, 1983 57-12/115

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

Larry Flynt for President Committee \$ 0.25

Twenty-five Cents



CITIZENS BANK  
Citizens Trust Company  
Providence, Rhode Island

MEMO Campaign Contribution

Ellen Zieselman

⑆011500120⑆ 150 940 3⑆ 01 0113

IRVING SCHNEIDER, M.D.  
35 WILSON CIRCLE  
CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND 20815  
TELEPHONE OLIVER 6-6665

Oct. 17, 1983

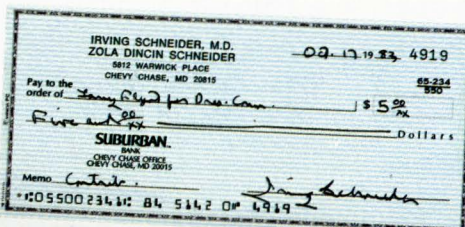
Larry Flynt for President Comm.  
364 62nd Street Rd.  
Bel Air, CA 90024

Dear LARRY:

Memorandum ad in the Washington Post!

Best,

Irving Schneider





Dear Larry,

Great full pager in the Times and so much of it is so on target. I am enclosing my check for \$25.00 to help pay for that ad + your campaign. Please don't think me to be too cheap.

Will you also tell me how to get a "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirt? If they are 100% cotton I need an extra large and if they are 50/50 blend I need a large.

Again — I prefer a smut-peddler who cares than the alternatives that have been offered. If everybody spent their time looking at smut it might take their minds off wanting to bomb and maim people.

MIKE DEAKE  
1122 W. ALTON  
SANTA ANA, CALIF.  
92707

Sincerely  
Yan Tawtner  
Mike

Dear Mr. Flynt:

Enclosed is a contribution to your presidential campaign. I'm sorry it is so small; my income is about \$85 per week. Perhaps, however, it will inspire you more than the cash to know that I have never given money or time to any political candidate in my life.

Larry, you really have got to wine out venereal disease, including AIDS. The sick moralists among us have found their most powerful weapon to date in AIDS and herpes etc. I suspect that research is being deliberately blocked by the moralists because the diseases serve them so well. Please unblock their perverted stranglehold on our freedom to enjoy all sex.

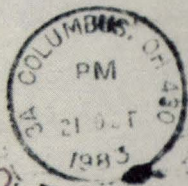
I especially appreciate your openness toward gays. Hustler is the only pussy mag I read. I am a writer by profession and write about rock music in LA's leading gay paper, Frontiers, and the national gay mag In Touch. I believe we have a mutual acquaintance in your former Hustler Humor compiler, now In Touch editor Jim Yousling. He has really encouraged my career.

Would you send me something back in the mail? Any response would do; I'm wondering if my tiny contribution matters at all. When the time comes, I would like to volunteer for your campaign as a phone canvasser or anything else you need. I am familiar with the local rock scene and could organize benefits with the city's leading/most outrageous bands, punk and otherwise. I agree with you that voter apathy is a terrible thing. Do consider the rock area — many hype possibilities here.

John Bryant  
1975 N. Beachwood Dr. #305  
L.A. CA 90068

# OF COURSE, THERE WAS SOME MUD-SLINGING...

Richard Long  
728 Sole Blvd  
Columbus, O. 43068



LARRY FLINT FOR  
PRESIDENT COMM.  
364 ST. CLOUD RD.

BEL AIR

MADE IN  
1983



DEAR GUMBALL FLYNT -

YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO THINK  
POOR & WORKING PEOPLE SHOULD  
GIVE YOU MONEY TO HELP WITH  
YOUR PRESIDENTIAL INSANITY.

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE DOGCATCHER.  
MUCH LESS PRESIDENT.

YOU HAVE 100 MILLION SUCKERED  
FROM A STUPID PUBLIC.

NOW YOU THINK THE MORONS WHO  
READ YOUR PORNO-RAG WILL GIVE  
YOU MORE OF THEIR MONEY.

ANY COUNTRY STUPID ENOUGH TO MAKE  
YOU RICH DESERVES THE NOTHING,  
SPINELESS POLITICIANS IT GETS.

IF YOU LOVE RUSSIA, YOU MOVE THERE  
AND SEE HOW LONG THEY PUT UP  
WITH YOU - ABOUT 5 MINUTES AND  
THEY SHOOT YOU AND SEND YOU  
TO SIBERIA (IT'S JEW CONTROLLED.)

YOU ARE A STOOGE FOR THE ZIONIST  
RUN PORNO-INDUSTRY. SO TAKE IT  
TO IZROYAL WHERE IT BELONGS.

PORNO SPREADS A.I.D.S. AND OTHER  
DEADLY V.D. BY ENCOURAGING LOOSE SEX.

IF YOU BECAME PRES. PATRIOTIC  
AMERICANS WOULD HAVE TO  
FINISH YOU OFF.

YOU CLAIM TO BE "CHRISTIAN" -  
YOU LIE. JESUS WOULD BE ASHAMED  
OF YOU AND HE HUNG WITH SHADY  
CHARACTERS - BUT THEY REPENTED  
AND NOT SCUM LIKE YOU.

YOU BELONG WITH THE JEWS AND  
JUDASAS WHO BETRAYED CHRIST

YOU BELONG WITH THE CHRIST-KILLERS  
THE PORNOGRAPHERS THE JEW-ZIONISTS  
THE ABORTIONISTS THE NAZIS, FASCISTS  
COMMUNISTS AND OTHER ANTI-HUMAN  
SCUM LIKE CHILD-ABUSERS.

YOUR ONE CHANCE IS TO ACCEPT  
JESUS AS MESSIAH AND SELL  
YOUR PORNO EMPIRE AND START  
EXPOSING THE JEW-ZIONIST-SATANIC  
CONSPIRACY FOR WORLD-CONTROL  
AND THEIR PLAN TO REDUCE ALL  
"GENTILES" TO CATTLE  
(I.E. GOYIM) AND CREATE WORLD DICTATORSHIP.

THE JEW-ZIONIST PLAN IS TO  
DESTROY ALL OTHER PEOPLES  
OR ENSLAVE THEM TO DRUGS  
USURY PORNO ABORTION GAY LIB  
ATHEISM PROSTITUTION AND ALL  
OTHER EVILS AND VICES.

WHILE THE JEW-ZIONIST BUILDS  
HIS OWN KINGDOM INTO A SUPER-RACE  
TO RULE THE WORLD.

JEW-ZIONISTS MAKE NAZIS LOOK  
LIKE MARY POPPINS IN THEIR  
FIENDISH SCHEMES TO ENSLAVE  
AND PAUPERIZE THE WORLD  
AND ENRICH IZROYAL.

JEW-ZIONISTS ARE DEPRAVED  
MONSTERS. AFTER KILLING THE  
MESSIAH, WILL NOW KILL HUMANITY.

STOP THE JEW-ZIONISTS!  
USE YOUR MONEY FOR GOOD  
EXPOSE THE JEW-ZIONISTS!

AL GOLDSTEIN IS USING YOU  
AND WILL DISPOSE OF YOU  
WHEN THROUGH.  
ACCEPT JESUS! REPENT NOW!



AQUEDUCT - THE "BIG A" - LONG ISLAND.  
Thrills! Two Thoroughbred champions, Mrs. Ethel  
D. Jacobs' Priceliest Gem and Ogden Phipps' Buck  
passer - battle to the finish line in one of Aqued-  
uct's many rich events. The "Big A" built to  
accommodate more than 80,000 people, has Italian  
subway station with direct special service from  
Manhattan and Brooklyn.



Post Card

Larry Flynt  
2029 Century Park East  
Suite 1800  
Los Angeles CA 90067

Dear Sir:

I read in the N.Y. Times  
you wish to run for President.  
You would be the  
biggest scumbag ever to  
run for that job. All the  
PIMPS in the country would  
vote for you for sure. Drop  
dead as quickly as possible.  
Send this to the N.Y. Times.

0519-C

JAMES H LOWMAN  
13 WEST 27 ST  
BAYONNE NJ 07002 16AH

Western  
Union Mailgram

4-0053546289 10/16/83 ICS 1PMHZZ CSP LSAB  
2018234794 HGM TDMT BAYONNE NJ 54 10-16 1135A EST

LARRY FLYNT  
364 ST CLOUD RD  
BEL AIR CA 90024

THE ONE THING THIS COUNTRY DOESN'T NEED, MR FLYNT, IS A WHOREMASTER  
WHO TURNED THE WHITE HOUSE INTO A BORDELLO AND A PERVERT WHO  
LEGITIMIZES HIS PERVERSION BY SEEKING PUBLIC OFFICE.

VERY TRULY YOURS  
JAMES H LOWMAN  
13 WEST 27 ST  
BAYONNE NJ 07002

11:35 EST

HGMCOMP

Dear Mr. Flynt:

10-18-83

What did you smoke before you  
wrote "The Gospel According to Larry"?  
If you were sober, then you must  
be in the final stages of syphilis.  
By the way, have your crony Richard  
Davis count this as another one  
the 95% "positive" responses.

Sincerely, V. Kuttis.



# MORE TAPES FROM LARRY!

# LARRY FLYNT

## FOR PRESIDENT

Tired of hearing that same Led Zeppelin tape over and over? Has Waylon Jennings warbled out of the cassette player once too often? Here's a tape that will change your listening habits and quite possibly the face of history—and it's free! Yes, Larry Flynt has recorded his intention to run for the Presidency of the United States on a standard audiocassette, and all you have to do to get one is send a written request to "The Flynt Tapes," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LARRY

I hereby announce my candidacy for the Presidency of these United States of America. On February 28, I will enter the New Hampshire primary as a Republican. I am running as a Republican rather than as a Democrat because I am wealthy, white, pornographic and, like the nuclear-mad cowboy Ronnie Reagan, I have been shot for what I believe in. Therefore, I am more a Republican than a Democrat. My platform is simple. It is based on the concept of free thought, individual liberties and civil rights for all mankind. If elected, my primary goal will be to eliminate sexual ignorance and venereal disease.

Every ounce of strength I can muster, both physically and psychologically, will be used courageously and endlessly to remove the massive repressive hand of government—the ruling class—from the crotch of the American people. I intend to dismantle the bureaucracy in government by turning over most of its functions to private enterprise. The first one to go will be the U.S. Postal Service; it can be run a great deal more efficiently if privately owned and operated.

If elected, I will demand a Constitutional Convention to be held in



## THE PRESIDENCY Why I Am a Candidate

not interested, I'm sure the Atheists will help me out. After all is said and done, who would you prefer as your next President—a Hollywood ham, an addle-brained astronaut or a smut peddler who cares? Since few people want an Atheist in the White House, I have decided to become agnostic for political purposes; maybe even agnostically gay so I can get the gay vote.

When the framers of the Constitution met in Philadelphia on May 25, 1787, to draft the Constitution, it was not the "haves" and "have nots" getting together to hammer out rules to live by. It was the "haves" and "haves" trying to protect their regional interests. They were all wealthy plantation owners, merchants and lawyers. Fifteen of them were slave owners. Fourteen were land speculators. The small farmers and workers of the 13 colonies were not represented by the elite—who might have spoken for the common people—such as Thomas Jefferson. (He was in Paris as our Ambassador to France at that time). Or Patrick Henry, who said he stayed away because he smelled a rat. Or Thomas Paine, the real father of our country, who almost single-handedly caused the Declaration of Independence to

be written in 1776—11 years earlier. (He too was in France, helping the French form a new government.) The Founding Fathers may very well have penned those eloquent words *life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness*, but they certainly did not

ise-  
or by  
ynt for  
committee.

on July 4, 1985, in order to restructure the entire

Congress for massive social  
qualified



## RUSSELL MEANS

(continued from page 158)

promise between the preservation of human rights and the imperatives of industrial growth?

**MEANS:** The sad fact about industrial society is that it's only worried about today and not tomorrow. And the whole premise of that society is to exploit and manipulate the land. In order to do that, you have to exploit and manipulate every living being upon and within the land. That means you and I. And so the policy of manifest destiny was born—that they have a right to conquer in the name of progress. Like they did to us. Like they're doing now to the new Indians of *this* century—the ranchers and the farmers. They're being removed at an alarming rate by the exploitive greed of industrial society. All of America—and the rest of the world—should be deeply disturbed by this development. And they should come to the aid of the people of the land—for their own sakes as well as ours.

**HUSTLER:** Do you foresee any improvement in environmental-protection policy under Secretary Watt's successor, William Clark?

**MEANS:** Everyone with any common sense, including the conservatives themselves, knows that Reagan represents fascism—whoever may be enforcing it. Fas-

cism means the exploitation and manipulation of everyone below a certain price range. Like everyone else in the Reagan Administration, Watt came in for the sole purpose of instituting that kind of fascism throughout the government bureaucracy. But Watt was only a figurehead. So is Clark. So is Reagan, for that matter. You have to look throughout the federal government at the appointments these men have made and the shifting around of the entire bureaucracy of the executive branch—and see who's in place at all these jobs. When you have all these fascists installed throughout the bureaucracy, it doesn't matter how many heads roll at the upper echelons, because the policies remain intact. So any new administration that comes in after Reagan will have an entire housecleaning to do.

**HUSTLER:** Until then what are you and AIM doing to further the Indian cause of holding onto the land?

**MEANS:** Well, ever since Wounded Knee and the subsequent massive persecution by law-enforcement authorities against the American Indian Movement—assassinations, jailings, court trials—we have turned our attention to political pressure in two areas: the international community and the local community. In 1977 we sponsored the very first international forum in the history of the human race that concerned the red people of the Western

Hemisphere. In 1981, in Geneva, we sponsored the first international forum on the native peoples of the entire world. Since 1977 AIM has been recognized by the United Nations as a nongovernmental organization with consultative status. We have an office across the street from the United Nations headquarters in New York City, and in Geneva we have a documentation-and-research center utilized by all the nations of the world.

**HUSTLER:** How have all these high-level diplomatic efforts bettered the life of the average American Indian?

**MEANS:** It's too soon to tell. The thing for Indian people is to bring their concerns to this world body, which in turn takes them to the Commission on Human Rights at the U.N. It's more political than practical in its effects so far, but it's a forum through which we can exert pressure on the United States—international pressure.

**HUSTLER:** You mentioned local-community activity as another area of political pressure for AIM.

**MEANS:** That's right. We have two front-line battles ongoing in this country now: at Big Mountain on the Navaho Reservation and at Yellow Thunder Camp in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Both are over land; both are concerned with stopping multinational rape and murder and domination by the United States government over Indian lives. The struggle in the Diné Indian Nation at Big Mountain is to stop the forced relocation of more than 10,000 Navaho people off their reservation because they happen to be living on a huge coal reserve. Their homes are being bulldozed; their animals are being confiscated and slaughtered; they're being paid \$30 each for sheep that generate ten times that much income every year; they're being relocated off the reservation and into urban ghettos.

**HUSTLER:** What's going on at Yellow Thunder Camp?

**MEANS:** A civil suit. The United States of America sued us for repossessing 800 acres of the Black Hills—which happens to be our ancestral holy land—for a religious and cultural resource area. We did a sundance, which is one of our most sacred spiritual events, and they came crashing in with all their arms and their vehicles, and charged us with desecrating the natural beauty of the land. So we sued the federal government, in turn, for interfering with our property rights and our ancient customs. We're in federal court right now. Meanwhile we're still living there in tepees.

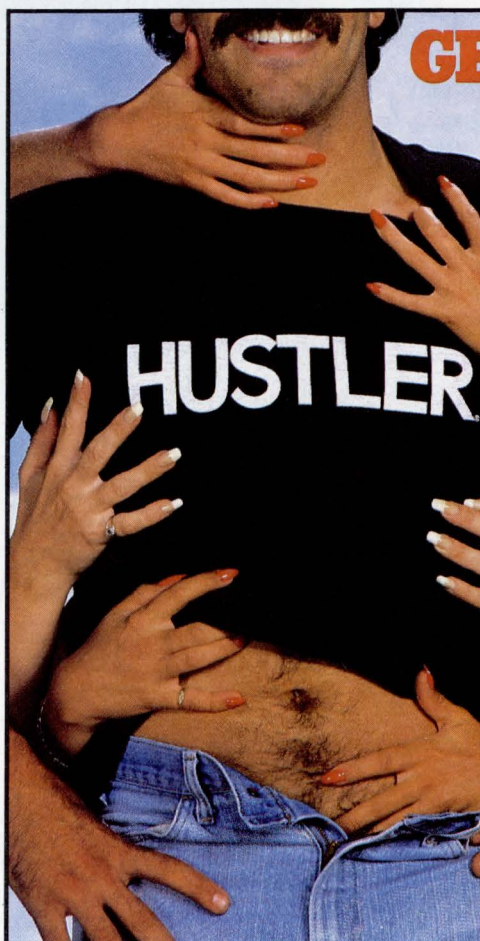
**HUSTLER:** Why is that particular plot of land so important to you?

**MEANS:** The Black Hills are our ancestral holy land. But Yellow Thunder Camp has special significance for us because of what

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**MEANS:** Gladly. Pine Ridge is 4,500 square miles—the second-largest Indian reservation in the United States. It's about the size of several European nations. But we don't own it, of course; it's being held for us in "trust" by Uncle Sam. Until he decides to let us have what belongs to us, we live on the dole like every other tribe, a totally dependent people with a median

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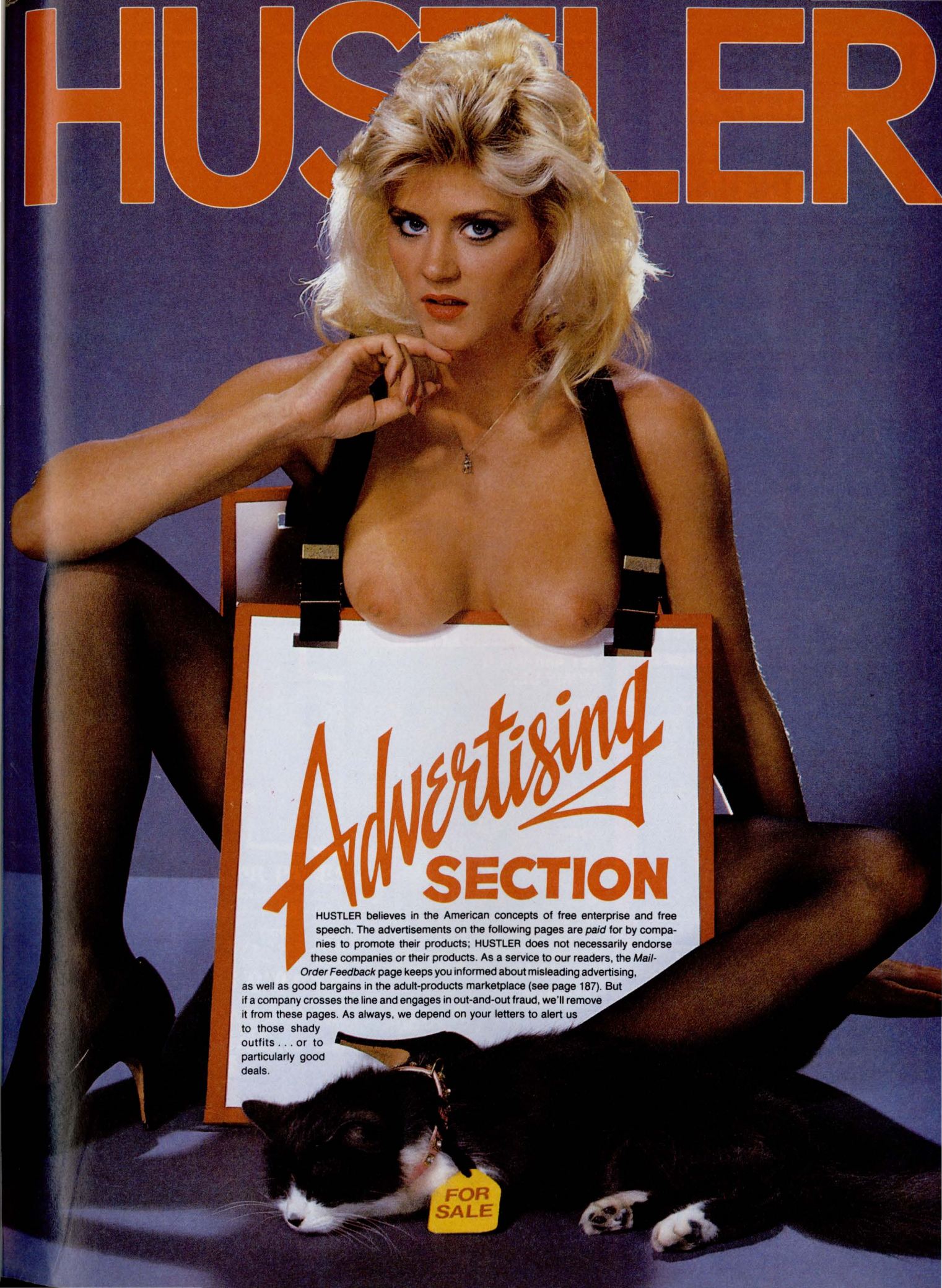
**MEANS:** I don't need to be remembered at all, as long as people don't forget what I tried to do, what I tried to live for. But if I am remembered, I'd like it to be simply—as we say in the Sioux language—as an *ike wicasa*, “an ordinary man.” 

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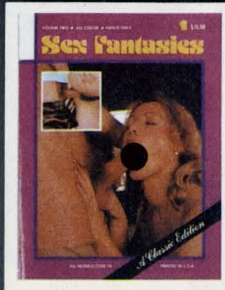
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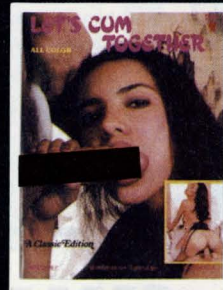
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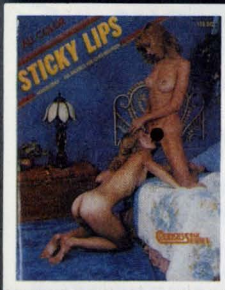
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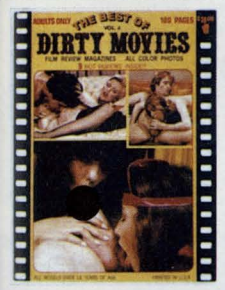
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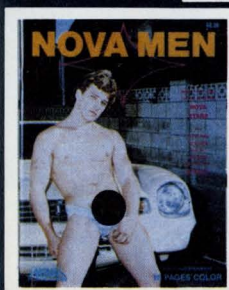
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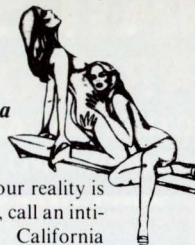
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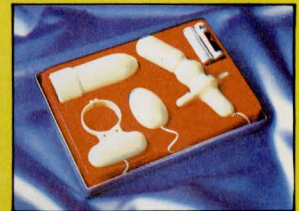
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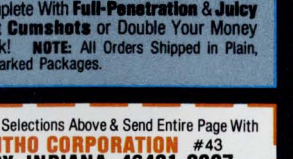
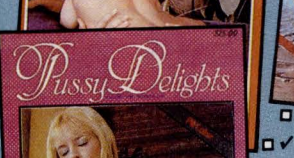
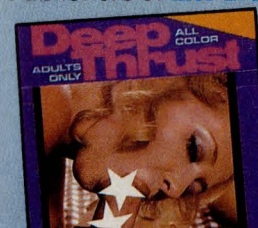


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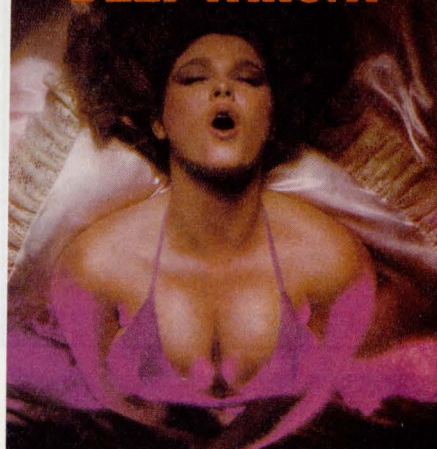
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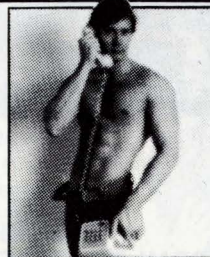
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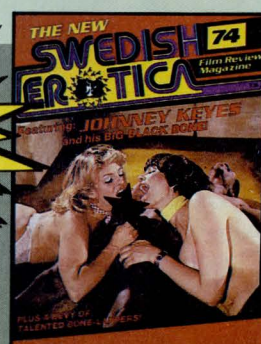
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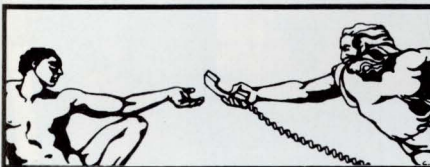
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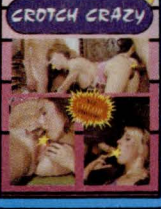

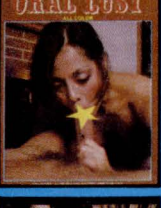





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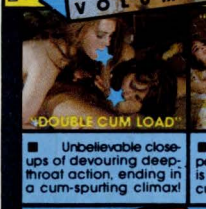
**WHY ARE WE SELLING THESE FOR SO LITTLE?** We've acquired Exclusive Rights to promote these New Titles directly to the consumer at Prices well Below Wholesale, so that we may quickly expand our growing list of satisfied customers.  
**OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU:** Every Video listed is Guaranteed a Brand New Legal Tape & Top Quality (No Returns, Rentals or Rejects!). 100% Hardcore in Full-Color & Sound - or Your Money-Back!





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 <b>"HOP ALONG DOPE"</b> A gorgeous red-head rides this 10" cock to two big, cum-shots!	 <b>"CREAMY CHEEKS"</b> He sprays her tender ass cheeks and anal cleft with a powerful cum-shot!	 <b>"TURTLE TREAT"</b> Wild & foxy Debby sucks one guy while the other cums her pussy.	 <b>"CUM SHAKE"</b> A young tigress sucks milky streams of cum out of a swollen cock!
--	--	---	--

## Beauties in HOT Hardcore Action!



 <b>"DRIPPING SNATCH"</b> Unbelievable close-ups of devouring deep-throat action, ending in a cum-spurting climax!	 <b>"READY TO CUM"</b> This honey's pink, pouting cream-filled cunt is literally dripping with cum!	 <b>"SWEET N' WET"</b> A muscular dude tears loose on his girl's pussy and ass and violates her totally!	 <b>"DOUBLE CUM LOAD"</b> A 10" cock cums one girl's ass and is deep-throated by the other!
---	---	---	--



## Juicy Pussies & Spurting Erections!



 <b>"BLOW JOB"</b> The cum flows like a river from a sexy girl's hungry mouth!	 <b>"FRENCH KISS"</b> A beautiful blonde deep-sucks a swollen cock and milks its cum in a champagne glass!	 <b>"SQUIRTING CUM"</b> A young nubile satisfies an insatiable desire for hard meat and hot longues.	 <b>"WILD FOR COCK"</b> A beautiful blonde experiences a hot, intense "sandwich job"!
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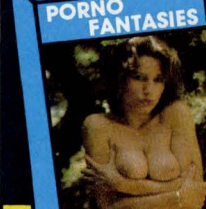
## New Girls & Endless Climaxes!



 <b>"CUM SHOT"</b> Lovely Lori Sanders takes three juicy cum-shots, in her mouth, on her tits & up her firm ass!	 <b>"EAGER BEAVERS"</b> Two pussylapping lesbians screw each other with a huge double-dong!	 <b>"HOT N' SPICY"</b> A lovely Oriental vigorously sucks a hard cock to a full oral cum-shot!	 <b>"STIFF N' TIGHT"</b> A sensuous blonde becomes the ultimate ass-fuck! Lots of searing hot close-ups!
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## SEARING HOT, JUICY, WET SEX!



 <b>"YUM YUM GIRLS"</b> Fantastic close-ups of two ladies sucking cock and eating cum!	 <b>"CUM SUCKERS"</b> A cum - dripping blow-job leads to hot and juicy sex!	 <b>"DESPERATE TO CUM"</b> A throbbing hard cock is licked, chewed, sucked & stroked until the spunk fly's!	 <b>"COLOSSAL COCKS"</b> A cock - hungry maven devours an elephant - size dick!
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Every item in this ad comes with a fool-proof guarantee. If after your 14-day home trial, you aren't completely delighted, just return your purchase for a prompt full refund. No questions asked.

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**3 SILVER BULLET**—Perfect for the classy but horny woman in your life... the elegant vibrator that looks like jewelry! Code 08581\* \$12.95

**10 ANAL PROBE**—Put this one into their ass and turn on the buzzing excitement they've been waiting for all their lives! Code 08417\* \$13.95

**4 THE RIPPLE MEDICAL ERECTION AID**—formerly available only from doctors, this special device helps you maintain a hard-on! Code 04564\* \$14.95

**1 FILLER UP**—Yes, this one will tame the horniest size freak of them all with its 2" thick, 8" long vibrating power. Code 05199\* \$14.95

**7 HOT STUD**—That's right, this vibrator actually gets HOT so it goes in feeling just like a throbbing, steaming real prick. Code 08458\* \$29.95

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**8 GOLDFINGER**—Just slip this classy number into her and vibrate her clitoris or pussy to an orgasmic explosion every time! Code 07138\* \$8.95

**12 CONSTANT POWER**—Just plug it into the wall and then plug your cock into this no-nonsense masturbation partner that really knows how to get a man's rocks off every time! CODE 01321 \$19.95

**14 MISS GOOD HEAD**—Plant yourself firmly in this inviting oral adventure and switch on her vibrating throat for a personal "release" that will make Deep Throat look like a beginner! Code 00059 \$16.95



**NYMPHO NURSES**—One shaves his cock, then two nurses really take care of him! 8mm Code 15206\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 15214\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 15222\* \$39.95



**FOAMING FANNIES**—The horny nurse shaves her pussy and then does a lot more to her! 8mm Code 15107\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 15115\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 15123\* \$39.95

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**LONG DONG SILVER**—See 18 1/2" of cock and how it tames the sexy, big blonde's pussy! 8mm Code 13904\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 13912\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 13920\* \$39.95



**MOBY DICK**—See Texas' answer to Long Dong as he scares the model to death! 8mm Code 13201\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 13219\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 13227\* \$39.95

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**CHEERLEADERS**—The all-time favorite about red-hot young pussy doing it all! 8mm Code 15008\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 15016\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 15024\* \$39.95



**COME INSIDE**—The delivery man really gives them all—sucking and fucking delight! 8mm Code 14902\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 14910\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 14928\* \$39.95

**GET BOTH "CHEERLEADERS" & "DELIVERY MAN" ON ONE VIDEOCASSETTE! VHS CODE 14944\* or BETA II CODE 14936\* \$49.95 EACH**

## WARNING:

These films are of a highly explicit nature. Purchase by minors prohibited.



**15 SUPER DONG**—9" LONG 2" THICK—Fill her to the brim with this life-like and flexible larger-than-life lady taming dong! Code 01644\* \$10.95

**16 PENIS EXTENDER**—ADD 1 1/2" TO YOUR PENIS LENGTH—Just slip this cock extender on like a condom and she'll feel really probed! Code 05611\* \$4.95

**17 UNIVERSAL COCK RING**—The battery's already in the "clit-stimulating" bumper and the adjustable ring keeps you harder! Code 02717\* \$14.95

**18 DOUBLE DONG**—Two can play for the price of one with this "double header" of a dildo that looks and feels so very real! Code 06536\* \$9.95

**19 PENISATOR**—It vibrates your dick to a new dimension and when the buzzing vibes of the "clit banger" hit her button—ORGASMIC! Code 04531\* \$9.95

**20 SUPER SUCK** If you close your eyes when you plunge your stiff shaft into this lovely lady, you won't be able to tell it from the real thing! Special "real feel" interior will get you off good! Code 02600 \$29.95

**21 ANAL INTRUDER COLLECTION**—The special vibrator plus 5 great attachments let you give every ass the pleasure or pain it needs! Code 00505\* \$19.95

**22 RECTIFIER**—Slide this "tingler" over your cock and as you thrust in and out of her pussy, it does the same for her ass! Code 07914\* \$11.95

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**10 BEE-LINE NOVELS**—Ten of the hottest books in America from best-selling Bee-Line Books—TEN DOUBLE NOVELS FOR ONLY \$19.95 Code 00588

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**ENEMA DIGEST**—Over 100 close-up pictures and vivid text shows you all there is to know about the joys of anal eroticism! Code 03624 \$9.95

**CHEERLEADERS**—The all-time favorite about red-hot young pussy doing it all! 8mm Code 15008\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 15016\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 15024\* \$39.95



**COME INSIDE**—The delivery man really gives them all—sucking and fucking delight! 8mm Code 14902\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 14910\* \$29.95; Super 8mm Sound Code 14928\* \$39.95

**GET BOTH "CHEERLEADERS" & "DELIVERY MAN" ON ONE VIDEOCASSETTE! VHS CODE 14944\* or BETA II CODE 14936\* \$49.95 EACH**

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Dept. MP853

Enclosed is my check, money order or charge info for the items I have listed below. I have added \$1.95 for P&H per item. (CT res. add sales tax.) My order will arrive discreetly packaged and I may return it within 14 days for a refund if not totally satisfied. Please type or print clearly! **CANADIANS!** Products with an (\*) are available to you from TLC Marketing, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. Please add 25% plus \$2.50 P&H Shipped from within Canada. Ont. res. add sales tax. All film \$49.95! All video \$59.95!

CODE	PRICE	P&H
# of items ordered	subtotal	total P&H

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Interbank No. \_\_\_\_\_

Mo. \_\_\_\_\_

Yr. \_\_\_\_\_

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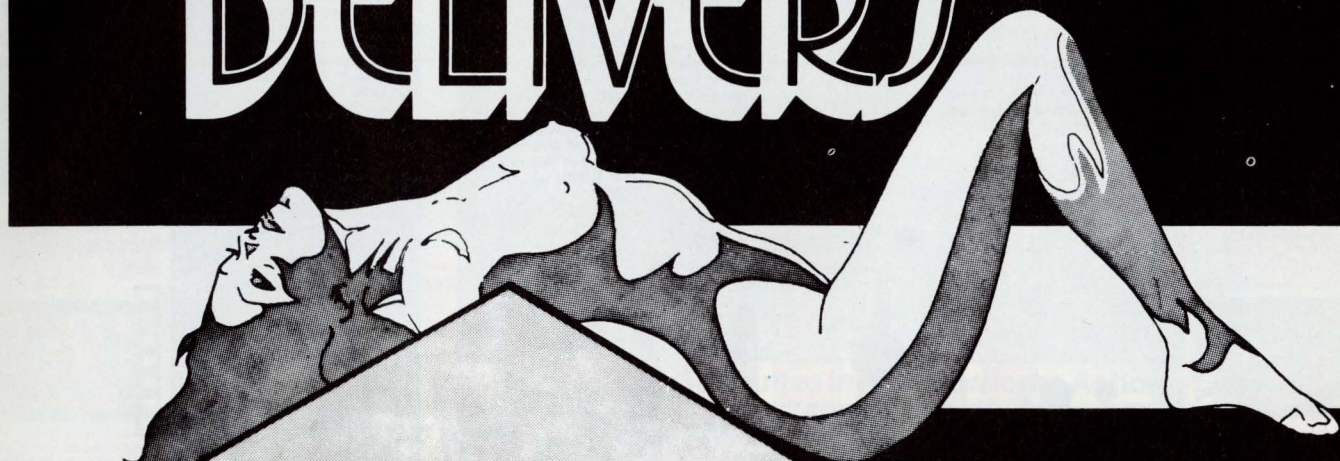
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I'm sure my all-time favorites will be yours too!





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# MAIL - ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

## THE SAGA OF A GIANT RIPOFF

This is the tale of a shoddy videotape mail-order company out of New York that's had more names than Elizabeth Taylor's had husbands. The story began way back in December 1982, when this column exposed a firm going by the names *U. F. A. Fulfillment* and *Sanstape* that was flooding the mails, offering ten X-rated videotapes for \$99—a deal we've called "too good to be true" on several occasions.

Then in April 1983 we alerted our readers that these scum-sucking deviants were operating under the name *P. C. Video* and that details of the scam were virtually identical to *U. F. A. /Sanstape*. But that wasn't nearly the end of it. In August 1983 we discovered that *White Horse Video* was yet another name being used by these conscienceless schemers. And most recently, in November 1983, our painstaking investigation uncovered *Videomax*—again, different name, same ripoff.

Okay, where are we now? February 1984, and you guessed it! We've been informed of a new outfit using a similar New York post-office box that is distributing mail-order brochures which look alarmingly like those of the other companies

mentioned above and—most significant—offer another tempting but impossible videotape deal. This time it's *Videoplex* (P.O. Box 2204, New York, NY 10116), and the offer sounds like this: "Three feature-presentation, full-color, first-run video gems for just \$49.95—or 12 features for only \$149.95." Very simply, this ad is horsefly-infested cattleshit that reeks of the same deceptive stench as other schemes worked by the masked maggots who've been behind this operation since it first came to our attention more than a year ago.

We'll keep after these sleazebuckets—informing you of their operations—until whoever's behind this elaborate scam understands that *HUSTLER* absolutely abhors this kind of misleading advertising and merchandising. But to protect yourself just in case we miss something, remember this: You can't purchase an adult videotape feature, regardless of length or quality, for less than \$25 apiece.

Nobody to our knowledge has broken that base-price barrier. Naturally, when we're informed that someone has, you'll be the first to know.

## SMALL BUT HARD

*I ordered some magazines from Collector's Editions (664 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1010, Chicago, IL 60611). The ad said the mags were "slick, glossy, color magazines." But what I received were these pamphlet-size little books. I expected big, hard-core publications with lots of hot action in them. Was I ripped off?*

—D. J.  
Billings, Montana

No, D. J., you weren't ripped off. The *Collector's* ad very clearly states that the magazines are glossy, in color and "guaranteed hard-core"—showing complete insertion and wet climax. And this is all true. However, nowhere on the ad is the size of the mags denoted. On most ads offering hard-core magazines you'll see the words *full-size* or *8½" × 11"*. The magazines offered by *Collector's* are good magazines—but they're only *4" × 5"* across—roughly *half* as

big as the item you're holding in your hands right now.

We're advising *Collector's* that its ad should be modified to include the size of the magazines being offered so as not to mislead the buyer in any way. Of course, if you're a "one-handed reader," there's really nothing better than these miniature mags. And with a little experience you can even master turning the pages without letting go of your meat. Try it...

## BLACK-AND-WHITE

*Nothing turns me on more than watching black guys fucking white women and white guys boffing black women. But I can't seem to find any good mix-and-match porn videos. Is anyone putting out hard-core fare that appeals to "Oreo cookie" lovers like myself?*

—G. M.  
Dayton, Ohio

If you're into cock 'n' cunt contrast, *Video Cassette Recordings Inc.* (VCR) has just what you're looking for. *Dark Passions* is a brand-new hourlong videotape that features nothing but black-on-white bedroom encounters. Among the hotter vignettes in this offering are fair-skinned Nita's roll in the jungle with two amply endowed dark friends and a sizzling romp between an ebony nymphet and her young willing white boy.

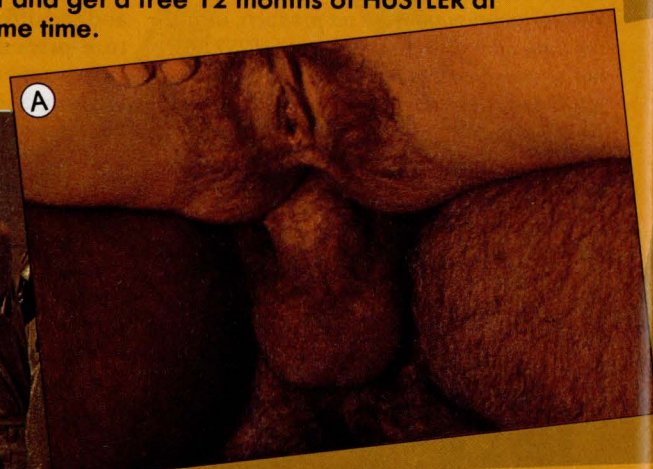
VCR puts out an exceptional line of "special interest" videotapes—the subject matter includes everything from exclusive masturbation features to tapes that are devoted entirely to specific porn stars fulfilling their wildest fantasies. For information on all VCR titles, contact *Cinematec* (7131 Owensmouth Ave., Suite 29A, Canoga Park, CA 91303). The firm can be reached toll-free at (800) 692-6900, or if you're calling from within California, dial (800) 922-3858. *Cinematec* will be happy to provide you with information on all the VCR titles, including *Dark Passions*, which sells for \$49.95 plus \$3 shipping and handling. No matter what your sexual fetish, VCR has the tape to titillate your erotic fancy. 🍆



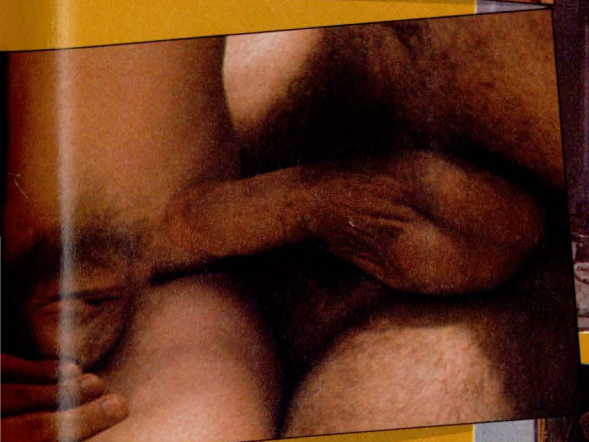
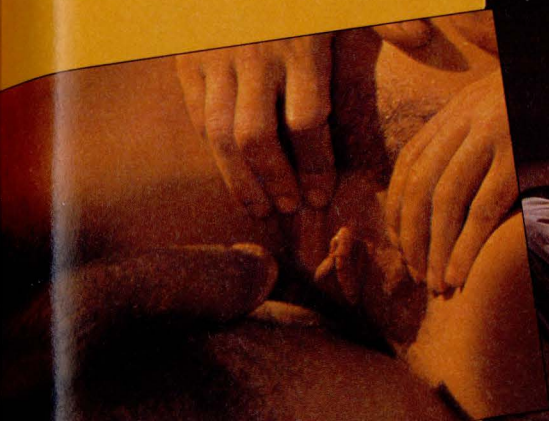
# Who's Doin' It?

We know that you love to stare for hours at red-hot shots of erotic action. You can't take your eyes off it. So make that eyestrain pay for itself. Take a good, long, hard look at the clothed and unclothed couples on these pages. Spend a few days locked in a dark bathroom closely examining them from every angle. Memorize every

detail. Why? Because we're giving a free one-year HUSTLER subscription to the first ten people who correctly match each clothed couple to the candid shot of them in action. It's your chance to get off and get a free 12 months of HUSTLER at the same time.







3

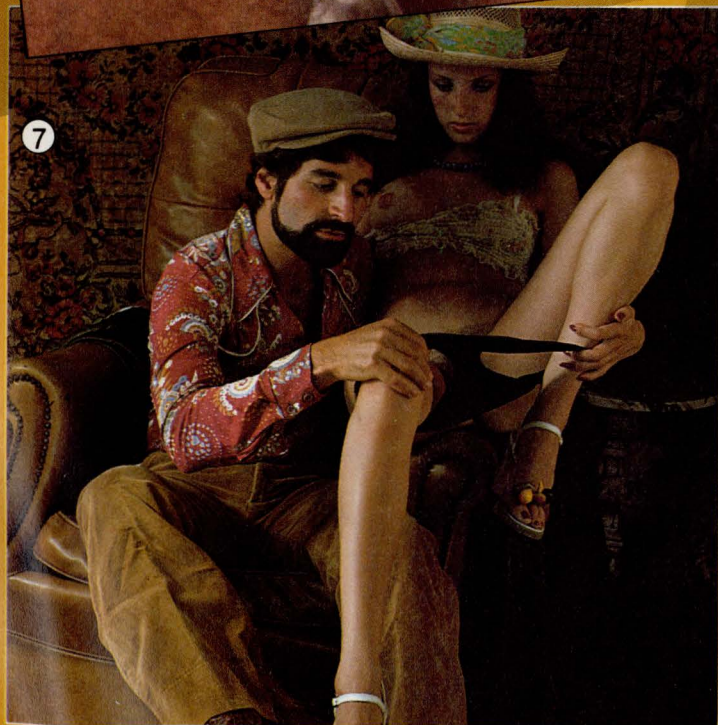


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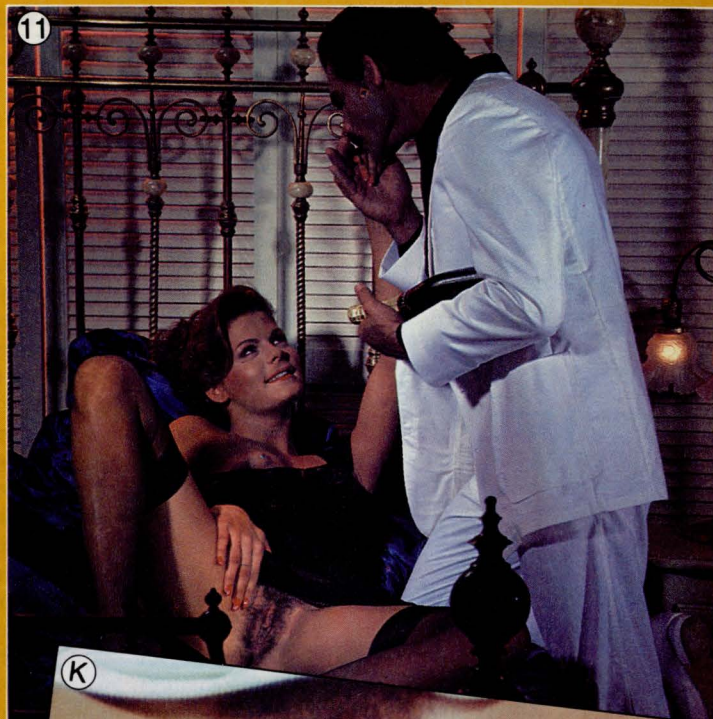


5









Match the number of the clothed couple with the letter on the photo that you think shows them in hot, blazing action. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1984.

The first ten entries with all the right answers will receive a free year's subscription to HUSTLER. Only one winner per household.

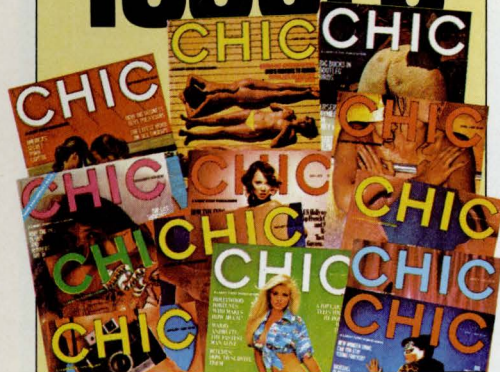
1    2    3    4    5    6

7    8    9    10    11

Send this coupon to "Who's Doin' It?" Contest,  
HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800,  
Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



# BACK ISSUES



CHIC established itself as a pioneer in the men's-magazine field right from the beginning. It has the slickest and most-erotic pictorials in the business. CHIC's hard-hitting interviews and exposes have earned respect, and its sizzling fiction never lets you down. A limited supply of CHIC back issues is available. Order now and see what you've been missing.

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We have a limited number of issues from the months listed below. Just fill out this coupon.

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FEB '77	FEB '79	NOV '80	AUG '82
MAR '77	MAR '79	DEC '80	SEP '82
APR '77	APR '79	JAN '81	OCT '82
MAY '77	MAY '79	FEB '81	NOV '82
JUN '77	JUN '79	MAR '81	DEC '82
JUL '77	JUL '79	APR '81	JAN '83
OCT '77	AUG '79	MAY '81	FEB '83
JAN '78	SEP '79	JUN '81	MAR '83
FEB '78	OCT '79	JUL '81	APR '83
MAR '78	NOV '79	AUG '81	MAY '83
APR '78	DEC '79	SEP '81	JUN '83
MAY '78	JAN '80	NOV '81	JUL '83
JUN '78	FEB '80	DEC '81	AUG '83
JUL '78	MAR '80	JAN '82	SEP '83
AUG '78	APR '80	FEB '82	OCT '83
SEP '78	MAY '80	MAR '82	NOV '83
OCT '78	JUN '80	APR '82	DEC '83
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			FEB '84

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'80 and '81 issues @ \$5 each \$ \_\_\_\_\_

'82, '83 and '84 issues @ \$3.50 each \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Postage, handling and insurance (\$1 for single issues, \$2.50 for multiple orders) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars; add \$2.) Sorry, no orders from Canada can be accepted! Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

## ADDRESS: NOWHERE

(continued from page 140)

people are going through it."

Pleas to charities for food are up anywhere from 40% to 600% nationally, according to the Reverend Neill Richards, coordinator of the United Church of Christ-World Hunger Action. A director of The Center for Food Action in Bergen County, New Jersey, says the homeless come by the hundreds for cans of Spam, spaghetti, and macaroni and cheese. Food centers across the country report that they are deluged with hungry men, women and children. There just isn't enough to go around.

Not everyone seems to have a conscience about starving humanity. Take, for instance, the words of a Fort Lauderdale, Florida, city commissioner who suggested that public trash cans be sprayed with rat poison because he "found offensive the sight of the homeless picking through garbage for food."

The commissioner's opinion is cruel but not unusual. Many people who are financially stable become very frightened by the reminder that they too could one day end up on the streets, rummaging through garbage for a bite to eat. And for many people the easiest way to eliminate that fear is to find ways to block out those people who remind them of it.

"Nobody wants a shelter in their neighborhood," says New York Mayor Koch, who is making concerted efforts to help the homeless. "Nobody wants the problems of a society which, because of its physical presence . . . adversely impacts on a neighborhood."

The majority of people think someone should help the needy, but nobody wants to do it in their own backyard. Even those who could be out of work and homeless tomorrow talk warily about "eroded values" and "deviant human beings" in their neighborhoods.

In order to break the spiral, new ways of thinking will have to be found. "Where are we going as a nation?" asks Virginia Culliver, Houston director of the Traveler's Aid Society for the Homeless. "We need to rethink completely what's going to become of all these people. They can't all become computer operators. The homeless are going to become more homeless unless we get to these problems."

In addition to the staggering numbers who have already hit rock bottom, thousands of others are now considered pre-homeless—men and women hanging on by a slim margin, using every last ounce of energy and tenacity to avoid the streets. Some have jobs but no place to live; others have a roof over their heads but no job, no money and no food.

"We'll probably have to move in with our

parents," says Arthur Stillian, a 32-year-old unemployed copper-mine worker and the father of four children. "I've got one more unemployment check left. I'm two payments behind on the house. The bank is trying to work something out. The only thing keeping us together is love. But that doesn't put food on the table."

Jean Forbath, director of Share Our Selves—an emergency-care center in Costa Mesa, California—describes a typical pre-homeless family: "The father worked in a factory days, and the mother in a fast-food restaurant at night. They had four children, and they made \$30 a month too much to get welfare help. Welfare told them if they continued to keep their children in a car, they would take the children away from them." Forbath describes it as a horrible situation, a Catch-22.

"It's so sad to see these people struggling, living so marginally, cooped up maybe two families to a room," says a staffer of the Lutheran Peace Memorial Church in South Carolina. "They are so close to being homeless, but they are still trying to hold on desperately."

Desperation is what keeps 49-year-old Gerald Marklin flying back and forth across the country in order to save his job and thus his home. Marklin lives in Butler, New Jersey, with his wife and daughter. But he works in Los Angeles at the international airport. Five days a week he sleeps in an apartment he shares with four other men in Torrance, California. On days off he flies back to New Jersey.

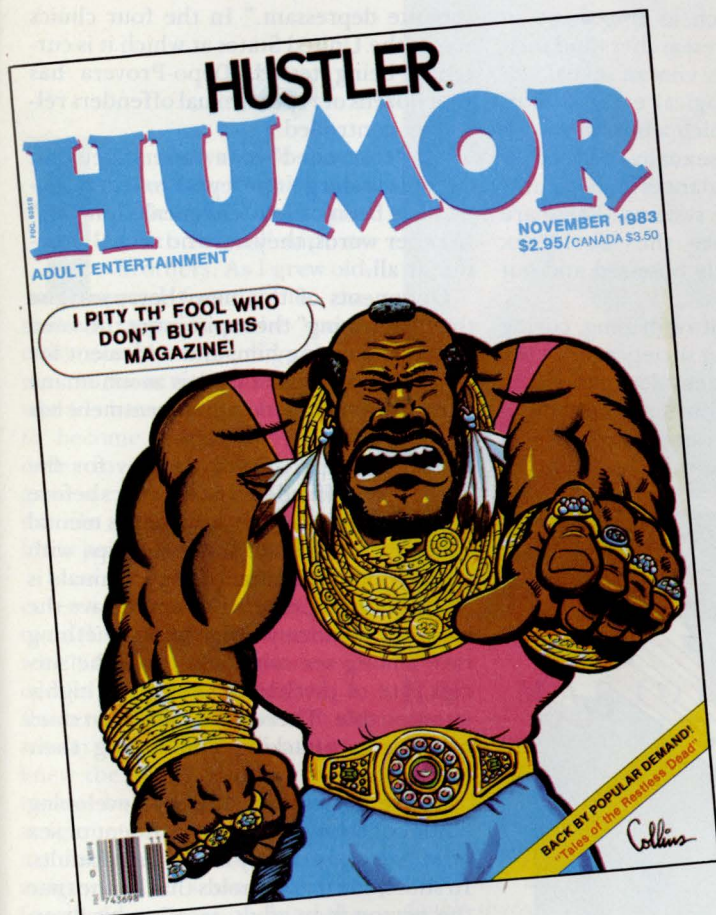
Life has not always been this difficult for Marklin. For 27 years he worked with United Airlines at Newark Airport. When that job was suddenly eliminated, he was transferred to New York's La Guardia and then to John F. Kennedy Airport. When those jobs vanished too, the only place for him to work was Los Angeles International. He doesn't like it, but he can't risk spending the money to move his family. "I just couldn't see throwing 27 years away," he says.

Marklin is not an isolated case. "They have turned us into gypsies," states Steven Mooney, president of Local 1111 of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers in Los Angeles. "They have forced us to put our toolboxes into trailers and drive across the country with them."

Dick Baccho, a 28-year-old Houston oil worker, hasn't been able to see his wife and two children for over six months. "I was out of work for a long time before getting this job," he explains, "and my wife and kids had to go back to Nebraska to live with her folks until we can get on our feet again. If this job goes, it's all over for me." Aware that he is only a pink slip away from homelessness himself, Baccho feels very, very lucky to have a job *anywhere*.



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## ADDRESS: NOWHERE

(continued from page 192)

For some of those without jobs, the ability to travel—"to the moon if I could get a job there," says one man—would be a godsend.

"If I just had the money to get there, I'd take my wife and little girl to Washington, D.C. I'd park my car at the gates of the White House and just start patching up the road," says Fred Ryder, the road worker from Massachusetts who lives in a Van Nuys, California, park. "I'd patch up every pothole in the District of Columbia, till the whole place was smooth and flat. Then I'd say, 'See? I'm not a lazy bum . . . I'm a good worker.' Pay me a living wage, and I can fill up every damn pothole in the whole damn country! Just don't starve me out. Don't starve out my wife and my little girl and then say we're too lazy to work."

With that Fred Ryder starts to cry. For him and so many others there is simply nothing else to do and nowhere to go. The suffering continues—unemployment, foreclosure, hunger, malnutrition, disease, violence—and for some even death.

"Society doesn't treat people any differently than food," says Justin Brown of the Community for Creative Non-Violence. "Whatever it doesn't want, it throws away." 🐼

## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 142)

sity. "When called on in class, when watching a fire, when wrestling or fighting, even when wounded in battle. So erection can be a response to a wide range of emotions, including fear."

Also excluded from the radical-feminist's narrow view of rape is child molestation. Almost one-third of all the rapes perpetrated in the U.S. every year are against minors. And since many states do not recognize older women forcing sexual relations on young boys as a crime, the actual statistics for this offense are probably much higher.

With situations such as the above in mind, psychologists, researchers and sociologists take a broader view of sexual violence, including biological explanations. There are cases in which a hormonal disturbance can create a sexually obsessed individual through imbalances in the neurological and endocrine systems. These are the people who rate the label "sex maniac"—people totally obsessed and out of control sexually.

How do we go about reforming, curing or simply safeguarding society against sex offenders? Imprisonment doesn't seem to do any good. Over 95% of all rapists who have done time in prison become repeat offenders. Psychological treatment in

prisons is limited at best; it takes top-quality specialists and money to effect a cure, and prisons have neither. Furthermore, prison life itself reinforces the rape mentality because rape is such a common occurrence within the confines of the cell blocks.

The only important contribution prisons make to the fight against sex crimes is that they keep rapists off the streets . . . for a while.

A recently developed but controversial treatment for sex criminals that shows some promise is Depo-Provera therapy. Large, regular doses of the drug reduce the level of the male hormone testosterone in the body and act as a "sexual-appetite depressant." In the four clinics across the United States at which it is currently being tested, Depo-Provera has kept dozens of repeat sexual offenders relatively controlled.

But "controlled" is an understatement. Patients undergoing Depo-Provera therapy have been called "chemical eunuchs." In other words, they have no sexual appetite at all.

Opponents of this new therapy argue that "disarming" the rapist is not the same as actually curing him, and treatment for indefinite periods of time is as inhumane as castration. Still, no other treatment has been as effective.

The usual psychiatric therapy for the chronic sex offender can take years before the patient begins to overcome his mental problems, if ever. Coming to grips with the emotional trauma of sex criminals is a complicated process that must have the patient's voluntary assistance—something rare among sex criminals. Also, the success rate of psychiatric therapy is highly questionable. There have even been cases of patients attacking and raping their therapists.

There is, however, a newly developing school of thought in the treatment of sex criminals and sexually maladjusted adults. In short, the theory holds that by the time the person is an adult, treating his disorder or criminally manifested aberration may be too late. Instead, say the proponents of this new approach, such problems can and should be treated at the earliest age possible.

According to Thor Langfeldt, director of the Children's Psychiatric Clinic at the University of Oslo in Norway, potential rapists and others who will be likely to develop severe sexual problems can be spotted in childhood by simply noting the youngsters' attitudes toward their own growing and changing bodies.

Langfeldt's hypothesis was formulated when he interviewed adult and adolescent sex offenders and found that the majority of them could trace the beginnings of

(continued on page 198)

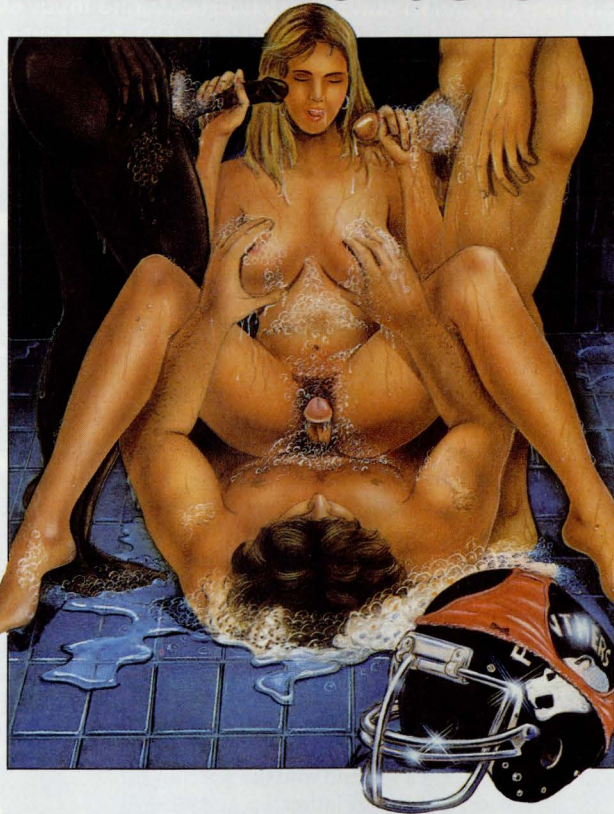


"Holy shit! We must have strayed into Russian airspace!"





# LUST IN THE LOCKER ROOM



I've always loved sports, especially football. As a little girl, I loved to play touch football with my brothers. As I grew older, I found other reasons to appreciate the sport—most notably those big, hunky men in those tight uniforms. So when I chose a career, I decided to become a sportswriter in order to get as close to the game as I could. Until a few months ago, though, I didn't know just how close I could get.

I was sent out by my editor to cover a game between our home team (I'll call them the Panthers), which has one of the worst records in pro football, and the L.A. Raiders, who at that point in the season were nearly unbeatable. I knew the game would be a real turkey, but I was happy for the assignment. Up until then my editor had been reluctant to give an assignment to someone he referred to as "a wet-behind-the-ears, female reporter." Well, I meant to show him that I was as good a reporter as anyone else, and I planned on going into the locker room to interview the Panthers after the game.

True to form, our home team lost miserably, 49-3. As soon as the game ended, I rushed down to the Panthers' locker room, tape recorder in hand.

Understandably, most of the players were unwilling to talk to me. The room was silent when I entered, except for the noise of the showers and a few locker doors slamming angrily. As I looked around, I couldn't help but appreciate the incredible display of bulging biceps and well-built backs. The air smelled of sweat and steam, and despite my outwardly professional attitude, my panties were getting soaked.

I was determined to get a couple of interviews. But no matter how sweetly I approached them, everyone from the coach to the third-string quarterback just glared and told me that they didn't feel like talking. As they began to leave, I grew desperate.

BY MARJORY HUGHES

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

I knew that if I couldn't get any interviews for this article, my editor would probably never assign me another piece.

I was holding back tears when I felt a strong hand on my shoulder. Then I heard a deep, male voice say, "Can I help you?"

I looked up into a pair of the bluest, most piercing eyes I'd ever seen. I recognized him as Terry, one of the Panthers' wide receivers. I started to speak, but to my horror I began to cry instead. I buried my head in my hands, and Terry squeezed my shoulder reassuringly. "Hey," he said, "it can't be that bad, pretty lady."

I cried for a few seconds and then stifled my tears. When I looked up again, I noticed that Terry was wearing only a towel, and we were surrounded by about six other team members all dressed the same way... and all staring at us. I was so embarrassed, I couldn't speak, but Terry remedied the situation by saying, "Hey, guys, this here's my

friend, and we're having a private discussion. Do you mind?" The others went back to their lockers and left us alone.

"Thanks," I said to Terry. "I'm sorry. I just lost control there for a second. I guess it's been a pretty hard day."

"Yeah," Terry laughed, "I know what you mean."

I asked if he'd let me interview him for a few minutes, and he didn't seem to mind. In fact, we sat and talked for nearly half an hour and got to know each other quite well. It was hard to keep the subject on football because Terry was obviously trying to put the make on me. But I didn't mind.

In fact, it thrilled me to no end because he had one of the most beautiful bodies and the most handsome face I'd ever seen. If it hadn't been for professional ethics, I think I would have torn his towel off right then.

"Listen," he said after I'd turned off my tape recorder, "I haven't showered yet, but when I get dressed, how about



## KINKY KORNER

(continued from page 195)

continuing this interview at my place?"

I realized I'd be taking a big risk by accepting the offer. If my boss found out I was dating football players, he'd probably can me. But what the hell? You only live once; so I accepted.

Sitting there fantasizing in that locker room gave me some pretty wild ideas. I found myself going half-crazy with anticipation. After glancing quickly around the room to make sure the players were gone, I decided not to wait until I got to Terry's place to satisfy my lust. I went over to the showers, stripped down and then, stark naked, walked into the team-size shower stall where Terry was soaping up.

Well, he was pretty surprised to see me. My first instinct was to look down between his legs. I couldn't help smiling at the thick, heavily veined pole of flesh that was hanging there. Then I stepped closer, took the bar of soap from his hand and began soaping up his rod. He gasped, and his cock started to grow in my hands. As I ran my soapy fingers from his balls up to the tip of his penis, he massaged my breasts with his hands, running his fingers over my nipples lightly and making them harden. Then he lowered his hands to my wet pussy while I began pumping his cock.

He moved his finger in and out of my

dripping cunt and rubbed my clit with his thumb. It felt so good that I gave up trying to concentrate on his enormous cock and simply put my arms around him, grasping his tight ass between my palms. My knees started to give out from under me as an intense orgasm shook my entire body.

He pushed my wet hair back and lowered his mouth to my ear. Then, in a husky voice that sent shivers up my spine, he whispered, "I want to fuck you."

Just then we heard deep male voices approaching the shower. I looked up to see three of Terry's teammates enter our shower stall, all of them naked.

I realized that most women in my position would have been horrified, but the first thought that passed through my head was that this was a real-life dream-come-true. After all, I'd fantasized hundreds of times about what it would be like to get it on with an entire football team.

Terry began to protest, telling his teammates to get the hell out of his shower stall. "No, Terry," I said. "Let them stay." I walked over to one of our intruders and put my arm around his neck.

Believe me, those guys were pretty shocked by my "loose" attitude, but as their eyes widened, their cocks stiffened too. I didn't want to waste any time or I'd have had the entire squad on my hands; so I got down on my knees and took the nearest prick into my mouth. It was huge

and black, like the player it belonged to, and I covered its ebony surface with glistening saliva. It was so big, I was only able to get a couple of inches of it down my throat, and I pumped the rest of it with my hands. It throbbed and moved in my mouth like a small animal. Once it was erect, I pulled my mouth off it and went to work on the cock next to it. As the players watched me in action, each waiting for my lips to wrap around them, they rubbed their cocks anxiously with their hands and remarked to each other about how great I was at giving head.

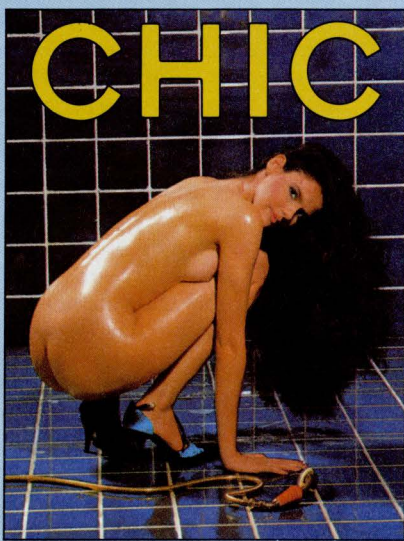
Meanwhile, Terry stood behind me and wrapped his penis in my long, blond hair. I could feel him growing erect as he rubbed his rod against my cheek while I sucked deeply on his fellow Panther's prick. All the guys had erections by then, and I was wondering how I was going to be able to satisfy all of them at once. So I figured I'd let them decide. I pulled my lips off the last cock, lay back on the hard, wet tile floor and spread my legs.

Terry came over to me, crouched above my chest and held his cock against my lips. I lifted my head to take him into my mouth while the big, black tight end whose cock I'd sucked first, plunged his hard-on into my wet, waiting cunt. The other two players crouched down around us, and I did my best to satisfy them too, reaching out and clutching their cocks in my fists and pumping their meat as fast as I could. It was awkward, but my cunt was twitching with the excitement of being surrounded by so much hot, hungry meat.

The guys were obviously excited by the scene too. They were groaning and panting, and Terry's cock was trembling against my tongue. Just as he was ready to come, he pulled out and pressed the tip of his dick against my face. Then he pumped his rod with his huge hand and spurted a load of cream all over my cheek.

The black stud who was pumping away at my cunt groaned and came. But I wasn't alone for long. As he and Terry climbed off me, the two Panthers I'd been jerking off quickly climbed onboard to take their places. Soon I was sucking and fucking again like crazy, having orgasm after orgasm as my mouth and cunt were filled completely by two more thick, massive cocks. Finally, all three of us came at once, filling me up with jism and leaving me totally exhausted.

I stood up and rinsed off, and then we all went out to the empty locker room to dress. Afterward they suggested we go to a local steak house to talk football, and I brought my tape recorder along. It turned out to be a great interview—even my editor was impressed—and since then I haven't had one bit of trouble getting any of the Panthers to talk to me again, or do anything else I can think of!



★It might be raining drearily outside, but there's a sparkling and sensual shower inside the February CHIC, starring the girl on its cover. It's wet and wild fun watching her and a girlfriend lather up and rinse off in some GOOD CLEAN SEX. Then BRIGITTE teaches you what happens when you put WHITE ON WHITE. You'll enjoy a TASTE OF PARADISE with island princess KEILANI. And you'll be swept up in the SAVAGE FANTASY of two very passionate barbarians.

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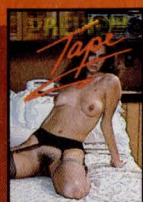
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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 194)

their problems all the way back to kindergarten.

"They were so afraid of their genitals, they could hardly cope," Langfeldt said.

While kindergarten teachers were at first reluctant to cooperate with Langfeldt, they later came to him offering information. They told him of "problem" children who were undressing in front of one another.

But as it turns out, those were not the children with the problems. Instead, the ones found to be severely sexually disturbed were those who were introverted and terrified of their own bodies, particularly their genitals. They were so afraid, they couldn't even talk about it. And if they somehow found the nerve to tell an adult about their difficulty, they were so lacking in even the most basic information that they didn't have the words to express their fears.

When Langfeldt approached the parents, he found them completely unaware of any problem. The tiny bits of sexual education imparted to most young children are useless, Langfeldt feels. It is important for a child to have accurate information, told in the simplest terms possible, about what is happening to his body—as it happens.

Almost all sex education is aimed at the problems of adult sexuality, and deals with such information as venereal-disease prevention and birth control—hardly information a seven-year-old can use or relate to.

While the theories concerning the roots of rape and violent sex crimes are many and complex, one clear fact seems to emerge from all the data available. Only the free and unhindered flow of accurate sexual information can begin to reverse the rising tide of violent sexual assaults in this country. The repression of sexual material and the promotion of "acceptable" violence can lead to only one conclusion—and that conclusion is keeping Americans fearing for their lives and the lives of their loved ones.

There is something seriously wrong with a society in which the media can display scenes of explicit murder but not of explicit sex. The growing incidence of rape and violent sex crimes simply reflects the twisted values of such a society and is merely a symptom that it is suffering from a larger malady. Until we stop beating our children instead of hugging them, until we stop embracing violence, mayhem and death as sources of entertainment and virtue, we don't stand a chance.

And neither does your wife, girlfriend or daughter. ☹

## LARRY McDONALD

(continued from page 144)

gious Joint Chiefs of Staff. Merry Christmas, Cambodia! Bypassing every member of Congress, Henry Kissinger and Admiral Moorer conducted their own private war against that country—which has not fought the United States at any time—gleefully selecting bombing targets that cost the lives of millions of innocent people.

It later developed that the Los Angeles Police Department files on 2 million Californians were assessed by Moorer's and McDonald's Western Goals computer.

So it comes to pass that the criminal keep track of the innocent. Information about you is probably already filed and computerized in their secret data banks. Would you trust people like this with your good name?

A second Western Goals advisory-board member worth noting is Edward Teller, Hungarian-born father of the hydrogen bomb. The same day that McDonald made the front page of the *Washington Post*—when Western Goals was ordered to answer the stolen-documents subpoena in Los Angeles—Teller was attending a European seminar on nuclear warfare that was critical to America's future foreign policy.

\* \* \*

There is no beginning or end to the Larry McDonald tragedy. His right-wing fanaticism drew him to the crueler side of blackmailers, burglars, assassins, terrorists, wiretappers, and people dedicated to waging a future war with the Soviet Union.

And there he was, last August 31 and September 1, apparently sitting all alone on Flight 007. If that was by Soviet design, then all of his entourage were Communists who knew in advance.

But since the American delegation was screened and cleared for travel with a congressman, then the CIA and U.S. agents knew something they wouldn't share with him—even if it was going to save his life.

So what's it all about, Alfie? ☹

## What's It All About?

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## THE PORNOGRAPHIC LARRY McDONALD

In this issue we exposed Larry McDonald the dangerous right-wing fanatic. Next month we'll expose Larry McDonald . . . the pervert. You'll learn the startling truth about the John Bircher killed on Flight 007 when you see the shocking photos of him in a cheap hotel room with incredibly ugly women. Find out what a hypocrite this repressed asshole really was in *Larry: Fascist in Heat*.

## THE RIGHT TO DIE

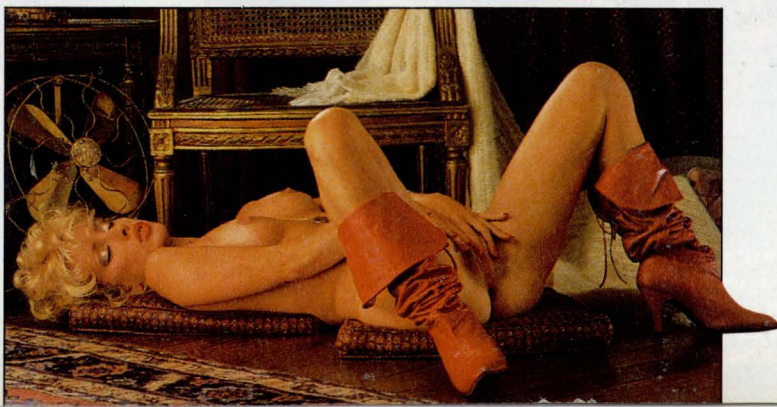
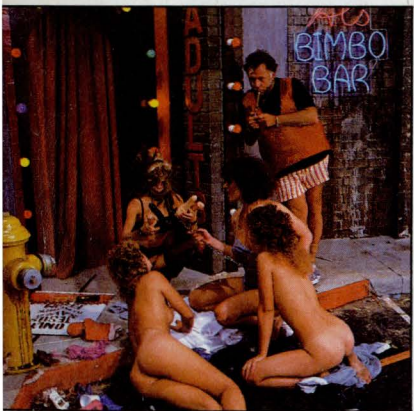
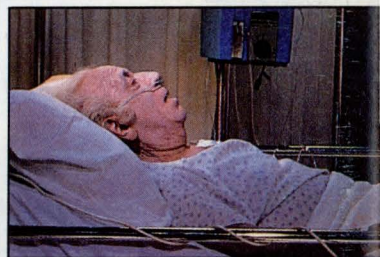
Would you want the right to end your life if you were terminally ill and in unbearable pain? The controversial Hemlock Society is fighting to allow you that option: to die peacefully and with dignity. It's an issue that transcends mere medical questions, and challenges the control you have over your own life. Find out how this organization is changing the face of death in America in an important and fascinating article.

## CELEBRITY PHOTO-FANTASY: AL GOLDSTEIN!

He was too cheap to do it himself; so HUSTLER shelled out the bucks necessary to find out the ultimate fantasy of *Screw* magazine's bagel-fucking publisher, Al Goldstein. See women menstruate uncontrollably! See Gloria Steinem eaten out to death! See Al Goldstein as you've never wanted to see him before! We predict that this pictorial will be the most controversial statement ever made in the pages of any men's magazine. Even Al's own *Screw*, America's biggest waste of ink and paper, couldn't handle this one.

## BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!

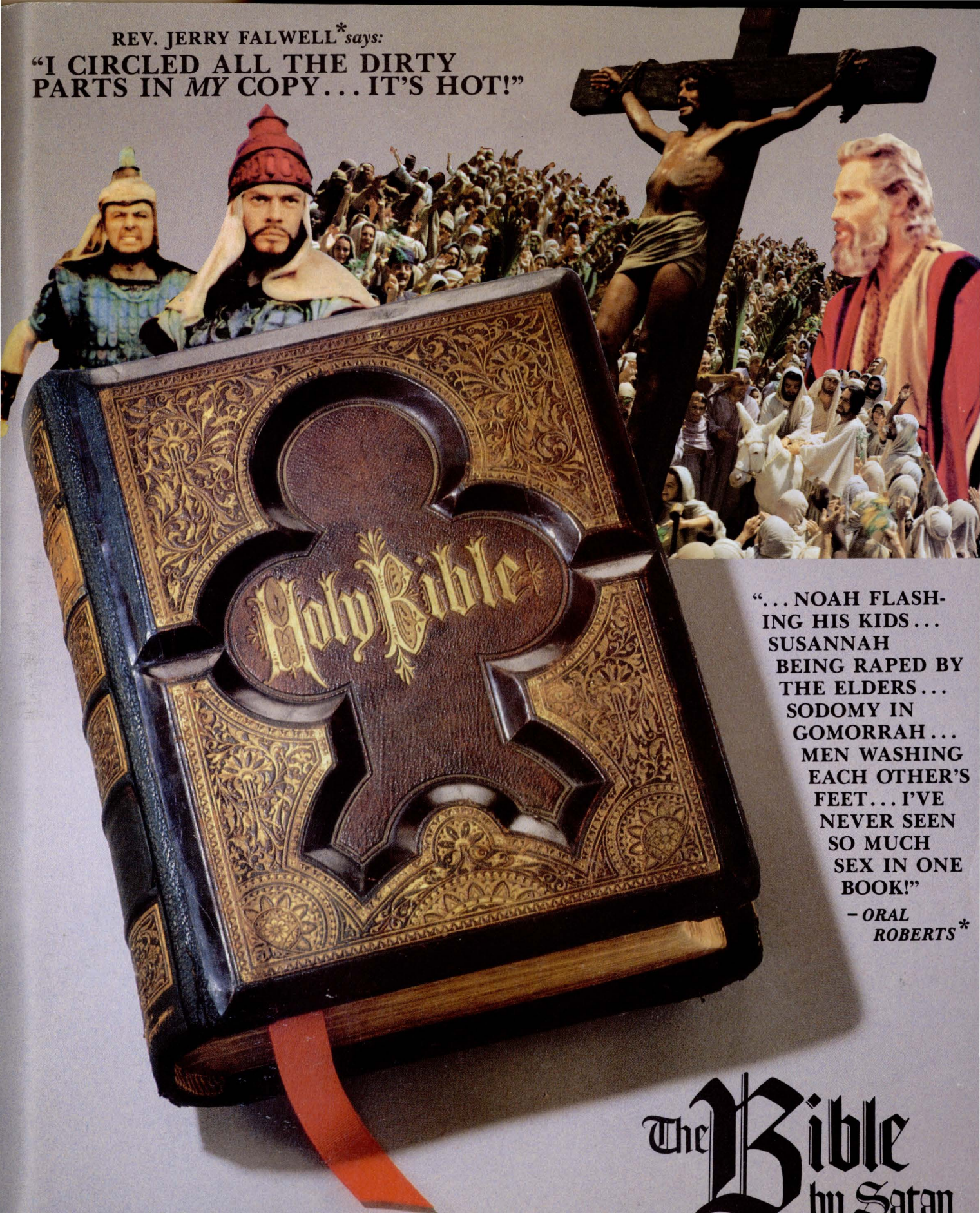
Next month we'll look into the X-rated-videocassette boom, the rock 'n' roll wars, the truth about aphrodisiacs—and a special report from the *HUSTLER* reporter on assignment in Grenada, the invasion capital of the Caribbean. All this, plus more beautiful women than you can shake your stick at, hysterical humor in BITS AND PIECES, lifestyle tips from SEX PLAY and DEAR GRANNY, insider's info from WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN and all the rest that makes HUSTLER the most talked-about magazine in the world.





REV. JERRY FALWELL\* says:

"I CIRCLED ALL THE DIRTY  
PARTS IN MY COPY... IT'S HOT!"



"... NOAH FLASH-  
ING HIS KIDS...  
SUSANNAH  
BEING RAPED BY  
THE ELDERS...  
SODOMY IN  
GOMORRAH...  
MEN WASHING  
EACH OTHER'S  
FEET... I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
SO MUCH  
SEX IN ONE  
BOOK!"

- ORAL  
ROBERTS\*

# The Bible by Satan

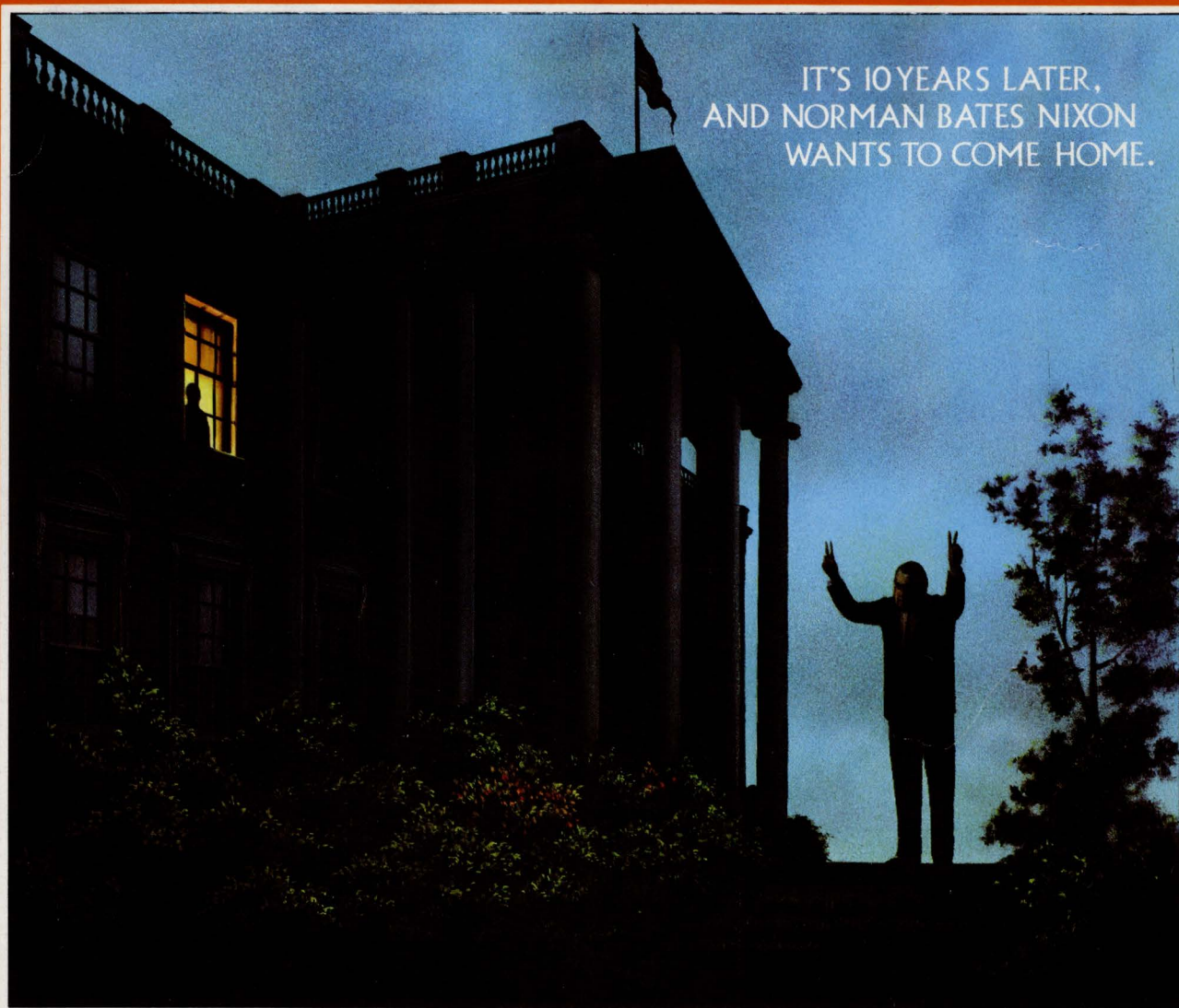
A RICH, SWEEPING SAGA OF ILLICIT  
LOVE UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF A DEITY  
WHOSE PASSIONS WERE BOUNDLESS!

\* PARODY



RICHARD NIXON IN

# PSYCHO III



IT'S 10 YEARS LATER,  
AND NORMAN BATES NIXON  
WANTS TO COME HOME.

PAT NIXON DAVID EISENHOWER CHECKERS THE DOG "PSYCHO III" Written By HENRY KISSINGER "Face the Music" Score By JOHN SIRICA  
Dirty Tricks By DONALD SEGRETTI Executive Pardon GERALD FORD Produced By BOB HALDEMAN Directed By JOHN ERLICHMAN A WATERGATE PRODUCTION



COLBY STEREO  
IN SELECTED WIRETAPS

Soundtrack available on ROSEMARY WOODS 18-Minute Cassettes

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